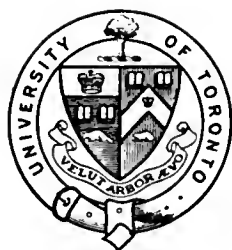


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William Beattie M.D.

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"THE DANUBE"

WILLIAM 'BEATTIE', M.D.



Illustrated in a Series of Views taken Expressly for

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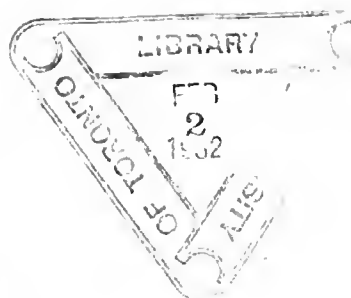
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Fine Arts
D

W. H. BARTLETT, ESQ.



Castle of Nuremberg
(Austria)

THE PRISON OF KING RICHARD CEUR DE LION.



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"THE DANUBE:"

ITS HISTORY, SCENERY, AND TOPOGRAPHY.

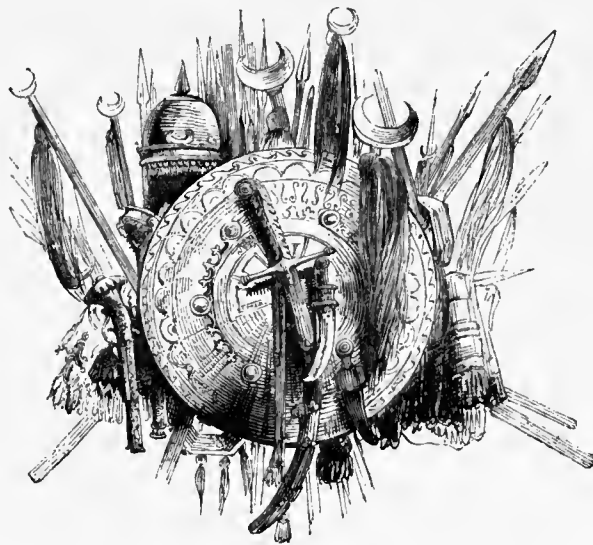
BY WILLIAM 'BEATTIE,' M.D.

Splendidly Illustrated,

FROM SKETCHES TAKEN ON THE SPOT, BY ABRESCH,

AND

DRAWN BY W. H. BARTLETT, ESQ.



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DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

LIST OF PLATES.

VIGNETTE TITLE: CASTLE OF DURRENSTEIN, THE PRISON OF RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION.

<p> PORTRAIT OF DR. BEATTIE . . . <i>to face Vignette.</i> MAP OF THE DANUBE . . . <i>to face Page</i> 1 CITY OF ULM, FROM THE HEIGHTS . . . 3 CATHEDRAL OF ULM . . . 8 CATHEDRAL OF ULM—THE PORCH . . . 12 CATHEDRAL OF ULM—THE INTERIOR . . . 14 WALLS AND BRIDGE OF ULM . . . 16 NEUBURG, WITH THE PALACE AND CATHE- DRAL . . . 26 THE DEVIL'S WALL, OR PFAHLGRABEN, ST. JOHN'S . . . 34 SCENE NEAR THE WELTENBERG . . . 36 SCENE IN THE ALTMÜHLTHAL . . . 39 BRUNN CASTLE, VALLEY OF THE ALTMÜHL . 41 RATISBON, OR REGENSBURG—BRIDGE AND CITY . . . 45 CATHEDRAL, RATISBON . . . 47 PORCH OF THE CATHEDRAL, RATISBON . . 52 STAIRCASE TO THE RATH-HAUS, RATISBON . 55 INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL, RATISBON . 58 BUDA AND PESTH, FROM THE BLOCKSBERG . 60 WALHALLA, TEMPLE OF, NEAR RATISBON . 64 STRAUBING . . . 67 PASSAU . . . 72 SCENE ON THE RIVER INN, PASSAU . . . 74 CHURCH OF MARIA-HILF, PASSAU . . . 76 JUNCTION OF THE INN WITH THE DANUBE . 78 KRAEMPELSTEIN CASTLE, OR SCHNEIDER- SCHLÖSSEL . . . 81 SARBLING AND KIRSCHAN . . . 83 THE CASTLE OF NEUHAUS . . . 84 LINZ, CITY OF . . . 87 LINZ, BRIDGE OF . . . 90 APPROACH TO PASSAU FROM LINZ . . . 95 CASTLE OF SPIELBERG . . . 96 GREIN, ON THE DANUBE . . . 99 THE STRUDEL (<i>Whirlpool</i>) . . . 100 THE WIRBEL AND KAUSTEIN . . . 105 CASTLE OF PERSENBERG, NEAR YPS . . . 111 MÖLK, WITH THE CASTLE OF WEITENECK . 114 MONASTERY OF MÖLK . . . 116 CASTLE WEITENECK, FROM THE GALLERY OF MÖLK . . . 118 AGGSTEN CASTLE . . . 120 CASTLE OF SPITZ, ARENSDORF . . . 126 CASTLE OF HILDEGARDSBERG . . . 131 CASTLE OF GREIFFENSTEIN . . . 133 KLOSTER-NEUBERG, WITH THE CATHEDRAL AND MONASTERY . . . 135 </p>	<p> VIEW FROM THE LEOPOLDSBERG, LOOKING TO KLOSTER-NEUBERG . . . <i>to face Page</i> 137 SCENE FROM THE LEOPOLDSBERG, LOOKING TO VIENNA . . . 138 VIENNA, LOOKING ACROSS THE GLACIS . . 139 ST. STEPHEN'S CATHEDRAL, VIENNA . . . 140 INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL, VIENNA . . 142 ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL, IN THE CATHEDRAL, VIENNA . . . 143 FUNERAL VAULT OF THE IMPERIAL FAMILY, CAPUCHIN CHURCH, VIENNA . . . 144 VIENNA, FROM THE GLORIETTE, SCHÖN- BRUNN . . . 146 VIENNA, FROM THE SPINNERINN-KREUTZ . 148 VIENNA, FROM THE BELVIDERE GARDENS . 150 LICHTENSTEIN CASTLE . . . 152 CASTLE OF WILDENSTEIN . . . 155 VIENNA, VIEW FROM THE BASTIONS . . . 159 CASTLE THEBEN . . . 162 THE NUN'S TOWER, CASTLE THEBEN . . . 165 PRESBURG . . . 168 WISSEGRAAD, CASTLE OF . . . 175 CITY OF BUDA, OR OFEN . . . 178 THE BLOCKSBERG, FROM PESTH . . . 184 NEW SUSPENSION-BRIDGE, PESTH . . . 189 PROCESSION OF PILGRIMS, WITH THE OLD BRIDGE, PESTH . . . 191 MAP OF THE BLACK SEA . . . 194 PETERWARDEIN . . . 196 BELGRADE . . . 200 BABACAI . . . 204 RUINS OF THE CASTLE OF GOLUMBACZ . . 206 DREY-KULE, OR TRICOLA, SWINITZA, WITH ROMAN REMAINS . . . 209 ENTRANCE TO THE DEFILE OF KASAN . . . 210 THE KASAN PASS, WITH THE MODERN AND ROMAN ROADS . . . 212 INSCRIPTION ON THE VIA TRAJANA . . . 214 PLAINS OF LOWER WALLACHIA . . . 214 A WEDDING AT ORSOVA . . . 216 BATHS OF MEHADIA . . . 218 VILLAGE OF GLADOVA . . . 220 SOZORNEY, WITH REMAINS OF TRAJAN'S BRIDGE . . . 222 THE BALKANS . . . 223 NICOPOLI . . . 224 RUTZSCHUK . . . 227 TURKISH CAFÉ AT RUTZSCHUK . . . 228 SULIMA, MOUTH OF THE DANUBE . . . 230 </p>
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appeared to justify ; but this, it is hoped, will be fully compensated by the greater number, and deeper interest of the other scenes and topics, here presented to the eye and mind of the reader, as well as by the taste and care which have been manifested in their selection.

Along with the topography of the Upper and Lower Danube, statistical notices have been interspersed, with various references to the results of steam navigation, by which commercial intercourse is now established between the kingdom of Wirtemberg and the Euxine Sea—an event which has led to important consequences, both as it regards the advancement of trade, and the general progress of civilization in the East.

With respect to the numerous engraved Views, which illustrate this volume, the same talented Artists have been employed as in its predecessor, and the same effects been obtained, of uniting high finish with close resemblance to the originals. In addition to the eighty steel engravings, the text is further illustrated by nearly the same number of wood-cuts, which give a new and striking feature to the work, and render it, in point of pictorial embellishments, more rich and attractive than any of the popular series yet issued by the same enterprising Publishers. Of these Illustrations, the greater portion was taken on the spot by M. Abresch,—a German artist of well-known talent and reputation,—and drawn by Mr. Bartlett, who has also contributed various original views, interspersed throughout the work.

THE AUTHOR.

THE DANUBE

FROM ITS SOURCE TO THE BLACK SEA
with
THE ADJACENT COUNTRIES.

Scale of English Miles
0 10 20 30 40 50

Railways line





City of Milan from the heights



The third and smallest source is the Castle-spring of Donaueschingen, which rises in the court-yard of the palace of the prince of Fürstenberg, in a quadrangle eighty feet in circumference, and is inclosed within a freestone basin. It thence flows into the open fields, and, during a course of a few minutes, is joined by both the Brege and Brigach, when it is first called the Danube. Its German name is the *Donau*, or deep water, a designation suitable to its general character. At the confluence of the three sources of the river, is situated the market-town of



THE SOURCE OF THE DANUBE AT DONAUESCHINGEN.

Donaueschingen, in the bailiwick of Hüfingen and the Grand duchy of Baden. It is a plain country, commanding extensive prospects, and is upwards of two thousand feet above the level of the sea. The place is very old, known as early as the Carlovigian age, by the name of Eschingen. A.D. 839, King Arnulph presented it with the church of Oberzell, then newly erected in the Reichenau. In the thirteenth century, it was in the possession of the family Von Blumenfeldt, and continued until the fifteenth century to be the residence of a branch of that family. In 1465, it became the property of the family *Von Stein*, from whom it went to the Seigneurs *Von Habsburg*, ancestors of the Austrian family, who sold it to the brothers Henry and Wolfgang, counts of Fürstenberg. Part of the present town was, so late as the last century, surrounded by a strong stone wall, and had two castles. one of which,

that on the Brigach, was in 1781 taken down, in order to allow a more open and extended prospect to the château, in which the prince resides, and to have the grounds laid out in a pleasure-garden.

The most interesting object of Donaueschingen is the residence of the prince, which is a noble structure. The Archive-rooms are built on a particularly ingenious plan, so as to be perfectly fire-proof, and consist of five stories, of which two are under-ground. The theatre and the opera-house are richly decorated structures, and were rebuilt in 1784 by the well-known architect Kaim. The prince's garden, commonly called "die Alleen," or the alleys, is a place of public resort, laid out with good taste in 1779, but was subsequently much enlarged, and embellished with various American and other exotic plants and shrubs. The arsenal contains, among other curiosities, a collection of Turkish and ancient armour, standards, coats of mail &c., which the ancient Counts of Fürstenberg either wore themselves, or acquired as trophies in war. The Prince's library is said to contain thirty thousand volumes. The parish-church, the "Chancellerie" of the prince's domains, and the stables are large and handsome buildings, which do credit to their architects. The prince's brewery, which is the most extensive and best arranged in southern Germany, is well worth seeing. It contains every possible accommodation for the manufactory of beer, brandy, and malt. Ten thousand measures of beer are daily brewed on the Bavarian plan, and sent to the neighbouring provinces as far as Freyberg, in the Brisgau.

Donaueschingen is the hereditary seat of the prince's household, and his domains are under the management of a board of directors. The town contains a post-office of the grand duke of Baden, a gymnasium, a printing-office, and several workshops of artists. Twenty years ago, the population amounted to only two thousand inhabitants, in three hundred and fifty houses; now there are three thousand and twenty-three in four hundred houses, forming five hundred and thirty-three families, and were lately all of the Roman Catholic faith, with the exception of about ten Protestants and six Jews.¹

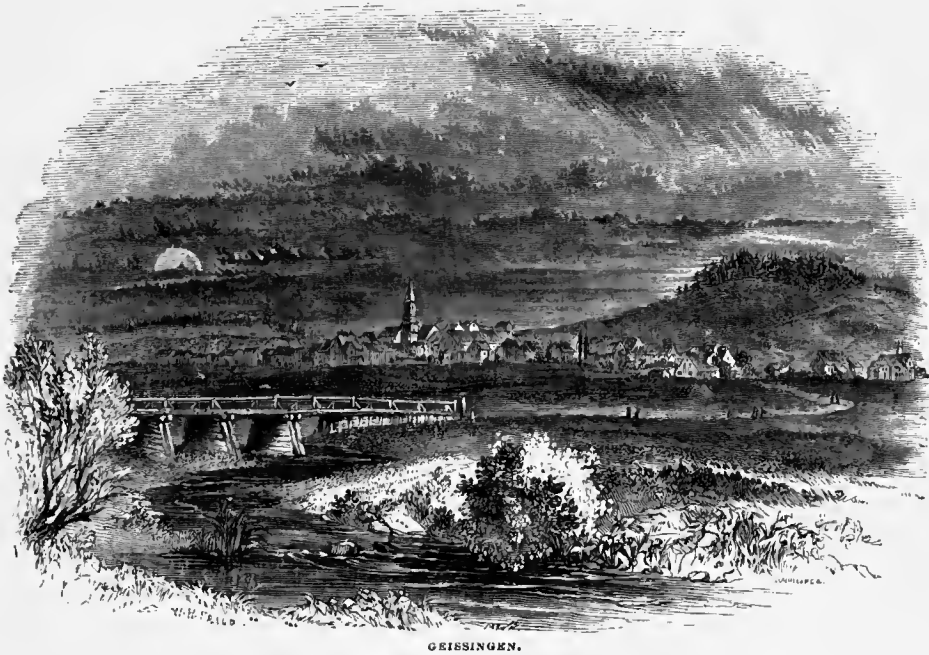
The view of Donaueschingen is highly picturesque; including the prince's Schloss, or Château, in the court of which, as already mentioned, the Danube makes its first appearance. From a small beginning, it gathers strength and volume, till it forms the boundary line between states and kingdoms—and

"With impetuous sweep
In foaming cataracts stems the Euxine deep."

The grand duchy of Baden, in which the Danube takes its rise, is a fertile country, particularly in the valleys, which are numerous and well watered. The scenery

¹ For a more particular account of this place, the reader is referred to the German Encyclopædia, now in the course of publication, which brings the statistics down to the present date.

is highly diversified, and in the district of the Black Forest, part of which belongs to Wirtemberg, there is a continued succession of classical sites and striking landscapes, which have all their place in history, and awaken many interesting recollections in the traveller's mind, as he follows the still widening channel of the Danube.



Geissingen, quite distinct from Geislingen, in the Wirtemberg territory, but with which it is often confounded—is a pretty little town of the grand duchy, close to the Danube, and affording a very good specimen of the village-towns of its class in this part of Germany. Fortunately, the practice of building their villages almost entirely of wood is gradually falling into disuse, so that those frightful conflagrations once of frequent recurrence, are every year becoming more and more rare. Single houses, however, are still found here, like ships on the stocks, ready for sale, and when finished, are transported on waggons to whatever part of the forest the purchaser may choose to take up his residence.

This territory, formerly that of the Margraves of Baden, was only erected into a duchy in the beginning of the present century, and holds the seventh place in the German Confederation. Charles-Frederick, the first Duke, was succeeded by his grandson, Charles, who married the princess Stephanie, now dowager grand-Duchess of Baden. After the disastrous campaign in Russia, he joined the Confederation, and, by the influence exerted in his favour at the celebrated Congress of Vienna, by the Emperor Alexander, had the full possession of his hereditary domains confirmed to

him. This beautiful tract of country, bounded by the right bank of the Rhine, and comprising the celebrated towns of Heidelberg, Mannheim, Carlsruhe, Rastadt, and Baden, is one of the richest and most picturesque in Europe. We say this not from hearsay, but after having made various excursions through the territory of Baden,¹ and the neighbouring principalities. The beautiful valley of Steinach, with its richly combined imagery, the fertility of the soil, the industry and happiness of the people, never fails to make an agreeable impression on the stranger's mind.

The resources of this Duchy depend more upon its agriculture than its manufactures; but it is a country of extensive intercourse, and a vast quantity of merchandise passes through its territory in the course of a year. We are informed on recent authority that its "imports exceed twelve millions of florins. In the territory are several iron mines, which add considerably to the revenue; and in the department of native manufacture, such as wooden clocks, toys, tobacco, paper, earthenware, potash, glass, arms, hardware, and various other articles of trade, considerable business is done in the circle of the Black Forest." Most of the wooden clocks and toys sold in London, are manufactured here, and give employment to a considerable portion of the village population.

There is no established religion in Baden. The Roman Catholic, Lutheran, and Reformed Christian Confessions enjoy equal privileges; but the first of these greatly predominates; and of Jews resident in the duchy, there were lately between eighteen and nineteen thousand; the whole population amounting to 1,121,000. The grand attraction to strangers in this duchy is its mineral waters, too generally known to require notice in this excursive work. We must not omit to state, however, that the encouragement given to public education, is deserving of all praise. But as the limits of our present work forbid our dilating upon subjects not absolutely connected with the illustrations, we return to the notice of Geissingen.

The Danube, which is here of a diminutive volume, is crossed by one of those wooden bridges, for which the neighbouring forests supply abundant materials, and which are found, by the experience of ages, to be better suited to the purpose than heavier and more elaborate stone structures; for, if swept away or injured by winter-floods, they are easily replaced. The church-spire, rising like a landmark from the centre of the town, is an object that frequently meets the eye in these parts. It is uniformly constructed of wood, and in many instances often carried to a height which takes the traveller by surprise. In times when this country was a dense forest, with only here and there a clear space around the village, or by the river-side, such land-marks were indispensably necessary: by ascending a tree or rock, and marking the church-spires as they rose in particular directions, the stranger was enabled to direct his course. Towns, villages, castles, churches, were only known to each other by some such distinctive feature, which, rising over the subject forest, pointed out its own

¹ In a work by the present writer, entitled "A Residence at the Courts of Germany," the reader will find more ample details on the Scenery of the Black Forest and Baden.



W. & D. B. 1840.

J. Charles

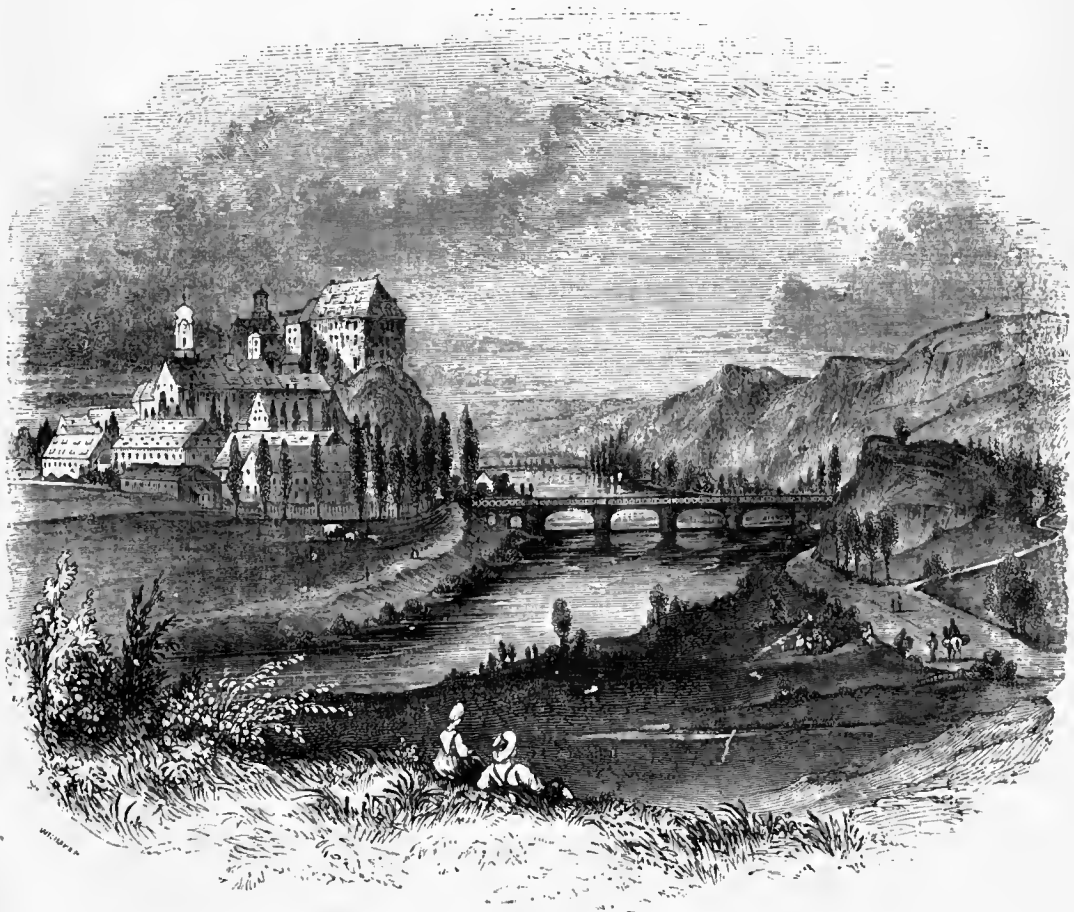
Ulm Cathedral.

PRINTED BY H. B. 1840.



particular district. Often, however, where there is no similar indication, the smoke of the hamlets, as it is seen curling slowly upwards, like an exhalation from the recesses of the forest, is a good substitute for the church-spire. The sound of the evening bell in these leafy solitudes, falls upon the ear of the traveller with a peculiarly soothing effect; and we can well recollect the morning melodies which used to salute us, when, residing at a small court in the Black Forest, we sallied forth to enjoy the gradually expanding view from the rocks of Sablestein, while

“The eddying echoes of the Jäger’s horn,
From cliff and covert welcomed back the morn,
When tolled the Matin-bell, and Geissingen
Sent forth her flocks to roam the greenwood glen.”



SIGMARINGEN

Sigmaringen, of which a striking view is here annexed, is an ancient town of historical importance, and occupies a delightful position on the Danube. The bridge

is a fine structure, consisting of six elliptic arches, and presenting an appearance of great elegance. A Gothic bridge, however, would have been in better harmony with the landscape; which, in other respects, is amply seconded by the feudal château, which crowns the isolated rock, and throws an air of venerable antiquity over the whole scene. This château is the town residence of the Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, who "holds the sixteenth place in the German Confederacy, and has one vote in all questions that come under its supreme cognizance. The territory contains nearly forty thousand inhabitants, and furnishes a military contingent of three hundred and seventy men. The population of the town is under nine hundred, and like that of the principality, is chiefly Catholic. The annual revenue amounts to upwards of three hundred thousand florins;" but as the agriculture is in a state of gradual improvement, and the iron mines continue to be worked, there is every prospect of progressive advancement in all the domestic resources. The soil, however, is not fertile; and the unkindliness of a great portion of it has to be compensated by additional industry. Along the right bank of the Danube, nevertheless, there are exclusive tracts where the soil is as fertile as the scenery is picturesque; and around the town the traveller will notice much luxuriant meadow-land, such as is seldom observed out of England.

Tuttlingen, which forms another of the views illustrative of this part of the Danube, is a town of six thousand inhabitants, or upwards, and extends along the right bank of the Danube, which now begins to assume a gradual increase of volume, depth, and rapidity. This town was nearly all destroyed about forty years ago, by one of those conflagrations to which we have already alluded, as so frequent in these forest countries, where the buildings are chiefly composed of timber. But out of the ashes of the old town, New Tuttlingen has arisen; and with such manifest improvements and precautions in the architecture and materials, that no such calamitous event, it is to be hoped, will again visit its thriving population. It is in the Wirtemberg territory, and being on the great road through the Black Forest, to Schaffhausen, enjoys all the advantages of a national thoroughfare, but has little trade of its own. The mass of the population in this Circle is engaged in the various departments of agriculture; but, as this cannot afford anything like a remuneration to all, numbers are annually tempted to emigrate to the United States, and the British or Dutch settlements.

The old castle of Homberg, which forms a bold feature in the landscape, is an interesting relic of the feudal ages, and occupies a position which was long considered impregnable. In 'the thirty years' war,' however, it shared the fate of its numerous contemporaries, and having served for about three centuries as a fortress that overawed the district, its towers were dismantled, and its lower bulwarks levelled with the ground; so that what was long an object of terror, became suddenly transformed into a peaceful feature in the landscape.



TUTTLINGEN.

"No banner floats upon its keep;
 No warders line its wall;
 The shouts of war and vassail sleep,
 In Homberg's roofless hall:
 The furze and lichen flourish wild
 In Love's neglected bower,
 And ruin frowns where beauty smiled
 In Homberg's lofty tower."

From the heights of Engen, a very short distance from this, we obtain one of the finest views that can well be imagined. Here we alighted, and moving from one point to another, enjoyed the prospect under every possible advantage. The grand and imposing features were the snow-clad Alps in the distance bounding the horizon; the frontier mountains of Tyrol, the lake of Constance, and the ruined castles of Hohentwiel, and Hohencracken—each crowning the summit of a rocky precipice—with towns, villages, wood, and water, filling up the foreground. The morning was delightful—the sky clear, the atmosphere transparent, and nothing was wanting that could add to the enchantment of the view.

But, to return to the banks of the Danube, we shall make a few general observations on the country of Wurtemberg, through which we have now to proceed on our way to Ulm, where the navigation of the Danube may be said to commence. It was our fortune to spend part of three summers in this territory, at the court of the late Queen

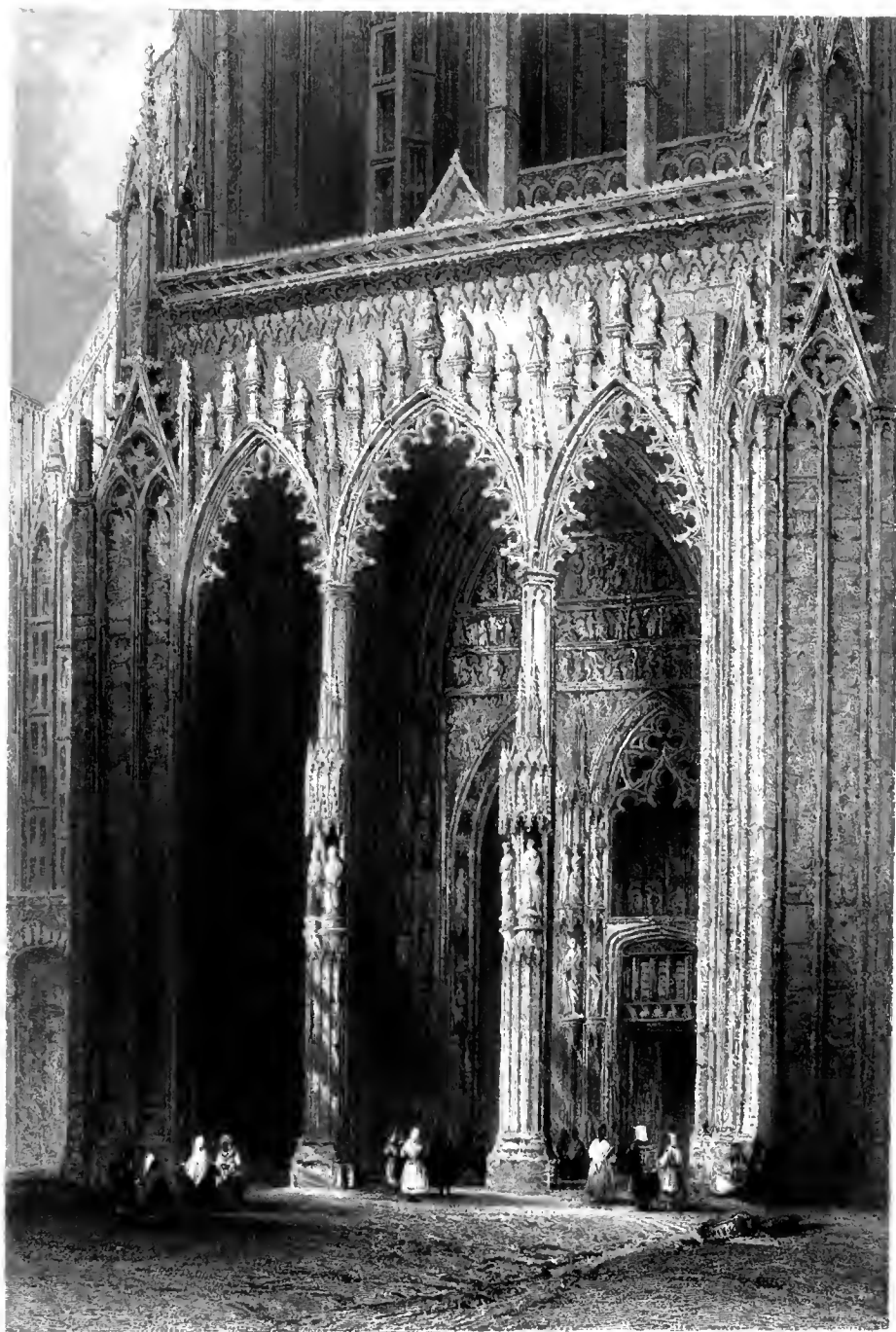
Dowager—the Princess Royal of England; and, from much pleasing intercourse with the people, we are bound to record a most favourable opinion, both of the society and the scenery which it presents. With few exceptions, as a late geographer of the country has justly observed, “this is one of the best watered, and most fertile countries in Germany. It generally consists of champaign lands, and pleasant, well irrigated valleys, which abound in every necessary of life:—corn, wine, and fruit, are so plentiful that the annual supply far exceeds the consumption, and enables the growers to export their produce to a large amount. The banks of the principal river, the Neckar, are covered with vineyards, which yield a wine little inferior to those of the Rhine. The mountains are rich in minerals; iron, silver, and copper, are found in several districts; and there salt, cobalt, sulphur, coal, porcelain earth, &c., are found in great quantity. But although Wurtemberg is much more of an agricultural than a manufacturing country, it has, nevertheless, various branches of domestic industry; such as spinning, weaving, lace-making, and distilling.” It exports cattle, corn, wine, oil, wood, tar, potash and imports colonial produce, silk, and different articles of foreign manufacture.

The government of Wurtemberg is a constitutional monarchy, admitting its subjects, of every religious denomination, to an equality of civil and religious rights. There is still in the district of the Black Forest, a remnant of that most interesting people, the Waldenses, of whom we have had occasion to treat in a former work.¹ But their numbers are now greatly diminished, and the few that still cling to the soil—hallowed as it is by the dust of Henri Arnaud—have for many years been subjected to great privations, and quite unable to support their pastors and institutions in anything like comfort and independence.

“Day after day they wane;—but still contented
Intrepid champions of their faith they stand,
Whose martyr-church, by blood and toil cemented,
Brought truth and gladness to the stranger’s land”

The majority of the population here is of the Lutheran Church; but the Roman Catholics and Jews are also numerous and influential. Great attention is paid by government to the advancement of education, in all its branches, from those taught in the University, down to its first rudiments in the village school. The present king has set a noble example in promoting by liberal patronage this grand object; and in no part of the German States are talents more cultivated, or is learning more respected, than on the banks of the Neckar. A special law directs that every child shall attend school from the age of six to that of fourteen; so that in Old Wurtemberg, at least, ‘there is scarcely an individual to be found who cannot both read and write.’ Among the names which have bequeathed immortal honour on their country, we need only

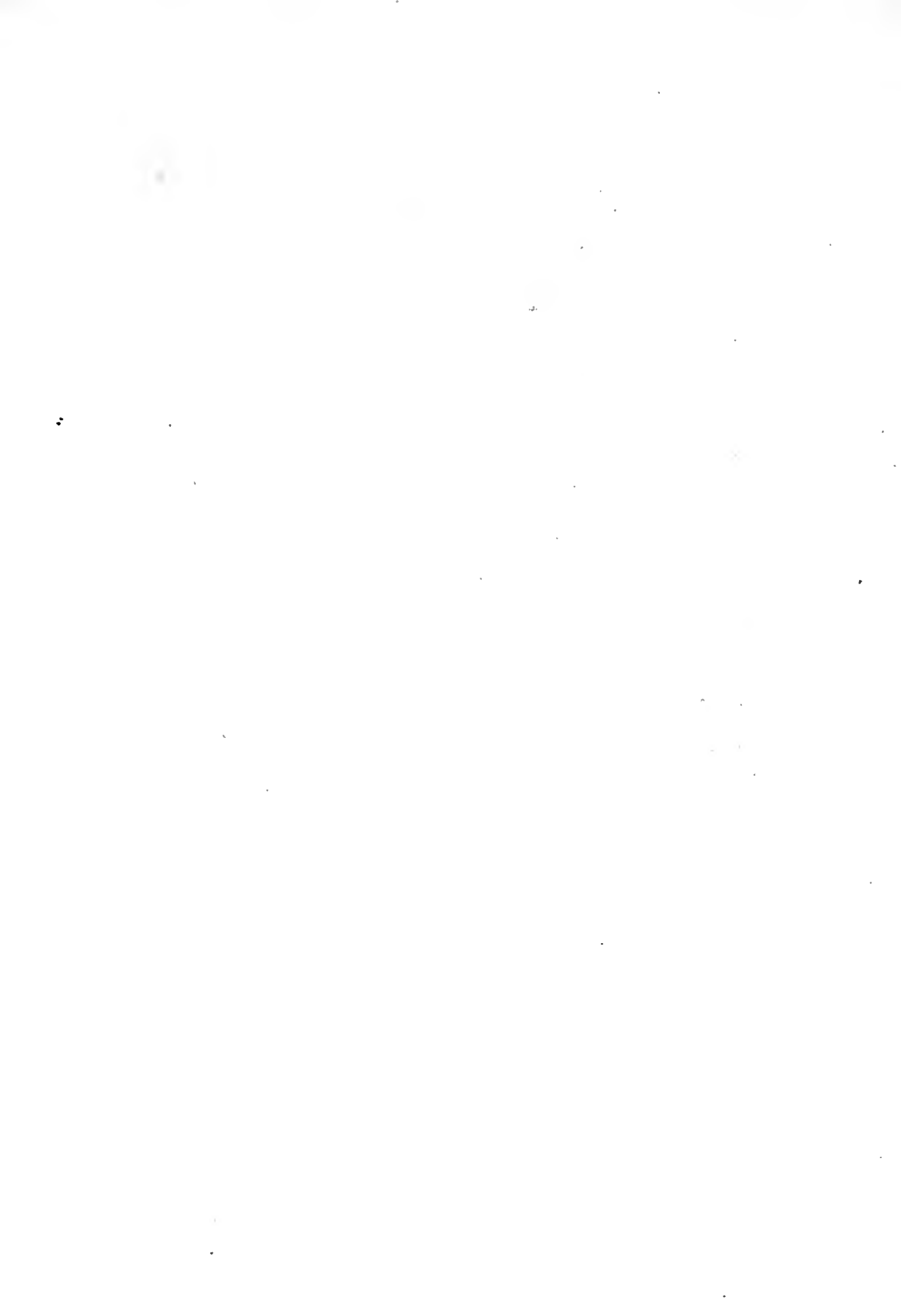
¹ The Waldenses, or Protestant Valleys of Piedmont Illustrated. G. Virtue, 1840-2.



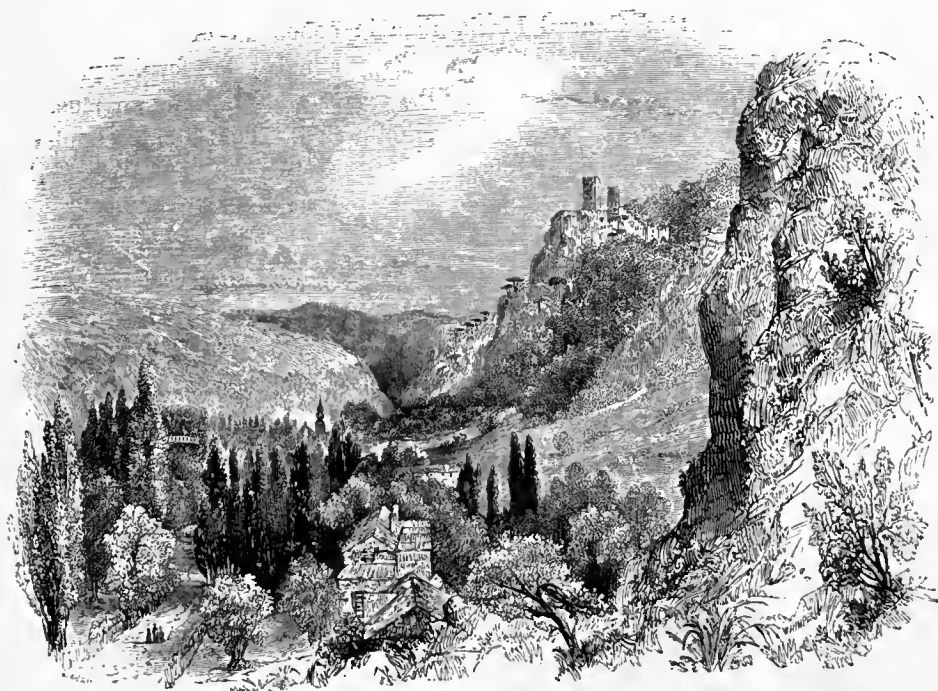
W. H. Eardlett

R. J. Roberts.

Porch of the Cathedral at Ulm.



mention those of Schiller, Wieland, Dannecker: and at this moment there are others following their steps on the same ground, whose labours are familiar to every scientific reader of the day. The territory in which the Danube takes its rise, and through which it performs the first stage of its rapid course, is rich in memorials of the feudal age. Numerous chiefs who figured in the Crusades, or, by daily practice with their neighbours, kept up a love of the 'knightly art' at home, had their family fortalices among the recesses of the Black Forest. From one or other of these ancient berceaux men have descended who still hold sway in the country, and point, with excusable pride, to the donjon and embattled walls, on which was mounted the original standard of their family. To one of these ancient land-marks of the middle ages we have already alluded; but that of Rauhenstein, here introduced, is one of the



RAUHENSTEIN

most picturesque of its kind in Germany; and, aided by the natural landscape, which is quite in harmony with the old haunts of robber chiefs, it fixes the attention, and carries back the mind to those scenes in its history when the 'red beacon' of Rauhenstein could bring a thousand spears to the rescue. But now 'although partially repaired—

"The briar has wreathed its ruined court,
The nightshade climbs the wall;
And the wild fox doth nightly sport
Where chieftain strode in hall."

One of the principal cities of Wirtemberg, and that to which our present work more obviously refers, is that of

Ulm on the Danube. The territory which in 1810 accompanied the transfer of this ancient city to the kingdom of Wirtemberg, contains forty bailiwicks and baronies; and comprises a space of about nine leagues in length by six in breadth. The city is most advantageously situated, at the confluence of the Iller and Blau with the Danubé, where the river first becomes navigable for vessels of burthen. Its situation in a military point of view is also of great importance; and its environs have been, in our own times, the theatre of more than one sanguinary engagement between rival armies. It was originally a free imperial city; but after having experienced many reverses under Bavaria and France, was at last ceded to Wirtemberg. Its inglorious surrender to the French, five years previously, through the pusillanimous conduct of General Mack, then in command of a most powerful garrison, forms a disgraceful incident in its military annals; but for the particulars of which, and its subsequent occupation by the troops of Napoleon, we must refer our readers to the detailed history of that eventful period. The walls and boulevards are now levelled, and transformed into agreeable walks for the use of the citizens; and from almost every point of the surrounding landscape, some interesting or historical feature presents itself to the eye.

After having spent the early part of the day in a general survey of the town, we proceeded to the cathedral—the long-celebrated minster-church of Ulm, which is justly pronounced one of the finest ecclesiastical structures in all Germany. To convey to the reader anything like an adequate and detailed account of this truly magnificent pile would far exceed our limits; but of its effect, as a bold and imposing feature in the landscape, and of its stately elevation above every other building in the city, a correct idea may be formed from the engraved subject here introduced. The point from which the view is taken is the battle-field—a rising ground on the Wirtemberg heights, commanding the city and Bavarian territory, extending along the right bank of the Danube, with the Tyrolese Alps in the distance. Like the cathedrals of Cologne and Strasburg, that of Ulm was never finished; but the building was carried on for more than a century, at the sole expense of its own spirited citizens, and was only discontinued on the discovery of some flaw in the soil or foundation, which threatened the stability of the tower. The architect was Matthew Ensinger, whose skill in the science is practically illustrated in this splendid monument of his genius. The view from the tower commands an extensive and interesting panorama of the course of the Danube—the Wirtemberg Alps, the great monastery of Böblingen, the field of battle already mentioned, and, what is more interesting to the English traveller, the scene of Marlborough's victory on the field of Blenheim. The height of the tower is nearly two hundred and forty feet, but had it been finished according to the original design, it would have had an elevation of nearly double that amount.



W. J. L. K. 1844

H. L. K. 1844

Interior of the Cathedral at Ulm

FROM A DRAWING BY J. G. COOPER, ESQ. F.R.S.



Germany is peculiarly rich in its monuments of ecclesiastical architecture; and among the churches are many of very large dimensions; but it has none to compete with the cathedral of Ulm, in width of nave, or breadth of transepts; while the numerous massive and clustered pillars, which flank the aisles, produce a grand and imposing effect on the spectator. In the choir the profusion of stained glass, with historical subjects, through which the light penetrates from without in every imaginable hue, has a rich and brilliant effect, and imparts a sort of magic colouring to every object around. Statuary, carved and tabernacle-work, painting, gilding, with an almost unique specimen of interlacing arches, are the objects of art which chiefly arrest the attention; and, as a whole, the impression left upon the mind, by a deliberate survey of this magnificent temple, seems in no hazard of being effaced by any other cathedral on this side of the Alps.

The population of Ulm was lately stated at nearly fifteen thousand; but now that steam-navigation is fully established on the Danube, and trade and manufactures appear on the increase, a considerable influx of inhabitants may be safely predicted. The channel of the river at this point has a breadth of two hundred feet or upwards, with a depth sufficient for all the purposes of navigation; and near the bridge, which forms the connecting link between the Wirtemberg and Bavarian States, boats for passage and traffic are always to be found ready for hire. The public conveyances, called 'Ordinari,' are barges, which leave on stated days, and are subject to the regulations of government. The bridge is a handsome structure, built of stone, and consisting of four capacious arches. On the left, or lower side of the bridge, are the public and private barges, stationed for the conveyance of passengers and merchandise. The current of the river throughout its whole course is so strong and rapid, that no boat, as the reader is aware, can ascend the stream—"facilis descensus, sed inde retrorsum, hic labor, hoc opus est." Steam, however, promises in a great measure to overcome this difficulty; so that, with the aid of paddles, the phenomenon of a vessel stemming the current of the Danube, is no longer a miracle in the eyes of the public.

The trade of Ulm consists chiefly of wine, silk, paper, with various other articles of minor importance; but, as we have already observed, there is every prospect of a great increase of traffic in consequence of the vast facilities of intercourse afforded by the navigation of this majestic river. There is one branch of industry which is peculiar to Ulm and its vicinity, and that is the fattening of snails, which are exported in casks to the extent of many millions, as a delicate substitute for 'animal food' in those countries where that indulgence is forbidden at particular seasons; and being "neither fish nor flesh," the snail, under such circumstances, is considered a legitimate luxury. In Lower Saxony, while residing at one of the petty courts, we remember seeing snail-soup daily prepared for the use of an illustrious personage as a specific for cough, and no doubt, from its glutinous property, it may in some measure allay irritation. But to an English palate few things could be less acceptable

than snail-soup, however skilfully prepared.¹ Every country, however, has its partialities—

“If corn or oil be scarce;—if vintage fails,
France has her frogs, and Germany her snails.
What need to fast? Explore the marsh and wood,
And find in snail and frog a luscious food!
‘Eat flesh and perish!’ cries my grave confessor,
But feed on snails, and thou art no transgressor.”

But it is now time to proceed, and, leaving this item in the public revenue under the protection of government, we shall notice the various subjects selected for illustration as they occur in our progress down the river.

U L M T O L I N Z.

——“Le Fleuve, en son heureux passage,
Réfléchit de ses bords la fertile beauté,
Et baigne de ses eaux lentement fugitives
Tous ces monts de verdure élevés sur ses rives.”—LA HARPE.

LEAVING Ulm by the bridge, we have Wirtemberg on the left, and Bavaria on the right, a broad and flat expanse of country, bounded by a distant chain of mountains, which mark the bold outline of the Tyrol. The objects which diversify the landscape are few and inconsiderable; the country has the appearance of a vast plain, with here and there slight undulations of surface, a clump of wood, a hamlet-church, a grey convent, a cluster of peasants' houses, the schloss of a 'freyherr,' groups of peasants at labour in the field, cattle at pasture; but all so scattered that the animation which they would otherwise communicate to the landscape is lost; and the traveller feels as if he had commenced his journey through a province from which the ancient settlers had been suddenly expelled or withdrawn. Except in the more southern districts of the kingdom, where it comprises the Alpine range, Bavaria is generally flat, but well watered, and fertile in nearly all the varieties of agricultural produce. The marshes, however, are very extensive; that called the Donaumoos or great fen of the Danube, covers about thirty square leagues. The climate varies according to the districts, which are divided into upper and lower; but in general the air is salubrious and of this the robust appearance of the inhabitants affords the best evidence. The soil, however, is much neglected; and were it cultivated agreeably to the new system of agriculture now so

¹ Fallheim, and Leipheim, on the Bavarian side of the river, enjoy a sort of hereditary renown as the best snail-feeding districts.



W.H. Bartlett.

Bells and Bridge of Ulm.

generally adopted in other countries, its produce might be more than doubled. Fruits, hops, and wine are grown and exported in considerable quantities. In nearly every direction the traveller perceives extensive tracts of land exclusively devoted to the cultivation of tobacco, which, in its progress to maturity, has all the appearance of a turnip-field or cabbage-garden; and, besides a vast consumption at home, is made a chief article of traffic with the neighbouring states. The other exports consist of corn, wood floated down the rivers, salt, raw hides, flax, and hemp. Great exertions have been made by the present government to widen the sources of national industry, while every encouragement is given by the king personally, and by the representatives of his government, to foster the arts, to superintend the general education of the people, and to forward the establishment of scientific and benevolent institutions throughout the country. As in Wirtemberg, so all subjects in this country, of whatever religious denomination, are equal in the eye of the law; and his Bavarian Majesty, well known as a most liberal patron of artists and men of genius, is himself an elegant poet, a man of excellent taste, and of a highly cultivated mind. These traits in the character of the sovereign are fully appreciated by his subjects, and have produced the happiest effects upon the rising generation, who are thus stimulated to constant exertion, by the certain rewards which are publicly held out to all who attain to excellence in the various departments of science and the arts. But to this we may have further occasion to advert.

Between Ulm and this part of the Danube the traveller will often remark the singularity of costume worn by the peasantry, male as well as female. It is probable that little or no alteration in this respect has taken place within a century. The French, during their occupation of these parts, introduced perhaps a few slight changes in manner and costume; but their ascendancy was too short-lived to leave any permanent alteration in the hereditary cut and quality which distinguish the various dresses of the peasantry. The head-dresses of the females are occasionally not merely picturesque but elegant, and enriched with much curious embroidery. The shapes vary, but the prevailing cap, as handed down from mother to daughter, is similar to what is worn by the peasants of Franconia, a low triangular structure of



COSTUME OF A FEMALE PEASANT.

silk, or some less expensive material, embroidered and adorned with flowing ribbons, which, by their gay colours, give an air of cheerfulness and vivacity to the wearers, many of whom are very comely, and by no means deficient in the art of pleasing. Others, who are in better circumstances, and more exposed to the

temptations of fashion, the tricks of the couturiere and coiffeur, adopt the simpler and more elegant mode of dressing the hair in a simple braid, and finishing with a smart fillet and rosette placed tastefully on one side of the head. But as we are no adepts in the mysteries of the toilet, we shall not proceed further with our descriptions on this head at present, but return to it from time to time, as the costume changes with the change of government. With regard to the male peasants



COSTUME OF MALE PEASANTS.

their dress is by no means unlike what it was a century ago in England. The brim of the hat no bad substitute for an umbrella; the coat long, loose, broad in the wake; buttons like crown-pieces; a scarlet or other gay-coloured vest, 'to correspond;' the nether department strongly cased in buckskin; the extremities covered with thick worsted hose, and substantially shod with wood and iron, or when leather is to be had, the latchet is finished with broad, glaring buckles, which are occasionally objects of much hereditary attachment with the wearer. Although very

coarse and homely, the dress of the peasantry is warm and comfortable, suited to the climate, and so far as we could observe, protecting the person from many dangers, to which, where the manufactures are cheap and flimsy, the wearers are inevitably exposed on every change of temperature.

Donauwörth, the next illustration of the Danube, is a place of considerable importance, but more particularly interesting to the English reader, from its near vicinity to the fields of Hochstadt and Blenheim. It occupies the left bank of the river, and, originally, was a free imperial city. Its present condition, however, presents a melancholy contrast to its former importance; it is thinly peopled, and although an air of departed grandeur lingers within its walls, it has little to interest the stranger, and no immediate prospect of recovering that prosperity which once enlightened and enriched its citizens. The part, however, which it took in the grand question of the Reformation, and the manner in which it contributed to the support of the thirty years' war, are incidents of no little interest among the stirring events of that momentous epoch. The new Lutheran doctrine introduced by the reformers, having been warmly received in various cities and states of Germany, and openly professed in Switzerland, found also its able supporters at Ulm and Donauwörth. But in the latter, the public opinion was so generally in favour of the great moral change, that the Catholic form of worship was either laid aside, or restricted to one particular convent, and the other churches appropriated to the reformed congregations. But the abbot of the Holy Cross, who witnessed this sudden invasion of his rights, determined to maintain his authority at all risks; and forming a solemn procession of monks and devotees, paraded the streets with the host, and aided the imposing

ceremony by a display of sacred banners, and all that outward pomp and circumstance which had hitherto attended the great festivals of the church. He was aware, however, that all 'old things were now passing away;' yet, determined to express his disapprobation in the strongest terms, he headed the procession in person, and being assailed by the mob, who had the feeling of slaves newly broken from their chains, had no little difficulty in extricating himself and his brotherhood from the rude hands of the populace. The popular ferment occasioned by this treatment of a distinguished ecclesiastic, was speedily augmented by the open conflict of parties; and so keenly resented by the church and state, that the ban of the empire was pronounced, and a powerful army marched to Donauwörth, to execute judgment upon that 'nest of daring reformers.' To this army, consisting of seventeen thousand men, the citizens could offer no effectual resistance, and their only course was to submit; and after having inflicted that measure of chastisement of which the now victorious abbot thought them so richly deserving, the reformed worship was abolished, the churches were restored, and the ancient privileges of the town confiscated. The violence and injustice of this proceeding were so apparent, that, instead of checking insubordination to the church, it only added redoubled energies to that spirit of dissent which had now so strongly manifested itself among enlightened men of the time, and gave rise to that Protestant League which was destined to act so firm and conspicuous a part in the affairs of that tumultuous crisis.

In the monastery of the Holy Cross is the tomb of Mary, Princess of Barbant, the unfortunate consort of Louis the Severe, who, like our eighth Henry, was subject to violent fits of jealousy, and in one of these ordered his suspected but innocent wife to be delivered over to the headsman. The blow was struck; but the proof of her innocence having been shortly afterwards substantiated, upon incontestible evidence, the remorse and despair of the rash and credulous husband are recorded to have been so poignant that he became grey in a single night.

"And still that mangled form so fair
Was present to his mind;
His cheek grew haggard with despair—
No refuge could he find.
The furrows deepened on his brow
All sleep forsook his eye!
His gait so proud to earth was bow'd.
But still he could not die!
A deadly weight, a dreary fate,
A voice that said 'Live on!'
Each wretched breast may hope for rest,
But thou canst hope for none."—MS.

The action of Donawert, or Donauwörth, of which the Duke of Marlborough gave the following relation by a letter to the States-General, is one of the military events for which the place is celebrated.

"High and Mighty Lords.—Upon our arrival at Onderingen, on Tuesday, I un-

derstood that the Elector of Bavaria had despatched the best of the foot to guard the post of Schellenburg, where he had been casting up entrenchments for some days, because it was of great importance ; I therefore resolved to attack him there ; and marched yesterday morning by three o'clock, at the head of a detachment of six thousand foot and thirty squadrons of our troops, and three battalions of Imperial grenadiers ; whereupon the army begun their march to follow us ; but the way being very long and bad, we could not get to the river Wertz till about noon, and 'twas full three o'clock before we could lay bridges for our troops and cannon, so that all things being ready, we attacked them about six in the evening. The attack lasted a full hour : the enemies defended themselves very vigorously, and were very strongly intrenched, but at last were obliged to retire by the valour of our men, and the good God has given us a complete victory. We have taken fifteen pieces of cannon, with all their tents and baggage. The Count D'Arco, and the other generals that commanded them, were obliged to save themselves by swimming over the Danube. I heartily wish your High Mightinesses good success from this happy beginning, which is so glorious for the arms of the allies, and from which I hope, by the assistance of Heaven, we may reap many advantages. We have lost very many brave officers, and we cannot enough bewail the loss of the Sieurs Goor and Beinhelm, who were killed in the action. The Prince of Baden and General Thungen are slightly wounded ; Count Stirum has received a wound across his body, but it is hoped he will recover ; the hereditary Prince of Hesse-Cassel, Count Horn, Lieutenant-General, and the Major-Generals Wood, and Pallandt are also wounded. A little before the attack begun, the Baron of Moltenburg, Adjutant-General to Prince Eugene, was sent to me by his Highness, with advice that the Marshals of Villeroy and Tallard were marched to Strasburg, having promised a great reinforcement to the Elector of Bavaria, by way of the Black-Forest ; and I had advice, by another hand, that they designed to send him fifty battalions and sixty squadrons of their best troops. Since I was witness how much the Sienr Mortagne distinguished himself in this whole action, I could not omit doing him the justice to recommend him to your High Mightinesses to make up to him the loss of his general ; wherefore I have pitched upon him to bring this to your High Mightinesses, and to inform you of the particulars.

“ MARLBOROUGH.”

In this action it was computed that about five thousand men fell on each side ; but the consequences of the victory were very considerable, for the confederates hereby opened a passage into the heart of the Duke of Bavaria's country, and the elector himself was obliged to retire under the cannon of Augsburg. After the taking of Schellenburg, Donawert not being tenable, the elector sent orders to the garrison to set fire to the town, and burn their bridges and magazines, and retire ; but the confederates, advancing into the suburbs, saved the town from being burnt, and the Bavarians made such a precipitate retreat that they left two thousand sacks of meal, and great quantities of oats and other provisions behind them.

On the fifth of July, the confederate army passed the Danube over several bridges of pontoons, near Donawert, and encamped at Martingen, in the Elector of Bavaria's country, and the sixth was observed as a day of thanksgiving in the army for their success.

Previous to his arrival at Donauwörth, the traveller's attention is powerfully arrested by the sight of **Blenheim**, or Höchststadt, as it is more generally called in the country. But as the affair at Donauwörth took place some time previously to the celebrated battle to which Blenheim has given name, we have taken these two classic scenes in their historical order. The amount of inhabitants is stated at two thousand three hundred, or upwards; but the chief interest which it awakens in the traveller's mind arises from its having been the scene of the great victory gained by Marlborough, over the French and Bavarians.

" From **BLenheim's** towers, tho Gaul, with wild affright,
Beheld the various havoc of the fight;
His waving banners, that so oft had stood
Planted in fields of death and streams of blood,
So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
Or rise triumphant in the fatal breach,
Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,
The hardy veteran with tears resigns."

The battle of Blenheim was one of the most obstinate on record, and the victory was the most complete and brilliant of its kind that had ever crowned the British arms. Ten thousand French and Bavarians were left dead on the field; the greater part of thirty squadrons of horse and dragoons perished in the Danube: thirteen thousand were made prisoners—one hundred pieces of cannon were taken, with twenty-four mortars, one hundred and twenty-nine colours, one hundred and seventy-one standards, seventeen pair of kettle-drums, three thousand six hundred tents, four-and-thirty coaches, three hundred laden mules, two bridges of boats, fifteen pontoons, fifteen barrels and eight casks filled with silver. Of the allies, about four thousand five hundred men were killed, and about eight thousand wounded, or taken prisoners. The loss of the battle, so disastrous to Marshal Tallard and the Elector, was imputed to two capital errors committed by the former—namely, his weakening the centre, by detaching such a number of troops to the village of Blenheim; and his suffering the confederates to pass the rivulet and form unmolested. Certain it is, these circumstances contributed to the success of the Duke of Marlborough, who rode through the hottest of the fire, with the calmest intrepidity, giving his orders with that presence of mind and deliberation which were so peculiar to his character.* His subsequent interview with Tallard, who had lost his son in the charge, was marked by those chivalrous sentiments, which did honour both to the victor and the vanquished. "I am sorry," said Marlborough to the French Marshal, "that such a misfortune should happen personally to one for whom, as a man and a soldier, I entertain a profound esteem." "I congratulate you," replied Tallard, gratified by the compliment—"I congratulate you, General, on having conquered the best troops in the world." The

* June.

Duke acknowledged the compliment with a bow ; but added, " Pardon me, Marshal Tallard, if, on the present occasion, I think my own troops the *best*, seeing they have conquered those upon whom you have bestowed such an encomium."

It was by this celebrated victory that the house of Austria was saved from entire destruction, and the aspect of affairs in the empire entirely changed. With these recollections in his mind, every traveller, and especially the Englishman, will pause as he descends this magnificent stream, and spend at least one hour in walking over the ground, and tracing out the position of the rival armies. Gazing on a scene where the martial prowess of England was so conspicuous, the lines of Addison fall upon the ear with double effect ; and, to minds in the least degree imaginative, bring ' the terrors and triumphs of the day ' once more into view.

" Methinks I hear the drums' tumultuous sound
The victors' shouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise.
'Twas there great Marlboro's mighty soul was proved,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
Amidst confusion, havoc, and despair,
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war ;
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid ;
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,
And pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm."

We make no apology for quoting these magnificent lines : for here, though seldom if ever mentioned in the books of tourists, they are in their proper place. We are standing on the very soil, and looking around us on the very scenes where the hero of the poem stood and achieved those martial deeds, from which the muse of Addison drew his inspiration. To finish the picture of Blenheim, such as it then was, we indulge in a further extract from the same master, who with graphic power unites historical accuracy. He describes the ' martial character ' and first charge of the élite of the French troops :—

" But see the haughty household troops advance !
The dread of Europe and the pride of France,
The war's whole art each private soldier knows,
And with a general's love of conquest glows ;
Proudly he marches on, and void of fear,
Laughs at the shaking of the British spear !
Vain insolence ! With native freedom brave,
The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave.

Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,
Each nation's glory in each warrior burns :
Each fights—as on his arm the important day
And all the fate of his great monarch lay :
A thousand glorious actions, that might claim
Triumphant laurels and immortal fame,
Confused in crowds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguished die . . .

“The route begins—the Gallie squadrons run,
Compelled in crowds to meet the fate they shun !
Thousands of fiery steeds with wounds transfixed,
Floating in gore, with their dead masters mixed,
’Midst heaps of spears and standards driven around,
Lie in the Danube’s bloody whirlpools drowned.
Troops of bold youths, born on the distant Saone,
Or sounding borders of the rapid Rhône ;
Or where the Seine her flowery fields divides,
Or where the Loire thro’ winding vineyards glides ;
In heaps the rolling billows sweep away,
And into Seythian seas their bloated corps convey.”



MARLBOROUGH'S DRAGOONS.

This battle was fought on the 4th of May. The cannonade began at eight : it became general at one o'clock, and, says Marlborough in his despatch, “lasted with great vigour till sunset.” It is painful to think of the wholesale destruction upon which so many brave troops were driven, even before they had taken an active part in the engagement ; for, besides the great numbers, continues the general, “cut off in the action as in the retreat, there were upwards of thirty squadrons of the French, which I pushed into the Danube, where we saw the greatest part of them perish !” This was a painful admission ; and in the generous

heart of Marlborough must have thrown a damp over the glow of triumph. Superstition as usual has invested the spot with many shadowy terrors; and here, it is said, on every fourth of May, about sunset, when all other sounds are still, the shouts of combatants, the clang of arms, the clatter of armed hoofs, troops of visionary horsemen in mad career re-enact the battle and its closing scene, as when last—

“ To the earth, to the sky, in their agony
 Their farewell looks they lifted;
 But here despair, destruction there,
 Through the sulphurous gloom, like the voice of doom,
 Pursued them where they drifted.”

In constructing the post-road which crosses part of the battle-field, the workmen discovered, a few years back, a great quantity of bones; the sad reliques of those men and horses which the iron hand of war had that day struck down in their pride, and thrust into one common grave. They were afterwards returned to their kindred earth, and the highway is now carried over them at one point, which may be really described as the ‘soldiers’ sepulchre.’

Taking leave of Blenheim, and Donauwörth, we now continue our route towards **Uinz**. In this portion of the Danube, the principal objects which attract, and merit the traveller’s attention, are feudal and monastic ruins, with here a rock, a tree, or field, that point to scenes of blood expiated by votive altars, on which ‘the sacred fire has blazed for ages.’ Among the latter Heiligenkreuz, or the Abbey of the Holy Cross, already mentioned, is by far the most imposing; but like many other of its class and order, its halls have been invaded, its cloisters have been appropriated to secular purposes, and the old spiritual abbots have given place to the lords temporal of Cettingen-Wallerstein.¹

The small town of Rain, is remarkable as the scene where Marshal Tilly was mortally wounded, whilst defending the passage of the river Lech, against the Swedish troops, under their warlike sovereign, Gustavus Adolphus, who, on this occasion, gave strong proofs of that military skill for which he was so distinguished. The river Lech, which here throws its tribute into the Danube, gives name to Lechsend, a village on the opposite bank, where the castle of Bertholdsheim forms also a bold feature in the landscape. To these succeed Burghheim, Steppberg, Oberhausen, Altenburg, Neuburg, with several other objects of minor importance, yet all of which have their names and places in history. With Oberhausen,

¹ Le Comte Kraft Ernest fut élevé le 25 Mars, 1774 par l’empereur Joseph II., à la dignité de prince de l’empire, et prit possession, 1798, par suite d’une convention de la succession de la ligue janvier, comtale éteinte d’Cettingen-Kazenstein-Baldern. La seigneurie de Dachstuhl, héritée par la nièce du dernier Comte, épouse du Comte Rodolphe Joseph de Colloredo-Mansfeld, et acquise par Cettingen-Wallerstein par un accord du 3 Octob. 1802, fut cédée à la France d’après la traité de Luneville, 1801, En dédommagement, ce Prince d’Cettingen-Wallerstein obtint de la diète de 1803, l’*Abbaye de Heiligenkreuz* à Donawert.—GENEAL. COMTES D’CETTINGEN.

in particular, is associated the memory of a French soldier, who, with a remarkable union of military zeal and talent, preferred obedience to command, and sacrificed the allurements of rank and station, to the single ambition of being considered the first grenadier of France. This gallant soldier was Latour d'Auvergne, the darling of the army, the model of modern chivalry—a second Bayard—who has obtained the posthumous honour of a monument near the spot where he fell. His death is still remembered by the few survivors of the *Vieille-garde*. D'Auvergne was as modest and unassuming as he was brave. Napoleon, when First Consul, created him, in consideration of his gallant exploits, “first grenadier of the French army.” But the word “consideration” offended his modesty: “I am only proud,” said he, “of serving my country; I care nothing for praise or honour: my reward is in the consciousness of performing my duty; but thus to be praised to my face, it hurts my feelings—that word ‘consideration’ will be the torment of my life!” On the cessation of hostilities d'Auvergne had retired to Passy; but the son of one of his old friends being drawn as a conscript, he insisted on supplying his place. He accordingly set out for the army of the Danube, and carefully concealing who he was, carried the musket and knapsack of a common grenadier. On the 21st of June, 1800, when the French and Austrians met in deadly conflict near this place, D'Auvergne, rushing in advance of his comrades, to cut down the Hulan who bore the colours, was surrounded and transfixed by a lancer, who attacked him from behind. For three days the drums were covered with crape, and on the first Vendomaire, his sword of honour was suspended in the Church of the Invalids at Paris. The forty-sixth demi-brigade from that time forward carried his heart inclosed in a silver box suspended to the colours of the regiment; and on every muster his name was recalled in these terms—“Latour d'Auvergne mort au champ d'honneur!”—Remember Latour d'Auvergne who died on the field of honour!—*Military Biog.*

“Nay, heed not me,” the hero cried,
 And faintly waved his hand
 “Back to the charge! till Austria's pride
 Be prostrate on the strand!
 Cherish my fame—avenge my death;
 To day your laurels earn!
 Glory survives the loss of breath—”
 So died the brave d'Auvergne!
 The tidings flew from line to line,
 His comrades wept the while,
 But what was all their grief to thine,
 Fair Blanche of Argentueil!—MS

Governed in some measure by the order in which the illustrations come to hand, we shall now take a retrospective glance at the ancient Roman station of

Gunzburg; and then proceed in the direct course of the Danube. Guntia is a

place of great antiquity ; and, possessing many advantages in its immediate vicinity to the river, was one of the points chosen by the Roman generals for planting garrisons, which, by a continuous chain of intercourse and unwearied vigilance, kept the neighbouring country in subjection and themselves in security



A nunnery, which still exists, although in a different form, and which at one time gave a religious character to the place, is an object which has peculiar claims on the English tourist, as boasting of an English lady as its founder. In the palmy days of miracle-working and monachism, when the forms and ceremonies of the whole church were everywhere the same, and performed in the same language, a close intercourse appears to have been kept up between all the great continental monasteries and those of England. Travelling in those times was per-

formed, not from inn to inn, but from the gate of one hospitable abbey to that of another ; and it was no unusual thing for a pious lady to make a distant pilgrimage of this kind, and, fixing upon some favourite spot abroad, there to found a religious house at the expense of her worldly fortune, and become the head of a religious sisterhood. The lady who, in the present instance, lays claim to the grateful remembrance of the pious, was Maria Ward, who, probably, after visiting the Holy Land by the valley of the Danube, erected this nunnery as a votive altar, on her return.¹

Resuming our course along the Danube, the next object after Rain, which demands a place in these pages, is the picturesque town of Neuburg. Like most others by which this magnificent river is bordered, Neuburg lays claim to high antiquity ; but this is only secondary to the beauty of its situation ; and were it only enlivened by something like commercial prosperity, there are few places that on a small scale would surpass it as a cheerful residence. But what it has not in present enjoyment, it has in prospect ; and the increasing traffic which begins to animate the Danube, promises to visit, in due time, every town and hamlet in its course ; an event which will infuse a spirit of life and industry among its half-employed but still actively disposed inhabitants. The chief ornament of the place is the Schloss, or castle of the ancient Dukes of Bavaria ; a massive structure, with all the characteristic features of the feudal age, and carrying back the spectator's mind to those times and events, when the sovereign chiefs of Pfalz-Neuburg perished in the vain attempt to force a passage through the defiles of Switzerland. It contains, among other objects of curiosity,

¹ The cut here introduced represents a head-dress usually worn here, and in the neighbourhood of Ulm.



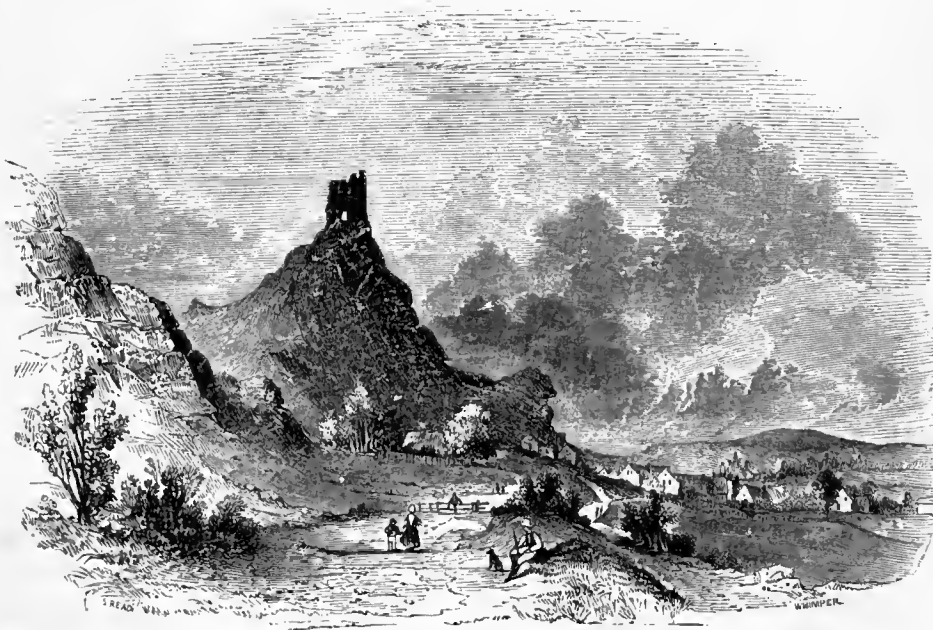
W. H. Bartlett.

Leeds



an armoury, composed of those ancient military weapons and accoutrements which figured in campaigns against the infidel, and, having received the benediction of the 'Hermit,' were supposed to be endued with a charm which no Saracen blade could dissolve—a belief which inspired those who wielded them with courage and strength next to invincible. The great hall in the ducal palace is generally pointed out as one of the finest in Germany, exhibiting most of the striking features which distinguish those of its class and epoch. The gardens—or hof-garten—are pleasantly laid out, in a rather modern style, and command various points of the landscape; but by far the most imposing view is that from the battlements of the castle, the towers of which command the whole country adjacent.

About four miles from Neuburg, is a castellated remnant of the feudal ages, picturesquely crowning an isolated rock, and commanding a free panorama of the surrounding district. It is a complete ruin; quite pervious to shower and sunshine, but is still an ornament, where it was once a protection, to the hamlet which retains its ancient position under the 'castled crag' of Hütting.



CASTLE OF HÜTTING.

Engelstadt has been long remarkable for the beauty of its buildings, its straight and broad streets, and celebrated as the seat of a famous university. The number of students who frequented its halls, previous to the French revolution, amounted to eight hundred or upwards. The order of Jesuits has long had a particular academy

here; and their number was formerly not less than a hundred and fifty. Their library, which was founded by Appian, the mathematician, is eighty paces in length, and had a gallery which went round the upper part of it. It was embellished with fine sculpture and carving in oak; and on the ceiling were the portraits of Bellarmine and other celebrated Jesuits, so that it has always been, as Keysler observes, a place well-deserving of a visit. Adjoining the library was Father Urban's museum—a collection of curiosities much celebrated in his day, and occupying a rich and elegantly designed apartment. In this gallery the hero of Blenheim was presented with a piece of a skull which had belonged to “no less a personage than Oliver Cromwell, whose body, after the restoration, is said to have been dug up, and dragged through the streets to Tyburn.”¹

This Father Urban, confessor to the Elector of Bavaria, was at the head of the Jesuits of his time; and once appointed the following remarkable thesis:—“*Quid sit Jesuita, nemo scit, nisi qui fuit ipse Jesuita.*”—“No man knows what a Jesuit is, but he who has been a Jesuit.” But what drew upon him the mortal hatred of the order, says Keysler, was the hospital, or alms-houses, which he undertook to build, and almost accomplished. He advised the Elector Palatine to demand of the Dutch a hundred and sixty thousand guilders, which were actually due as arrears for subsidies, but looked upon as an irrecoverable debt. The elector once hinting this, Father Urban observed that if the money was accounted as lost, his highness had better bestow it on him; and when the elector inquired what use he meant to make of it, Urban replied, that if he could recover such a sum, it was his intention to build and endow an hospital for the poor with it. The elector not disliking his confessor's good intentions, ordered the proper instruments to be made out for empowering him to receive the money; and with these credentials, proceeding into Holland, he managed matters so well, that he brought away with him one hundred thousand guilders of the demand.² Many other good deeds are related of this learned Jesuit, which entitle him to a place in every notice of Ingolstadt and Landsbut; for, although persecuted by his own order, he was a benefactor of mankind, the friend and patron of Liebnitz, and, intellectually, much in advance of his age.

Ingolstadt has often taken part in the grand military operations of the country. The troops of the league—the army of Gustavus Adolphus—and, latterly, the French legions, have all successively appeared under its walls. It was always a place of great strength, and every means which could be devised by the old engineers was liberally employed in aid of its natural advantages. It sustained a siege in 1800, from the French troops, under Moreau; and having offered a spirited resistance for nearly three months, was at last compelled to surrender, and soon after witnessed the demolition of its ramparts. The re-establishment of the old regime, however,

¹ Keysler.

² Keysler, vol. iv. 431.

brought with it the restoration of many of the strongholds along the Bavarian frontier; and Ingolstadt, taking a prominent station among these has again resumed all the



THE KREUZ-THOR

characteristics of a place-forte. The Kreuz-thor, or Cross-gate, leading over the drawbridge and fosse, and surmounted by pointed turrets, is strikingly picturesque. The citadel contains a garrison with an arsenal, and all the usual appendages of a fortress of national importance—including a “tête-du-pont, and flanked by numerous round towers of most solid construction.” These walls, however, fortified as they are, and promising everything desirable for the security of the inhabitants, impart to the whole a prison-like appearance, and conjure up in the stranger’s mind a thousand ideas of siege and storm, capitulation and captivity.

It was here that Count Tilly,¹ after his defeat, already mentioned, died of his

¹ John Tilly—Count of Tzerklas, and one of the most celebrated generals of the seventeenth century—was a native of Brabant, and born in 1559. He rose by degrees to the command of the “army of the League,” and in the Seven Years’ War, was appointed generalissimo of the imperial troops. His character for military talents and bravery was of the highest kind, but he stained his laurels by uncalled-for cruelty. After gaining thirty-six battles, he was entirely defeated by Gustavus Adolphus, at Brettenfeld, Sept. 7, 1631; and being wounded by a cannon-ball—as above-stated, before the town of Rain—died in 1632

wounds in the Jesuits' college, "although he had fortified himself against the devilish bullets of the Swedes, by means of a consecrated wafer." It was usual to wear 'charms,' in those times; and even in much later wars, from the commander-in-chief to the common soldier, antidotes against accidents by 'steel' and 'lead' were purchased with boundless credulity; nor is their use entirely exploded even in the present day among the subordinate sons of Mars.

The university¹ of Ingolstadt, which continued to flourish till the close of the last century, and could boast of having enlightened even the renowned Doctor Faustus, is now transferred to the Bavarian capital, and has its chairs filled with eminent professors in every department. The parochial church of St. Mary's, with its massive towers, is deserving of attention, on account of its sepulchral monuments, and various other objects of historical interest. Among the former, is the monument of Von Eck, one of the controversial theologians, who, by opposing Luther, vainly attempted to arrest the progress of reformation, when—following the voice which had first addressed him in the cloisters of Erfurt,—he

"Obeyed the summons, and rejoiced to plead
The cause of truth, and 'combat for his creed.'"²

In this church was formerly shown an image of the Virgin Mary, with one of the Kings of France, in a long cerulean mantle, sprinkled with golden lilies, kneeling

¹ The following rôle gives a magnificent idea of its importance in former times:—"3000—4000 Studenten sollen die Hochschule zur zeit ihrer Blüthe besucht haben, darunter FERDINAND II., von Oesterreich (später Kaiser,) 36 Gräfen, 45 Barone, 70 Edellente; [36 Counts, 45 Barons, 70 Noblemen.] Viel verdankte, die Hochschule in ihrer ersten, Bluthenzeit dem gelehrten Kanzler Leonhard von Eck. Als sie aber den JESUITEN anheimfiel, wurde die strenge des Dogmas der Forschung gefährlich und mit der Verknechtung der Wissenschaft begann der Hochschule Verfall."

² "Im Smalkaldischen Kriege beschossen der Landgraf Von Hessen und der Herzog Johann von Sachsen Ingolstadts Mauern. Das schöne neue Landskrechtlied von M. D. XLVII, singt von dem Landgrafen:—

"Zu morgen hub er zu schiessen an,
Wohl vber die Kaiserlich Kron
Mit karlaunen und schlangen,
Das trib er mer dann drey ganz tag,
Die weil er dann von Englstal lag,
Der schimpft der wolt sich machen.

"Und gibt dann dem Landgrafen die prophetische warnung in Kauf:—

"Landt graff du darfst nit schilte noch fluehe,
Der kaiser wird dichselbst noch suche,
Auf mancher griener hayde,
Gsieht das nit baldt, mit grossen walt
Zu yeder zeit in seiner gestalt
Wirztn haben gross layde."—DONAULANER. Duller.

before it. The whole work, including the pedestal, was of massive gold, eighteen inches high, richly embellished with enamel and jewels, and of immense value. The shrine was further enriched with another image, that of St. Michael, of the same material, and elaborately set with jewels. These, however, are no longer visible; and, like so many others of the continent, may have been exchanged, probably during the revolution, for the more useful commodities of 'iron and lead.'

Nearly all the towns and bourgs which here skirt the Danube are founded on the ruins of ancient military stations occupied by the Romans; where, from time to time, vestiges of art are discovered, which have immediate reference to their occupation, and evince the policy and refinement of that extraordinary people, whose laws and language have become blended with those of every other nation in Europe. Among the military positions in question, is that of Germanicum, the modern Vohenburg, whose castle forms so striking a feature in the landscape, and addresses the traveller in the voice of other times. It belonged to one of the ancient Bavarian families, who traced their origin to the time of Germanicus, and, in a long succession of warlike counts—the Grafen v. Vohenburg—kept hereditary possession of this domestic fortress. Feudal structures, however, present so close a resemblance to each other, that it would be superfluous, in our very restricted limits, to enter into a description of either its ancient outworks or the baronial splendour which once animated its halls. But the story of Agnes Bernauer, which, within the last five years has been made the subject of a dramatic poem, may be allowed to occupy the place of mere landscape painting. The name is already familiar to the readers of Planché; but we shall here give it with some interesting variation from the common edition of the story.

Agnes Bernauer, was the daughter of an Augsburg citizen, who neither piqued himself upon his descent, nor upon the number of heraldic quarterings which had distinguished his great ancestor, Bernard von Bernauer.—She was universally admired for the beauty and grace which distinguished her person. Her mental endowments were no less conspicuous; so that they who conversed with her for only a few minutes, knew not which to admire most—the Madonna-like beauty of her countenance, or the fascination which seemed to attend on everything she said or did. She was at once the object of envy and the idol of admiration; but happily, envy itself could discover nothing in the life of the fair Agnes but what was full of example and honour to her sex. The fame of her beauty had reached the ears of Albert, son of the Duke Ernest, of Bavaria; and he, prizing virtue and beauty in solitude, before all the splendour which invested the high-born dames at his father's court, laid aside the ensigns of his station, and became the suitor of Agnes Bernauer. What he had heard previously by mere fame and report, was more than confirmed on acquaintance; and, cheerfully hazarding all the resentment, and degradation which might attend so unequal a match, he exchanged his troth with the fair object of his affec-

tions; and, in the very ruins now before us, the castle of Vohenburg, the marriage of Albert and Agnes was solemnized by the family chaplain. The secret, however, soon transpired—the Duke was informed of the ill-starred union, and resolved to inflict his punishment at a time and place where it would be most keenly felt by his son, who gloried in the feats and institutions of chivalry. He proclaimed a tournament to be held within his castle on a certain day; and, according to the fashion of the times, invited all true-born knights to break a spear on the occasion, in honour of their lady-loves. On the morning of the fête, the lists were crowded with knightly combatants; but one, only *one*, was denied admittance—and that was Albert, the duke's own son, whose lowly marriage with the daughter of a citizen was supposed to exclude him from all participation in the chivalrous feats of the day. Exasperated



NEAR INGOLSTADT.

by this unexpected insult, he made no longer a secret of his marriage, but proclaimed the name of Agnes Bernauer, as the peerless object of his affections—the lawful partner of his life and fortune.

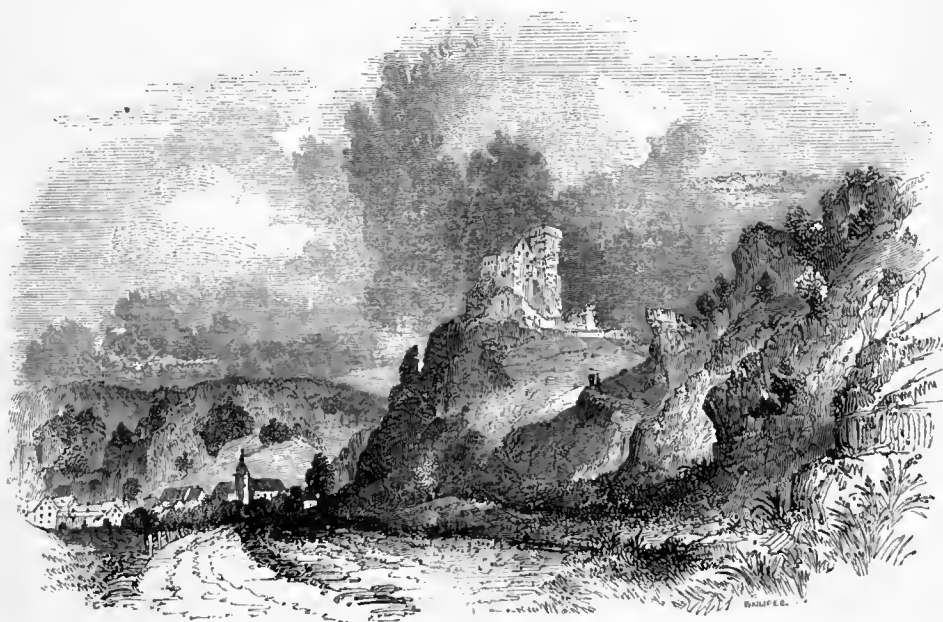
This open avowal of what he called 'his family shame,' provoked the duke, whose secret agents were soon employed in concerting means for the destruction of the beautiful and unsuspecting Agnes. He concealed, however, his resentment, and sending his son, with a body of horse under his command, to the frontier, dispatched emissaries to seize the unhappy wife, and make away with her by whatever secure means might be offered. The assassins found her in

her bower, equally unsuspecting and unprepared for such a diabolical visit; and as their commands were peremptory, they dragged her to a fictitious tribunal, where, being accused of witchcraft, found guilty, and condemned to die forthwith, she was carried to the bridge of Straubing, and thence cast into the Danube—vainly shrieking for mercy, and invoking the name of her husband. None present, however, dared to lift an arm in her defence, or to breathe a syllable in extenuation of her sentence. She was carried along with the stream, till she reached a projecting angle of the bank, where a mass of willows dipping into the current offered some slight resistance to its force, and retarded for a while the death of the victim. Her implacable enemies, however, who never lost sight of her, and dreaded above all things the probability of her escape, now rushed to the spot. She had disengaged or broken the cords which bound her wrists; and, though speechless and nearly exhausted, there is little doubt that she would have escaped, had not violent means for her destruction been again resorted to. One of the assassins, with a barbarity rare even in those times, twisted a long spear in her dishevelled locks—those beautiful tresses which that very evening, in expectation of her husband's return, she

had braided with so much care—forced her back into the stream, and thus perpetrated as foul a murder as ever stained the bright waters of the Danube.

This terrible catastrophe was witnessed by one of his retainers and reported to Albert, who was at the very moment in his tent, contemplating in silent rapture a picture of his ill-fated wife. The tidings were at first pronounced incredible; but as the messenger persisted in his statement, Albert began to tremble violently, and taking horse, never drew rein till he had reached the fatal spot. Here the crowd, still assembled, testified but too clearly the melancholy truth of all he had heard. He now gave vent to his despair in a violent paroxysm of grief which no language can describe: then, throwing off all filial allegiance, and breathing vengeance against the murderers of his wife, he rushed to take service under Louis Barbatus—his father's implacable enemy—and with him brought the horrors of war to the very hearths and altars of his country. The result was a long-continued scene of bloodshed—a deadly and unnatural feud—in which Albert, always conspicuous in the combat, took ample revenge on the authors of his misery, but found not the death which he so eagerly sought. At last, by the interposition of the imperial authority, a peace was concluded between the belligerent Dukes; but to Albert, hopeless, and heart-stricken, no peace ever arrived, till he found it in an early grave.

About six miles from Neuburg, already noticed, is another castellated ruin, which occupies a commanding rocky precipice, as if to proclaim itself the 'feudal court' of



CASTLE OF WELHEIM.

the district. It consists of a donjon tower, with a square mass of buildings, which, sufficiently indicate by their extent and military accommodation, the local authority of the founder, and the number of his family and retainers.

Under the guardianship of this venerable ruin, the village of Welheim in front of the rock; and in its immediate neighbourhood, commands some very pleasing and romantic scenery. But to enjoy this, and other scenery of a like description, the traveller must be content to quit the river, and penetrate from time to time, the interior of the country which is but little known; for tourists in general, pursuing the same tract, either by the river-conveyance or the great post-road, have no idea of the picturesque scenes which develope themselves in the interior, and therefore return home with the very unjust conclusion that 'all is barren.' He, however, who can quietly thread his way at some distance from the 'river,' will, in his progress to Linz, reap an ample harvest for the sketch-book. The country is rich in the monuments of chivalry and monachism, the sight of which will recall the well-known apostrophe of Saunet:

"Qu'ils étaient beaux ces jours de gloire et de bonheur !
Ou les preux chevaliers s'enflammaient à la voix de l'honneur,
Et recevoient des mains de la beauté sensible,
L'écharpe favorite, et la lance invincible."

From the entrance to Neustadt,¹ a small town, advantageously situated on the Danube, the scenery begins to be more interesting, more varied, and at short intervals presents features of a picturesque and even striking character—the more so from the well-known Roman stations which originally lined this part of the frontier, and still form the groundwork of the modern towns and bourgs. The Donaumoos, or fens of the Danube, alluded to in a former page, occupy an extensive tract, through which the river has hitherto pursued its monotonous course, with little or no variation of appearance to interest or enliven the tourist. But, now that scenes of cultivation, symptoms of trade and industry again meet the eye, it seems like a cheerful daybreak after a melancholy night: we enter a new region, where nature appears in her most striking forms, which the ingenuity of art is ever employed in converting to the purposes of civilized life. Of these, however, more particulars as we proceed.

One of the most extraordinary works of art which the Romans have left behind, in this or in any other country, is the Devil's Wall, or Pfahlgraben—a wall and ditch planted with watch-towers—which, like the 'great wall of China,' was carried from this point, near the small town of Hohenheim, to the Rhine. It was fortified throughout its whole extent, and crossed rivers, morasses, and mountains in a direct line from begin-

¹ Neustadt in Austria,—which is quite distinct from, though often confounded with the present town, —contains about five thousand inhabitants, and is distinguished in the history of the late war, for its patriotic attachment to the crown of Austria. Soon after the commencement of the French revolution, when it became necessary to strengthen the frontier, and adopt such measures as were peremptorily demanded by the violation of the Austrian frontier, Neustadt took the lead in a voluntary contribution for the support of the war.

The Lake of Geneva



W. E. Rindley

ning to end—a distance of more than fifty leagues. It formed the grand line of demarkation between the subdued and unsubdued parts of Germany, by means of which the fierce attacks of the natives were more easily repelled, and the Roman province on the south of that bulwark, enabled to gain a more secure footing. This extraordinary rampart was completed by the legions under the emperor Probus, who gained many important advantages over the Germans, and reigned with much honour to himself, but at last fell a victim to a mutiny of his own troops. On examination it appears to have been erected on the same plan, and for a similar purpose, as that which in England connected Carlisle with Newcastle, and is described as the Roman wall. In both instances, however, the traces are becoming more and more indistinct; for even the vestiges of Roman power and enterprise give place to modern improvements; and in another generation, probably, these remains will become of question or uncertainty.

“Where now the patient antiquary pries,
With skilful mattock and inquiring eyes,
A race shall rise, whose plough shall waste the spoil,
Nor leave one ‘relic’ to reward his toil.”

The Benedictine Monastery of Weltenberg, which next commands attention, was one of the most celebrated of the German Empire. Its position is altogether striking; and this, taken in connexion with its history, never fails to awaken a lively interest in the mind of every inquisitive stranger. Both above and below this part of the river, its channel is so hemmed in by rocky precipices, which rise from the water's edge to a height of five, or even six hundred feet, that at several points they seem as if they would meet, and thus give the Danube the appearance of a vast canal, hollowed out of a solid mountain. At a point, however, where it makes a bend to the right, there is an open space between the river and the precipices, and there stand the monastic ruins of **the Abbey**. Few situations could have been found better adapted to religious seclusion. The melancholy gloom which invested the defile; the striking features which nature assumed in a region where her mysterious operations were every hour felt and seen; the perpetual rush of waters; the occasional storm in the adjoining cliffs; the change of seasons, which varied without diminishing the native solitude of the place—all contributed to render it peculiarly suited to men who had renounced the world, and fixed all their happiness in the duties of a religious life.

“Loin du faste de Rome et des pompes mondaines,
Des temples consacrés aux vaintés humaines,
Dont l'appareil superbe impose à l'univers,
L'humble Religion se cache en des déserts :
Elle y vit avec Dieu dans une paix profonde.”

But these were not the only recommendations in the eyes of the founder; for, as the Romans had occupied the retreat long before, and left a temple of Minerva

to witness for their partiality to the spot, it was considered a laudable act to purify the place by the erection of a house of Christian rites and discipline; and with this pious resolution originated the monastery in question. In these latter days, however, monastic establishments have ceased to flourish as in former times. When the feudal chief once deserted his airy turrets on the rocks, for more congenial quarters in the plain, monachism also underwent a material change. As soon as men felt that they were safe under the protection of the law, they had seldom recourse to fortress or monastery; hence, in proportion as the civil liberty of the subject increased, resort to church protection and privilege became less frequent; till at length, refusing to be led by their former guides, they resolved to judge for themselves; and from that moment, the decline and fall of the monastic orders began. The Council of Constance, with the burning of John Huss and Jerome, of Prague—on the spot which is still shown to the stranger—was the first decisive blow given to the ecclesiastical Briareus. The monastery of Weltenberg, however, long survived the dawn of the reformation; and, isolated in a great measure from political turmoil and ecclesiastical schism, held on its course for more than a century, without loss of revenue, or lack of devotees. Its works of charity, the exemplary lives of its superiors, the piety of the brotherhood—whose active benevolence had its witnesses in every surrounding village—seemed to avert the hour of final dissolution, and to extend the period of its healthful existence beyond the term allotted to many of its cotemporaries. At last, however, the fatal mandate was issued; the revenues were secularized, and the good monks of Weltenberg were driven from the sanctuary, at which, during the lapse of centuries, they and their predecessors had served with unflinching zeal and fidelity. The time, however, had arrived, when the fires, which for ages had glowed on its altars, should be finally extinguished. After performing the last mass, and singing the last halleluiah, the Brethren took a last sad farewell of that sanctuary with which their hearts were indissolubly united; and on the cliffs which overlooked and protected their hallowed home, spent an hour in melancholy retrospection, and then, with mutual benedictions, took each his several route—never to meet again.

In this passing notice, we need only observe that the monastery of Weltenberg is now a public 'brasserie'—that this ancient house of prayer is transformed into a manufactory of small-beer.—But recollecting the encouragement which was uniformly given by the Benedictine order to genius and the arts, we may justly exclaim, in the words of Delille,

" Sur ces vastes rochers, confusément épars,
Je crois voir le génie appeler tous les arts.
Le peintre y vient chevelier, sous des teintes sans nombre,
Les jets de la lumière, et les masses de l'ombre.
Le poëte y conçoit des plus sublimes chants;
La sage y voit des mœurs les spectacles touchants."

Boatmen on the Willamette

THE BOATMEN ON THE WILLAMETTE RIVER, OREGON.



W. H. JAMES.

F. W. TOLSON.



But we must not leave Weltenburg, without one or two additional observations.—Compared with those of the Empire, however, this edifice presents few indications of that monastic pomp and magnificence which characterized the great abbeys of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. It is chiefly remarkable for the striking scenery and sublime solitude amidst which, like a vast sepulchral monument, it arrests the eye, and in a voice more edifying than that of its ancient abbots, seems to address the traveller in these words:—"Stranger! mouldering in the dust beneath thee, repose the ashes of a thousand brethren: for centuries I have echoed to their songs of praise; to the evening, the midnight, the matin prayer. In my time I have seen the rise and fall of states and dynasties: the victor in his exultation, the vanquished in their despair, have alternately fallen prostrate before that shrine. On his way to the Saviour's tomb—on his way to wrest that hallowed ground from heathen desecration—palmer and Christian knight have each halted to offer a prayer to our Lady of Weltenburg. Bannered hosts—whose barges seemed to form an immense camp, under these precipices—have paused to receive the abbot's blessing, to join in the evening sacrifice; and then, unmooring, have glided softly down the stream, till the mighty chorus of their united voices fell fainter and fainter, till it was lost in the rush of the stream. I have seen them too, on their return—but how few returned, and that few how changed! They have knelt again at the same shrine, they have covered it with votive offerings—spoils torn from the Saracen at the price of much blood; they have joined in the same prayer; but they themselves were no longer the same. Many of them were maimed, all emaciated. Some like spectres, that resembled warriors in nothing more than that they were cased in armour, and carried themselves like men whose souls felt not, or defied, their bodily wounds. They spoke with a fervent enthusiasm of the cause they had espoused, the sacred banner under which they had fought; and dwelt, with a feeling that approached to almost envy, on their kinsmen and comrades who had fallen gloriously in the contest, and now slept under the walls of Jerusalem. Here fathers returned without their sons, sons without their fathers, soldiers without their chiefs! but all with honour, all animated with one spirit, as the recognized champions of the Cross. Stranger! many scenes like these have been witnessed under these majestic rocks, within these mouldering walls. They were succeeded, in later times, by others, over which it were well to draw the veil of oblivion. The child-like simplicity and fervent devotion of the crusader, were followed, at no distant interval, by the riots and blasphemies with which armed and licentious bands burst in upon the solitude of Weltenburg, and desecrated its altar."—"But it is written," said a bystander, "that Weltenburg shall rise again like a phoenix from its ashes! that the pilgrim shall again bow at its altar; that the abbot shall preside at the chapter! and" "Never!" exclaimed a man seated near us, in the costume of the country; "never! Your abbots were mere men—sinners like others, and if they possessed any fervour, it was but the natural warmth of the grape. I have listened," said the same indi-



THE ABBOT'S SUCCESSOR.

vidual, (now showing himself, with a specimen of beer for our approval;) "I have listened with much patience to what you have heard about the crusades, and so forth; but I also know a little of the history of the place; for, as 'successor to the abbots,' several documents have fallen into my hands, which assure me that they will never resume their old quarters; and one of the strongest reasons is, that the old cellars are empty; the old vineyard uprooted, and that our Bavarian beer is too cold for their stomachs.—Try it, sir," said he to one of our company, "and tell me how you like the beverage of its present abbot, the brewer Ernest v. Rapperschwyl. Depend upon it, sir, if the abbots of old had restricted themselves to such virtuous potations, and been a little more chary of politics, I had not this day been the 'brewing abbot of Weltenburg.' These abbots,

sir, were jovial fellows; most of them had worn casques in early life, and, although afterwards taking shelter under the cowl, ended with the *cask* at last. In my early days, one of their drinking songs was a special favourite at the Wirthshaus, and seems almost prophetic of the brewery that was to come."—It is still a favourite.

The Abbot's Song.

"Brothers, life is frail as grass!
 Dry clay is apt to moulder,
 But moistened with a cheerful glass
 Good wine's the best of solder :
 Then, brothers, drink and shout the while,
 Waesheil ! Waesheil !"

"Brothers ! if the journey's rough,
 And needs some small concession,
 To-morrow will be time enough
 For penance and confession.
 Mean time, we'll drink and shout the while,
 Waesheil ! Waesheil !"

* Health to thee !



Fishing on the Starnberg Lake

(Bavaria.)

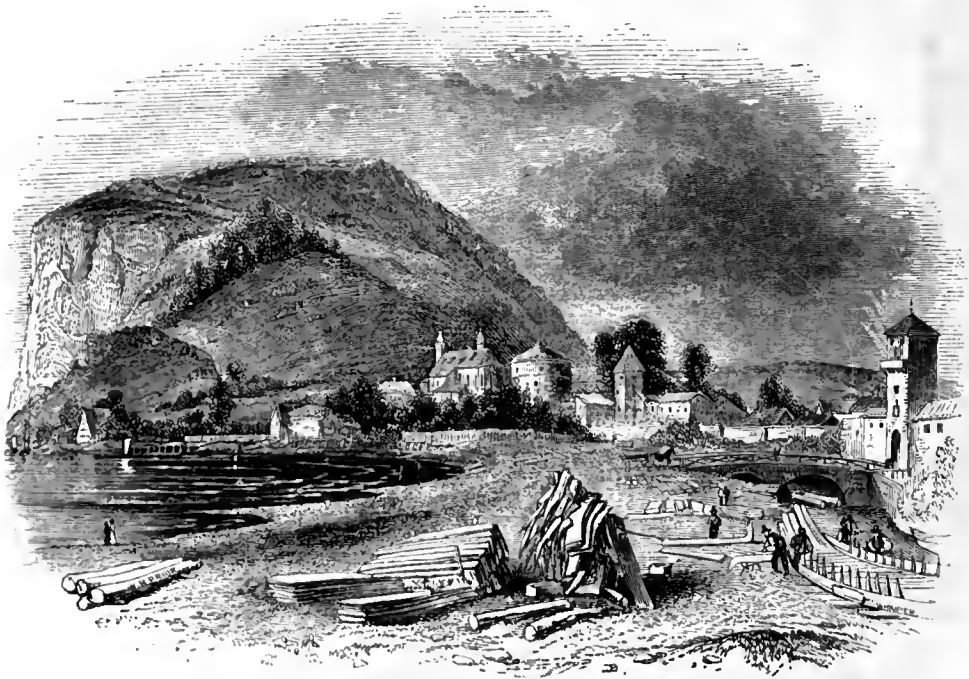


“ Brothers, prayer is vastly good,
 So (after meals) is fasting;
 ’T is well to watch beside the rood;
 But, while there’s liquor lasting,
 We’ll chant thro’ sacristy and aisle,
 Waesheil ! Waesheil !”

We shall not halt, however, in this stage of our journey, to weigh the evidence of Lutheran and Catholic, as to the real character of the abbots of Weltenburg. But if the precincts be haunted, as the *bierbauer* affirms, the ‘revenant’ can have but one object—namely, to make an experiment of the new liquor,—which is excusable, provided the old brotherhood do not adopt the same practice. After the Weltenburg, which is too frequently passed by tourists and others, almost without notice, we turn aside to make a few brief remarks on the picturesque river and valley of

The Altmühlthal. The entrance to this defile resembles, in many respects, some parts of the Rhine. The remains of castles, and other places of feudal strength, occupy most of the surrounding heights, and produce a very striking effect. Among these, three or four are conspicuous objects, and were, no doubt, the fortified residences of those native chiefs, who, for various and obvious reasons, chose the summits of the rocks for their habitations. There, secured by rugged precipices, and surrounded by vassals whose fidelity was guaranteed by entire subjection to the pleasure and caprice of their lord—the latter, on being summoned to the field, could leave his family in safety, and take part in the wars that were ravaging, with but short intermissions, these beautiful valleys, where at last peace and prosperity have fixed their abode. The castles of Braun, Randeck and one or two others, are the principal features of this class; Gross-Essing, and Geissenberg fill up the picture, so as to make it one of the most romantic scenes on this portion of the Danube. The excavation of the Altmühl river, as far as Dietfurth, where it is to join the great canal, now near its completion, for uniting the Danube with the Main at Wurzburg, will open a new medium of traffic between southern and northern Germany, and greatly contribute to the general prosperity of the country. It is a great enterprise, worthy of the patriotic sovereign whose name it bears, and during its progress, has afforded employment to some thousands of industrious natives. The whole distance, from its commencement at Kelheim to its junction with the river Main, is about a hundred and fifteen English miles. As far back as the days of Charlemagne, this connecting link between the Black Sea and the German Ocean, was one of the grand objects contemplated by government. The enterprise, however, was deferred, then abandoned; till at last, after the lapse of centuries, the subject was happily revived, the plan laid, the surveys completed, and the work commenced, under the auspices of his present majesty, the King of Bavaria, who has evinced the most lively interest in its progress, and anticipates, from its completion, a vast accession of commercial prosperity. It is, undoubtedly,

one of the greatest enterprises of modern times ; for, in its course, the engineers have had to contend with many difficulties, to overcome many obstacles, and in one instance to carry it through a tunnel of more than three hundred yards. The great inequality of soil and surface was another difficulty to be obviated by frequent locks, ninety-four in all ; but notwithstanding these interruptions, it is calculated that seven or eight days will be sufficient to conduct barges from one extremity to the other. The channel is capacious, measuring upwards of fifty feet at the top and thirty feet at bottom, so that heavy barges can pass each other with perfect ease and safety. The day that this canal is thrown open in its whole extent will form an epoch in the commercial history of Germany. The entire cost has been estimated at nine millions of florins. The entrance to it is between the round tower and the church



KELHEIM.

Kelheim, advantageously situated at the entrance to Ludwig's canal, is a place of great antiquity, having, under its classic name, *Celcsum*, formed one of the long chain of military stations, by which the right bank of the Danube was defended against those formidable neighbours opposite, whose strength and skill it required all the discipline of the Roman legions to withstand. It is a small town of between three and four thousand inhabitants ; but, from its newly-acquired importance, as a





Prima Vista

Valley of the Aknari

(SADAKHIA)

trading station, and facilities for barge-building, it is likely to become a place of great traffic and activity. But, owing to its natural position at the confluence of the two rivers, it has always been exposed to inundations—so much so that the inhabitants have been frequently compelled to seek shelter in the roofs of their houses, or to escape from their windows by boats. The houses have, in several instances, a picturesque appearance, owing to their turreted roofs, square towers, and steep gables. The banks of the river are generally covered with prepared timber, a great quantity of which is now employed in the construction of barges.

The situation of Kelheim must have possessed many advantages to the Roman legions as a military station; but, owing to the later system of warfare, the invention of fire-arms, the construction of roads, and above all, to the arts of peace and the stimulus given to agriculture and commerce, it now presents advantages of a much more pleasing nature. A magnificent public road has been constructed, at great expense and ingenuity, along the right bank of the Danube, from this to Regensburg, much resembling that which connects Coblenz with Bingen on the Rhine. It is another of the great national works so happily completed by order of his Bavarian majesty, whose unwearied zeal to advance the prosperity of his subjects, by widening every avenue of commercial intercourse, is universally acknowledged.—While alluding to this subject, we have just learned, from an article in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of this month, that an ancient military road has been discovered near Neuburg, a town already noticed in these pages. It is evidently of Roman construction, and traverses the heights above the villages of Ried, Hasselohe, and Laisacker; past the village of Attenfeldt and the hamlet of Ilstetten. It was partly noticed in the map of the old Bailiwick of Neuburg, by the geographer Aesberg, and still more accurately in Beber's map of the present provincial court, or *Landgericht*; but its continuation from the road of Monheim was never fully investigated till within the last eight years, when certain members of the Antiquarian Society (a branch of which is formed at Neuburg) took up the subject, and continued the investigation with complete success. Under the patronage of the king, who embraces every occasion to foster and encourage the fine arts, numerous societies have sprung up in his dominions—like fruit under a genial sun—who communicate with the central society at Munich, and unite their laudable efforts to investigate and illustrate the Roman antiquities of the country—a study for which no district out of Italy can present a finer field than the valley of the Danube. In their examination of the ground in question, the antiquarians of Neuburg found that the road extended to upwards of two leagues to the west of that town, between the villages of Riedenstein, and Stettberg, a tract consisting of forest, pasture, and heath. But the investigation thus prosecuted was crowned with additional success, by the discovery of two small Roman colonies, one in the open country, the other in the forest of Stettberg. The vestiges which more clearly indicated their Roman origin, consisted of three different kinds of domestic utensils, formed of red baked clay, and of several coins, stamped by the senate,

in honour of the Emperors Antoninus Pius and Marcus Aurelius. In the vicinity of these stations is a field, which, from time immemorial, has borne the name of the 'Kelleracker,' or cellar-field, on account of a tradition that underneath lay vaults or cellars, which had never been discovered, but the existence of which was a subject of popular belief.—With this short digression, we return to the general route, the first object of which, that demands attention, is

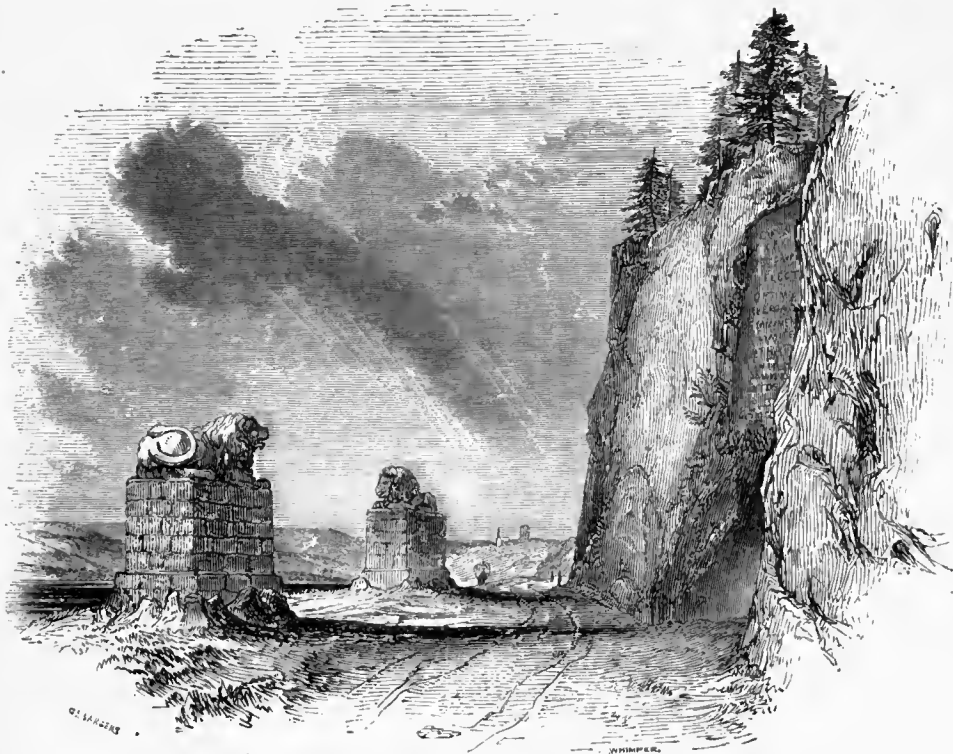
Abach, alike remarkable for its monuments of ancient and modern art. These consist of the feudal remains of Heinrichsburg, or Kaiser Henry's Castle, and the modern road formed through rocks, shattered 'by the miners' blast,' and commemorated by an inscription to the honour of Charles Theodore, under whose auspices it was begun and completed. With regard to the first of these objects, Heinrichsburg, only a small portion of that vast and imposing structure now remains. Its battlements and turrets, on which, for ages, the mailed sentinels kept watch, have gradually crumbled down;—the wide courts, where, in tilt and tournament, princes, barons, and knights displayed their martial skill and courage, and where, under silken canopies and gilded scaffolding, the beauty of the land distributed the prize—the grass waves, the silence of death presides, or if interrupted, it is only by the night wind as it sweeps with rushing wing through the hollow arch, or when, in derision of earthly grandeur, it gathers into a tempest, and threatens the destruction of its last relic, the Hungerthurm. To him who will pause for half an hour in these feudal precincts, and take into view their proud origin and the prostrate condition to which they are now reduced, the reflection may turn to good account. It is not necessary to go either to 'the Capitol of Rome or the Acropolis of Athens,' in order to acquire vivid impressions of the perishable and fleeting nature of man's proudest monuments. The ruins before us are sufficient to prove, that, whatever his rank, station or connexion, man has here no certain place of abode; no chance of immortality, like that which follows the practice of virtue—here then, let the traveller soliloquize in the expressive words of an old moralist:

"Earth walks on earth, glittering in gold:
Earth goes to earth sooner than it wold;
Earth builds on earth palaces and towers!
Earth says to earth—*All shall be ours!*"

It has been conjectured—for there is no absolute proof of the fact—that the above ruins occupy the site of the Roman Abudiacum, another of the many fortresses by which the legionary power was so effectually maintained. It became in after times the court residence of the old Dukes of Bavaria, whose warlike achievements are so familiar to every reader. By Henry the Second, who was born within its walls, great improvements were contributed; and all the pomp and circumstance which marked his age, were carefully observed in the internal regulations of his household. In the latter portion of his life, his character underwent a considerable

change; the society of his confessor became more relished than that of his captains. Often, it is said, he would quit these walls before day, and walking like a humble and devout pilgrim to the shrine of St. Emmeran, at Ratisbon, there fall prostrate amidst the crowd of devotees, who, like himself, thus endeavoured to allay the remonstrances of a mind ill at ease.—

With guilt and grief oppressed, to soothe his pain,
The leach prescribed—but he prescribed in vain;
Then came the priest: ‘Arise’ quoth he, ‘unshod,
In pilgrim weeds approach the house of God!
There, prostrate to Saint Emmeran, confess
How thou hast revelled in unrighteousness—
Denied thy heart nought that thy heart could crave!
And ask his help to snatch thee from the wave
Of heavenly wrath! Nor grudge, if he demands
Some small accession to our Abbey lands;
That gift alone shall purge away thy crimes,
Blessed in thy life, renowned thro’ after times,
If for *each crime one acre* thou wilt pay?’
‘An acre! saidst thou, by our Lady—nay!
If thus I pay—priest! where were my domains!
Thy cowl, methinks, might cover what remains!’ . . .



On returning to the enterprise already noticed, for the construction of a permanent and capacious road¹ along this part of the Danube, two granite pedestals, surmounted by colossal lions—the work of Bavarian artists—arrest the traveller's eye; while the perpendicular face of the rock, after the manner of the Egyptians, is covered with an inscription,² which commemorates the origin and completion of the design. The precipice is lofty, fringed with trees, and from the vast quantity of powder used by the miners in forcing a passage, which for ages nature had denied, the whole cliff appears shivered and fissured, and a terrible blast it must have been that 'frightened' this stupendous cliff from its propriety. But after a survey of what engineering has accomplished in the Splugen and the Simplon, there is little to create astonishment on the Danube. The next place of historical importance on the same side of the river is

Oberndorf, where Otto of Wittelsbach—whose story has been made the subject of a German drama—attempted to conceal himself after his assassination of the emperor. Flying with guilty speed from the scene of murder, and placed under the ban of the empire, he in vain looked for a sanctuary in the church—for there he could expect neither shelter nor forbearance—and took refuge in one of the out-houses belonging to the monastery of Ebrach. Here he was discovered, and after being made the object of just indignation and ignominy, was dragged from his lurking-place, and killed on the spot. Henri von Kalatin is recorded to have been the actor in this stroke of retribution, and to have inflicted with his own hand that punishment which the enormity of the crime demanded. The head of Otto was afterwards severed from his body, and cast into the Danube; but, refusing to sink or to move down with the current, it continued to gnash its teeth, and to fix its glaring eyes on the spectators, with a menacing look, which none but the 'black friar of Ebrach' could withstand. This holy man, however, well knew how to deal with such traitors' heads. He held a black cross in his hand—a cross which had been brought hither by an eagle from Mount Calvary—and, while the people were in absolute consternation at the petrifying sight, he bravely took the lead, and mount-

¹ The new road alluded to near Abach, is thus mentioned by Duller:—"Wir schiffen jetzt an Hohenpfafl und Affeking (am rechten) und Kelheimwinzer, am linken ufer, vorbei, und erblicken links Herrensaal, rechts Ober-Saal und Post-Saal wo Adrian von Riedl 1797 durch sprengung eines 180 fuss hohen Felsens, Statt der gefahrvollen alten, eine herrliche neue Strasse gewann. Joseph Graf von Törring-Grönfeld liess dem meister jenes denkmal an der Felswand errichten, welches unsere Aufmerksamkeit fesselt: die Inschrift desselben lautet: DER CHURFÜRSTLICHE OBRIST GENERAL-STRASSEN-UND WASSERBAU-DIRECTOR, AUCH HOFKAMMERATH ADRIAN VON RIEDL FÜHRTE VND VOLLENDETE DIESEN STRASSENBAU IM IAHRE MDCCXCVII AUF BEFEHL."

² "..... nicht weit davon, wo die chaussée sich dicht zwischen der Donau und den Felsen hinzieht, die beiden steinernen Löwen und in der Felswand die Gedächtnisstafel: CAROLO THEODORO C. P. R. BOIORUM, DUCI, ELECTORI, OPTIMO, PRINCIPI, EVERSA, DETECTA, IMMINENTIUM SAXORUM MOLE, LIMITE, DANUBIO, POSITO, STRATA, A. SAAL, AD, ABACH, VIA, NOVA, MONUMENTUM, STATUI, CURAVIT. JOS. AUG. TÖRRING, ALB. BOIC, PRÆFECT. MDCCCVI."



Regensburg or Regensburg

ing the river's bank, addressed the floating head in these awful words:—"Dus. milabundus. Dom. infernis. presto. diabolorum!"—On hearing this the head instantly whirled round, shook its clotted locks in the friar's face, and sank to the bottom of the Danube! The people fell prostrate at the miracle, right glad to be rid of such a sight; but many of them averred that the whole of the following night and day blue flames were distinctly observed issuing from the pool where the 'head' last appeared. The friar, however, was not to be thwarted in his pious resolution; and fixing the same black cross on a bank right over the pool for seven days, the flames entirely vanished. The people from that day crowding to mass, loaded the altar with their gifts; till several worthy brothers and nuns in the same neighbourhood, becoming very jealous of Ebrach, attempted to get up a 'head' on their own account. But after careful examination of the authorities on this subject, it does not seem that Otto's head made any second apparition in this vicinity. Now as to the body of the said Otto of Wittelsbach, it was left to be 'blown by winds, and washed by rains' on the bare heath, for nine tedious years; no man daring to perform the burial rites over the corpse of him against whom had been launched the anathemas of church and state. The rock upon which his bones lay bleaching during that long period is still, in memory of the fact, called the 'Murder-Stone'—

"Where oft ye may hear the voice of death,
And oft ye may see dark Otto's form,
As he rides on the silver mists of the heath,
And chants a ghostly dirge in the storm."

But, with many apologies for having detained the reader so long on 'haunted ground,' we resume our journey; and leaving the windings of the Danube at some distance, on our left, proceed in a direct line to Regensburg, so that several objects of minor importance must here be omitted, but which will be found carefully noted down in every guide-book along the Danube. The approach to this ancient city from the west is abundantly striking; the scenery is picturesque; an air of prosperity still pervades the country, while the road and environs are all indicative of that commercial activity, by which alone public and private interests can be fostered and upheld.

Regensburg, so called from its being built at the mouth of the river Regen, where it unites with the Danube, was the *Regina Castra*¹ of the Romans, and in its time has had 'twenty different names.' "That of Ratisbon, or Ratispona," says Planché,

¹ "Regensburgs Geschichte steht auf römischen Grundfesten; aus allen Fluthen der Geschieke, die über der Stadt zusammenströmen, ragen die Erinnerungen altrömischer Herrschaft wie Leuchthürme hervor. Die Namen *Augusta Tiberii*; *Colonia Tiberia Augusta*; *Tiburina*, bewahren das Andenken ihrer stiftung durch den despoten, der andere. *Quartana* jenes an die *legio tertia Italica*, die in den *castris quartanis* hier haus'te; die anderen *Reginum*. *Regina Castra*; *Metropolis Ripariarum* im *Noricum ripense* zeugen nicht minder deutlich."—DÜLLER.

quoting the authority of Günther, in his *Gemeiner's Reichs-stadt Regensburgische Chronik*, "it owes to its convenience as a landing-place."

"Inde Ratisbonæ vetus ex hoc nomen habenti
Quod *bona sit* ratibus, vel quod consuevit in illa
Ponere nauta rates."

"From Regensburg," continues the same author, "the furious Frank, under the banner of Charlemagne, rushed to his Pannonian victories. Under the government of 'Arnold the Bastard' it became a flourishing town. It was here that in 1106 the unfortunate Emperor, Henry the Fourth, resigned his crown and sceptre to his unnatural son; and hither, in 1196, Richard Cœur-de-Lion was sent prisoner to the Emperor Henry the Sixth, by whom he was given up to his 'sworn foe and captor, Leopold Duke of Austria.'" But of this more particularly when we come to the notice of Dürenstein. "Here, on the 12th of October, 1576, expired the emperor Maximilian the Second, in whose favour Germany revived the surname of Titus, or the 'Delight of Mankind.' Of his great and amiable qualities no stronger proof can be given than the concurring testimony of the several historians of Germany, Hungary, Bohemia, and Austria, both Catholics and Protestants, who vie with each other in his praises, and in representing him as a model of impartiality, wisdom, and benignity."¹ "It excites a melancholy regret," says Wraxall, in his *History of France*, "to reflect that the reign of so excellent a sovereign as Maximilian was limited to the transitory period of twelve years, while Philip the Second, the scourge of his own subjects and of Europe, occupied the throne during more than forty." The Romans might with equal reason have lamented that the tyranny of Tiberius lasted above twenty years, while the benign administration of Titus scarcely exceeded as many months. In 1633, Ratisbon was taken by Bernard, Duke of Saxe-Weimar, but retaken in the following year by the allied Bavarians and Austrians, commanded by Ferdinand, King of Hungary. In 1641, the Swedes under the famous General Banner cannonaded it; and on the 21st of April, 1809, it was taken by the French, after a desperate conflict, being the fourteenth time in the course of nine hundred years that this unfortunate city had been visited by the united horrors of war.² It was at Ratisbon that an *arrêt* was issued by the Evangelical body, when the Protestant states were in arms against the court of Vienna, and to which they annexed the twentieth article of the capitulation signed by the emperor at his election, in order to demonstrate that the Protestant states claimed nothing but what was agreeable to the constitution. They declared that their association was no more than a mutual engagement, by which they obliged themselves to adhere to the laws, without suffering, under any pretext, that the power of putting under the

¹ Planclé's *Danube*.—Cox's *History of the House of Austria*.

² *Descent of the Danube, from Ratisbon to Vienna*. London, 1828.





Cathedral in Cologne

© A. S. L. E. D. R. A. N. M. D. E. R. A. T. I. O. N. E. S. O. F. A. R. T. S.

ban of the empire should reside wholly in the Emperor. They affirmed that this power was renounced, in express terms, by the capitulation; they therefore refused to admit as legal any sentence of the *ban*, deficient in the requisite conditions; and inferred that, according to law, neither the Elector of Brandenburg, nor the Elector of Hanover, nor the Duke of Wolfenbuttel, nor the Landgrave of Hesse, nor the Count of Lippe-Buckebourg ought to be proscribed. The imperial Protestant cities having acceded to this *arrêt* or declaration made at Ratisbon, the emperor, in a rescript, required them to retract their accession to the resolution of their Evangelical body. But this rescript having produced no effect, the *arrêt* was answered by an imperial decree of commission carried to the Dictature, importing that the imperial court could no longer hesitate about the execution of the *ban*.—But as the result of these proceedings belongs to the public history of that period, we return to the notice of such objects in Ratisbon as are more immediately connected with the nature of the present work.

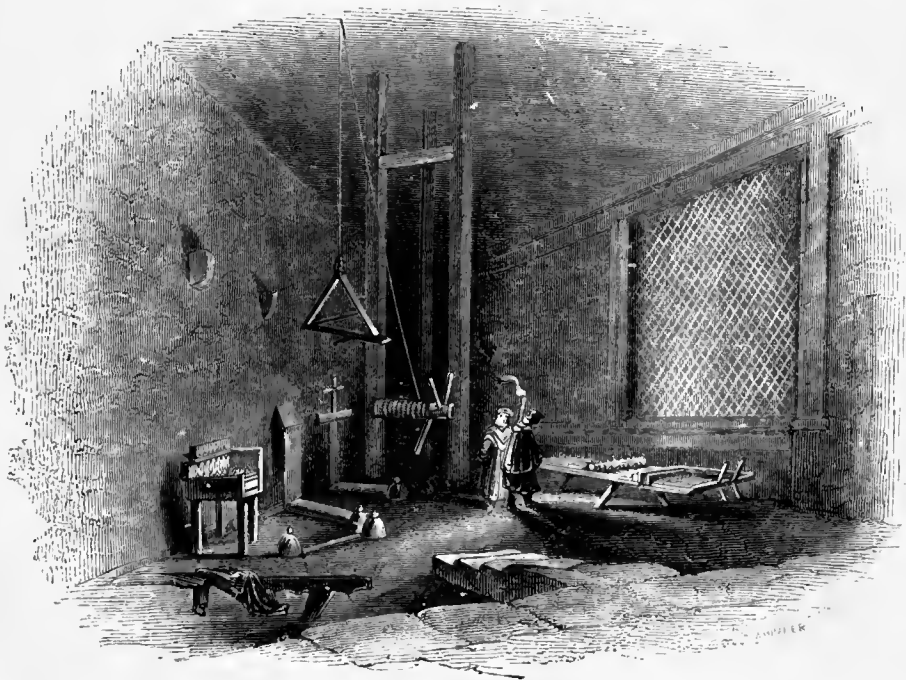
The brightest page in the history of Ratisbon, however, belongs to the past; it refers to that period when the free imperial cities of Germany had not only a vast political influence among the states of Europe, but also an extensive trade, which had its ramifications in all the great commercial ports of Europe and Asia. It had a tide of prosperity in its favour, during the lapse of several centuries; and it was not till nearly the end of the seventeenth that it began to ebb and divide itself into other channels. The trade of the Euxine had proved a mine of wealth to the merchants of Ratisbon; and, conveyed through a thousand ramifications to the heart of Germany, and the countries adjacent, became the happy medium of conferring riches on its less fortunate neighbours. Few cities in the history of the old empire occur so frequently as those of Nürnberg, Augsburg, and Regensburg, or Ratisbon; each of which had attached to it the importance of a great capital, whose industry and resources were inexhaustible. As the seat of numerous Diets—more than sixty of which are recorded to have been held within its walls—Ratisbon assumes another feature of importance; and several of the streets and dwelling-houses bear ample testimony to the wealth and rank of their original inhabitants. What has been said of a street in Genoa, namely, that it ‘appears as if built for a congress of princes,’ might be applied, with little exaggeration, to that in Ratisbon, called the Ambassadors’ Strasse; where the houses, though gloomy and now dilapidated, still possess an air of original grandeur, and would afford no mean accommodation even for an imperial archduke and his suite.

The public buildings partake of the same style and appearance; they are lofty, massive structures, and harmonize admirably with the character of those times when the horrors of the *Vehm Gericht* were in full vigour, and when a torture-chamber was considered an indispensable adjunct to the hall of justice! Looking around us, we exclaim, with a shudder, What a terrible state of things, where a man depended for personal safety, not on the strong arm of the law, but on the

thickness of his walls, the strength of his fortalice, or the number of his household: when his life was at the mercy of a rival in trade, or an adversary in politics; and when the innocent citizen could be dragged from the arms of his family, and stretched on the rack! Yet such was the case in the *free* city of Ratisbon. This chamber, with the dungeons contiguous, is situated under the ground-floor of the Great Hall, and the following is the account given of a visit paid to it by a late traveller:—"My guide was about to lead me through a long suite of rooms, but I begged her, in preference, to let me see the prisons. Accordingly, having descended the stairs, she disappeared, and in a few minutes returned with a lantern and some sheets of paper, with which she led the way to the vaults below the building. After several turnings and windings, we came to a doorway, so low that I was obliged to bend nearly double to enter it; and on passing it, I found myself with my back still bent,—for there was not room to stand upright,—in a low, vaulted dungeon, six or eight feet square, lined with wood, having a raised step at one end to serve for a pillow to the inmate of this miserable cell. Daylight was entirely denied to him, and the only air that could reach him from the dark passage without, came through a small grating in the door. On the outside of this chamber my guide stooped down at a trap-door of iron grating, strongly fastened with bolts and chains; and lighting one of the pieces of paper, pushed it through the bars. As it fell, I perceived by its light a dungeon more horrible than the first; a kind of well about twelve feet deep, with no other entrance than this trap-door; so that the prisoner must have been let down into it as into a living tomb! Of the former kind of cells there are nineteen or twenty, of the latter three or four; but they are happily no longer used. We passed hence through several strong iron doors to the

"**Torture-Chamber**, a lofty apartment with ample space for the exercise of the apparatus of cruelty deposited in it, which, to my surprise, I find existing here in a nearly perfect state. First, there is the common rack, resembling a long bedstead or platform of boards, upon which the accused was laid, his feet attached to one end, and his arms fastened to a rope, which passed round a windlass at the other, so as to stretch out his limbs to the utmost extent that agony would allow without causing death. The second species of torture resembled the first, but was inflicted vertically, instead of horizontally, by raising the victim by a rope attached to his arms, which were bound behind his back, to the roof; and then letting him fall by loosening the rope to within a few inches of the ground. Two stones, so heavy that I could not lift them, were previously attached to the feet, so that the jerk inflicted by the sudden fall must have wrenched every joint out of its socket! This instrument, (as correctly shewn in the annexed cut,) consists of an upright frame of wood, with a windlass about two feet from the ground, to which the rope is still fastened by one end, while the other dangles from a pulley in the roof, with a triangle of wood attached to it. To this the arms of the victims were fastened. The third instrument was a very high arm-chair, having, instead of a cushion, a seat stuck full

of small sharp spikes of hard wood, about two inches high, upon which the prisoner was made to sit with weights on his lap, and others hanging from his feet!" "There is also a wooden horse, on the sharp spine of which the criminal was compelled to ride, and two or three other instruments equally horrible—the invention of which is a disgrace to human nature. One side of the chamber is partitioned off by a screen of wooden trellis-work; behind which may still be seen the desk at which the judges sat, seeing and hearing all that passed, but unseen themselves, and took down the confessions extorted from the victims in the moment of agony.¹ I felt a thrill of horror," continues the writer, "while I contemplated this infernal machinery, which I think surpasses in iniquity the far-famed dungeons of Venice; and is, I believe, at the present day, the only example in Europe of such an apparatus perfectly preserved. And it deserves to be preserved, if only to show that, at least in judicial proceedings, the world has improved. This torture-chamber lies immediately under the Hall of the Diet, and had not the intervening floor been well lined, the



TORTURE-CHAMBER.

¹ In the *British Archæologia* the reader will find described an apparatus of torture, much patronised in Germany during the reign of the 'Secret Tribunal,' under the name of the *Yung Frau*, which, in refinement of cruelty surpasses even that just mentioned. Nearly all the German castles had dungeons and torturing apparatus. For the above quotation see Murray's *HAND-BOOK*, to the accuracy of which the editor bears willing testimony. The reader will find some other particulars of interest in Duller's '*Donau*'—a very recent work—and the *DECKENUCK*.

cries of the sufferers must have reached the ears of the assembly. The lining is now removed, so that the light actually appears through cracks in the ceiling above." Such is a sketch of the Torture-chamber of Ratisbon from actual survey.—

"Still from yon dismal vault the groan
Of agony is heard—
The sudden shriek—the fainter moan—
The pangs of death deferred!"

But quitting a scene which inspires a natural horror in every reflecting mind, we turn to

The Heide Platz, so called from its having been the spot where a desperate encounter took place between a formidable Pagan Hun and a doughty burgher-knight of Ratisbon, named Hans Dollinger. The tradition handed down, and still religiously cherished in the romantic annals of Bavaria, may be thus briefly told. Craeo, the heathen warrior, having rendered himself the terror of the crusading army, by the number of goodly knights and soldiers who had fallen under his sword, boasted at last that there was not a Christian lord or vassal who would dare to meet him in single combat. This boast was proclaimed again and again, and still no champion stepped forward to accept the challenge of the insolent barbarian. His gigantic stature, ferocious aspect, and ponderous glaive—which had the character of dividing a helmed head with as much ease as it would a water-melon—struck terror into the bystander, and made even the emperor blush for the reputation of his chivalry. "What!" said he, "do I hear an idolatrous Pagan insult the sacred banner, and thus brave with impunity the champions of the cross? If there be no warrior who will adventure his life in the cause, I myself will meet the audacious bravo, and punish his insolence."—"God forbid," said Hans Dollinger, "that whilst my liege is in jeopardy, there should be one faithful subject who could look passively on." And so saying, he made obeisance to the monarch, and with a loud voice and uplifted arm, bid the Pagan a hearty defiance. Now Dollinger—though a brave soldier, and right cunning in fence—was of rather diminutive stature, and appeared to little advantage in the presence of this giant, who looked upon him as Goliath once looked upon the youthful David, when he defied the armies of Israel. "Come on!" said the blustering Hun, "come on! Already have I pitched forty riders from their saddles, and thinkest thou to conquer?" "I do!" said Dollinger, boldly, "I do!" and suiting the action to the word, spurred his steed to the charge. Every spectator gave him up for lost—the Hun expected an easy prey. But great was his disappointment, when, instead of giving, he received a smart shock from the point of Dollinger's lance, which half unbalanced his bulky form, and elicited a shout of applause from the multitude. At the third charge both lances were shivered, and then, each drawing his sword, cried 'Havoc!' and rushed upon each other. Solately flushed with victory, and now foaming with rage and the dread of discomfiture, the giant

made a desperate effort to unhorse his adversary. But Dollinger clinging to his steed like a centaur, manœuvred his weapon so nimbly that the Pagan's stroke, falling with diminished force and frequency, clearly indicated the result of the combat. Watching his opportunity, and moving round him till a gentle rise in the ground gave him a momentary advantage, Dollinger thrust his sword between the joints of his lower harness, and hurled the Pagan to the ground. A shout of triumph ensued, and thousands now rushed forward to congratulate Dollinger, and indulge in pious exultation over this vanquished idolater. None could imagine how Hans Dollinger, by his single arm, could have achieved so marvellous a victory, till it was ascertained that a certain cross had come in for a share of the conflict, and then the mystery was satisfactorily cleared up. Now the cross here spoken of was one that the Emperor Henry the Fourth used on all great and momentous occasions; and well knowing its virtues, it will be readily supposed that in the present instance he had free recourse to its mysterious influence. Every time that the Saracen made his charge, Kaiser Henry held this cross full in his face; and no sooner did the Pagan look upon that hallowed symbol than he began to wince and recoil before his Christian adversary. This operation of crossing the infidel the emperor performed thrice very cleverly, and then observing the good effects, left Dollinger to despatch his rival in the manner above narrated. Such was the popular belief; and although others were hardy enough to explain the victory on other grounds, they were soon taught that such impious interpretation would not be tolerated in the enlightened city of Regensburg. This combat is the subject of a popular ballad, which is still sung to wile away the winter evenings, and begins thus:—

“Es rait ein Türek aus Türckenlandt, rait gen Regensburg in die stadt.”—

It is also commemorated in a fresco opposite the Town-hall, where it is represented in plaster as large as life, with the Emperor Henry on horseback, with a hawk in his hand, and the following lines underneath:—

“Fertur equo celeri hic Henricus in ordine primus
Aucupio celeber, nec minus imperio,”—

and above the representation of the single combat are these words:—

“Hans Dollinger Ratis dccccxxx.
Barbarus hic solidis certant Germanus et armis,
Germanus vicit, Barbarus occubuit.”

The spears of the two combatants were long preserved and exhibited in the archives of Ratisbon to inquisitive travellers. The Platz, or square, where this legendary combat took place, became, at a later period, the scene of one of those tournaments which were the grand pastimes of the feudal ages, and tended so much to foster a passion for military enterprise. But on this occasion, the grand question

was to maintain against all comers the character of Agnes Bernauer, which had been basely aspersed, and which her chivalrous husband had resolved to vindicate at the risk of his life. But to this subject we have already adverted; and the only addition to be made in this place, after looking into his history, is, that Albert survived the tragical fate of his partner, married a princess of Brunswick, and lived to see a family of ten children grow up around him. These are facts which rather militate against the romance of the story; it were better to say 'he died broken hearted,' but history is stubborn, and will not yield to the sentimental in such questions.

The entrance to the Town Hall is the only feature of that edifice which particularly arrests the traveller's attention. It is a Gothic portal of singular design and execution, and such as may be much more readily delineated by the pencil than described in words. It is a striking specimen of that style to which it belongs, and carries the mind irresistibly back to the remote days of the empire. Among the ecclesiastical structures with which this city is so liberally endowed, great alterations have taken place within the last half-century: some have been partially re-edified and adorned with elaborate pieces of sculpture; whilst others have been suffered to fall into decay, and exhibit a melancholy proof of that waning enthusiasm, or lack of means, by which in these times all the religious shrines and institutions have been more or less powerfully affected. But amidst the changes of fortune which have visited the once free and imperial city of Ratisbon,

The Cathedral remains a splendid monument of the thirteenth century, and in the traveller's eye takes precedence of every other object. It has, however, undergone many repairs and embellishments, and among the latter are the gorgeous windows of stained glass, contributed by his present majesty, the patriotic King of Bavaria. It contains various tombs, and objects of sculpture in bronze as well as marble, one of which, the mausoleum of Cardinal Philip, who died in the flower of his age, is a piece of elaborate design and workmanship. At the entrance on the left, over the tomb of Count Herberstein, is that of one of the bishops, in bas-relief, representing the miraculous feeding of the four thousand men, as related in the gospel. Near this there formerly stood a large wooden crucifix, the hair of which, as the credulous vulgar were taught to believe in the time of Keysler, was continually growing. But the other objects deserving of attention in this magnificent temple are too numerous to be given in detail.—On one of the towers is the statue of a man apparently in the act of throwing himself from the summit, and which is said to represent the architect, who having lost a bet with another builder, respecting the time of finishing his great undertaking, committed that rash act in a fit of despair.¹ The ascent to the

¹ The legend is, that a rival architect observing the slow progress of the cathedral, made a jeering boast, that impracticable as it was then considered, he would throw a bridge across the Danube, before the other could finish the cathedral—a boast which it is said he verified, and thus drove his brother to despair. But it is certain, nevertheless, that the bridge and the cathedral are buildings of very different epochs. We shall, however, give the popular legend in a subsequent page.



tower is an inclined plane, so that, in its construction, the materials to be employed in the works could be carried up on the backs of mules or asses, and hence it retains the name of the Asses' Tower. In one of the side-chapels, carefully preserved under glass, is an effigy of St. John de Nepomuc, confessor of the Queen of Bohemia, who refusing to divulge the secrets of the confessional to her husband, the tyrannic Wenceslaus, was thrown into prison by his order, tortured, and finally cast from the bridge of Prague into the Muldau, where he perished.¹ In the nave of the church is an elegant effigy of a Duke of Bavaria, in bronze. The figure occupies the top of an altar-tomb, and is represented in a kneeling posture before the crucifix, as one of the *duces-episcopi* of Ratisbon. The next object which awakens particular interest in the traveller's mind is the

Abbey of St. Emmeran, one of the most remarkable establishments of its kind in Europe. Like that of the Heiligen Kreutz at Donauworth, it is now the residence of one of the native grandees—the Prince of Thurn and Taxis; and although its



ABBAY OF ST. ENNERAN

¹ "Tandis que l'empire murmure contre les affreuses débauches de Wenceslas, la Bohême gémit sous le poids énorme des impôts. L'imperatrice se charge de porter aux pieds de son époux les plaintes et les pleurs de ses sujets. Wenceslas n'y a aucun égard. L'imperatrice, au désespoir, tombe dans la plus profonde mélancolie. L'empereur veut connaître la cause. Il mande Jean Nepomucène, confesseur de la princesse, et lui ordonne de ne lui rien cacher de sa confession. Jean surpris, refuse de commettre une action aussi indigne; et l'Empereur outré de colère, le fait précipiter dans la Moldau."—Such is the concise account given by a German historian of the martyrdom of St. John Nepomne, whose statue is so frequently met with as the protector-saint on the bridges of the Continent.

courts and cloisters present nothing pre-eminent in style or architecture, it has still sufficient to interest the reflecting visitor, who, in these striking changes, reads an impressive lesson on the instability of human institutions, both civil and sacred.

The abbots of St. Emmeran were princes of the empire, and took their seats at the Diet accordingly. This abbey had a duration nearly coeval with the republic of Venice, having been founded by Theodo the Fourth, and enlarged by Charlemagne. Here several of the greatest members of church and state were consigned to holy ground, amidst all that is most imposing and splendid in the ceremonies of religion. Emperors and kings, prince and paladin, saints and soldiers here met together in its sepulchral vaults—many of whom were moved by ‘a true faith, while others, no doubt, were actuated by an unavailing sentiment of remorse and terror, in their desire to have burial here.’ Among these princes’ remains are the bones of St. Dionysius, the Areopagite, but which are said to have been ‘purloined’ from the Abbey of Denys in the year DCCCXCIII., and Ertel informs us, that Pope Leo XI., in a particular bull, absolutely threatened with excommunication all who should dare to question the identity of the holy corse. But the monks of St. Denis, as Keysler informs us, would not give up the point, but obstinately insisted that the body of the saint was actually in their possession, and that his head was shown in the third shrine of their treasury. On the other hand, the monks of St. Emmeran as stoutly maintained that the only part wanting in their reliques was the middle finger of the right hand. Nevertheless, adds the same authority, ‘an entire hand of this saint is shown in a chapel at Munich: his head is also devoutly worshipped in the cathedral of Bamberg; while at Prague another head of the saint is preserved in the church of St. Vitus, within the castle.’ It is lamentable that in this momentous case there should be such glaring discrepancy in the evidence; and that the question cannot be brought under *one* head. We cannot but suspect M. Keysler of attempting to throw discredit on the ubiquity of this saint; but it is not likely that he will make many converts at Ratisbon, unless he adopt the same convincing arguments that were used by a certain cardinal, whom he mentions. “I well remember,” says he, speaking of the Diet here assembled, “what passed between Cardinal Sax-Zeitz, and a certain Protestant colonel. His eminence, it seems, used to give a dollar to every one who became a convert to the Roman Catholic faith, and by this means had brought over to his views a considerable number of the colonel’s regiment. Pleased with the success of his experiment, the cardinal began one day at table to try his skill upon the colonel, and by way of argument alleged the example of most of his soldiers. But the colonel replied, that these facts did not weigh much with him; and that if the cardinal laid any stress on such conversions, he would engage, with six barrels of beer, to bring all his new converts again to Protestantism.” But the cardinal it seems, not relishing the proposal, the beer-experiment was not put into execution.

This abbey, we are told, possessed at one time an altar of solid gold, with many





Staircase of the Palace of the Kings of Castile

other objects that fully demonstrated the ample revenues with which it was endowed; and in the sacristy were the silver shrines and crosiers of St. Emmeran and St. Wolfgang.

One of the other ecclesiastical structures which merits attention is the church of the Scotch Benedictines, which has existed from very early times—as early probably as the tenth century. But in its *antiquity* lies its principal claim to attention, for it possesses nothing remarkable, except a grotesque porch—a circular arch supported at the sides by detached pillars resting on winged lions—the side-wall curiously carved with fabulous monsters, and all indicative of the remote period to which it belongs.

Of all the interesting objects of architectural antiquity in Ratisbon, “nothing,” says Dr. Dibdin,¹ “struck me so forcibly (and indeed none is in itself so curious and singular) as the Monastery of St. James. The front of that portion of it connected with the church should seem to be of an extremely remote antiquity. The ornaments which are on the side of the door-way, or porch, are quite extraordinary, and appear as if the building had been erected by Mexicans or Hindoos.” “I had conjectured the building to be of the twelfth century, and was pleased to have my conjecture confirmed by the assurance of one of the members of the college, that the foundations of the building were laid in the middle of the twelfth century; and that about twenty miles down the Danube there was another monastery now in ruins, called Mosburg, which was built about the same period, and exhibited precisely the same style of architecture.” “But,” continues the same learned author, “if the entire college with the church, cloisters, sitting-rooms, and dormitories, was productive of so much gratification, the contents of these rooms, including the members themselves, were productive of yet greater. To begin with the head, or president, Dr. Arbuthnot—one of the finest and healthiest-looking old gentlemen I ever beheld, in his eighty-second year.² I should, however, premise that the members of this college, only six or eight in number, and attached to the interests of the Stuarts, have been settled here almost from their infancy; some having arrived at seven, others at twelve years of age. Their method of speaking their own language is very singular, and rather difficult of comprehension. Nor is the French spoken by them of much better pronunciation. Of manners the most simple, and apparently of principles the most pure—they seem to be strangers to those wants and wishes which frequently agitate a more numerous and polished establishment, and to move as it were from the cradle to the grave—

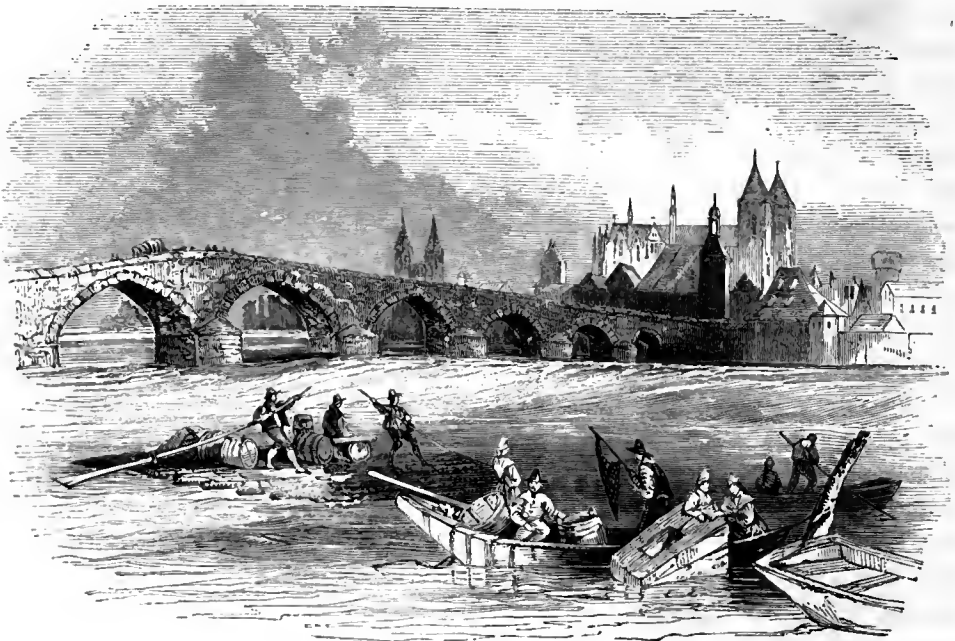
“The world forgotten, by the world forgot.”

¹ Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Tour in Germany, by the Rev. Thos. Frognal Dibdin, F.R.S.

² This venerable head of the Monastery was gathered to his departed brethren soon after Dr. Dibdin's visit.

In this monastery it has been usual to educate young Scotchmen for the priesthood, and then send them home as missionaries; but its revenue is very limited, and the number of monks and students together did not amount lately to more than six or seven. It has escaped secularization, however, and for this it is most probably indebted to its well-known poverty. It has, or at least once had, a good library, among the treasures of which was a Latin manuscript of the four Evangelists, said to have belonged to St. Anascarius, who died about the middle of the ninth century. But the antiquity of such writings must, in general, be calculated at a period much less remote than those ascribed to them.

The Bridge of Ratisbon is a structure of the early part of the thirteenth



BRIDGE OF RATISBON.

century. It is massy, and heavy looking, and stretches across the river like a solid wall. Had it been less substantial, however, it would probably have long since disappeared; and the better to account for its durability, his satanic majesty is mentioned, in the local history, as its chief architect. During his operations, says the legend, he was much annoyed by two cocks and a dog, the images of which are to be seen on the balustrade; but, as Planché has pointedly remarked, 'a cock and a bull' would have figured with more propriety in such a story. It is built of freestone, supported, according to Keysler, on piles of oak, driven a considerable depth

into the bed of the river. It has fifteen arches, and measures a thousand and ninety-one feet in length. Of the three principal bridges of Germany, it is commonly said that the bridge of Dresden is the most elegant, that of Prague the longest; but the bridge of Ratisbon is the strongest—the best recommendation that a bridge can well possess.

The town of Ratisbon is encircled by pleasant boulevards, laid out in shady avenues, where the citizens enjoy the healthful luxury of a delightful promenade. In a retired part of these is a monument erected to the memory of Kepler, the astronomer, who died here in 1630; but there is nothing left to direct the inquiring stranger to his grave. The monument was raised on the anniversary of his birth, the twenty-seventh of December, 1808, and escaped, almost miraculously, the destruction which attended the assault of the town by the French troops, in the following year. The only remains of Roman fortification now left is a massive square tower, near the cathedral, which is supposed to be part of the ancient castellum, or fort, in which was stationed the legionary force of the district. Among the various transformations already alluded to, may be mentioned the bishop's palace, in which were lodged the emperors of former days, and in which expired Maximilian the Second. This ancient pile is now, like the Abbey of Weltenburg already mentioned, converted into a brewery; whilst the Monastery of the Carmelites is metamorphosed into the public gaol.

Ratisbon has, on several occasions, been visited by the plague—the ravages of which, along the whole valley of the Danube, are painfully frequent in the pages of the elder historians. In one of these visitations, says a foreign writer, the fields being left without culture, the horrors of pestilence were soon followed by those of famine. Earthquakes, inundations, robberies, the descent of wolves and beasts of prey—all augmented the general desolation; and in the midst of these accumulated horrors, the princes of the empire made war on each other!—On this, and similar calamities, the Diet was temporarily transferred from Ratisbon to Augsburg, and also Frankfort, another of the free cities of the empire.¹

The manufactures of Ratisbon consist of several kinds of cloth, lace, silk and

¹ The Regen circle, in which is comprised this portion of Bavaria, possesses a surface computed at 3495 square miles, with a population of 432,068, including the population of the town, stated at upwards of 26,000. In this department the Roman Catholic population outnumbers that of the Lutherans. It contains twenty-eight towns, sixty-six boroughs, with three thousand one hundred and sixty villages and hamlets. The north-east side, which touches the Bohemian Forest, is very mountainous; but on the south-west of the Danube are extensive and fertile plains. The forests occupy a great portion of the surface; but these are gradually diminishing under the improved system of agriculture. This circle is divided by the Danube into two unequal parts; to its basin belong the Schewenter, the Paar, the Ilm, the Sulx, and the Regen. Agriculture is most productive on the south of the Danube, and from Donaustauf to Ingolstadt, already mentioned. The soil contains some very rich mines, but those only of coal and iron have been hitherto explored. On the whole, a much more active spirit prevails here among the industrious classes, than in the two other circles—namely, the Iser and lower circles

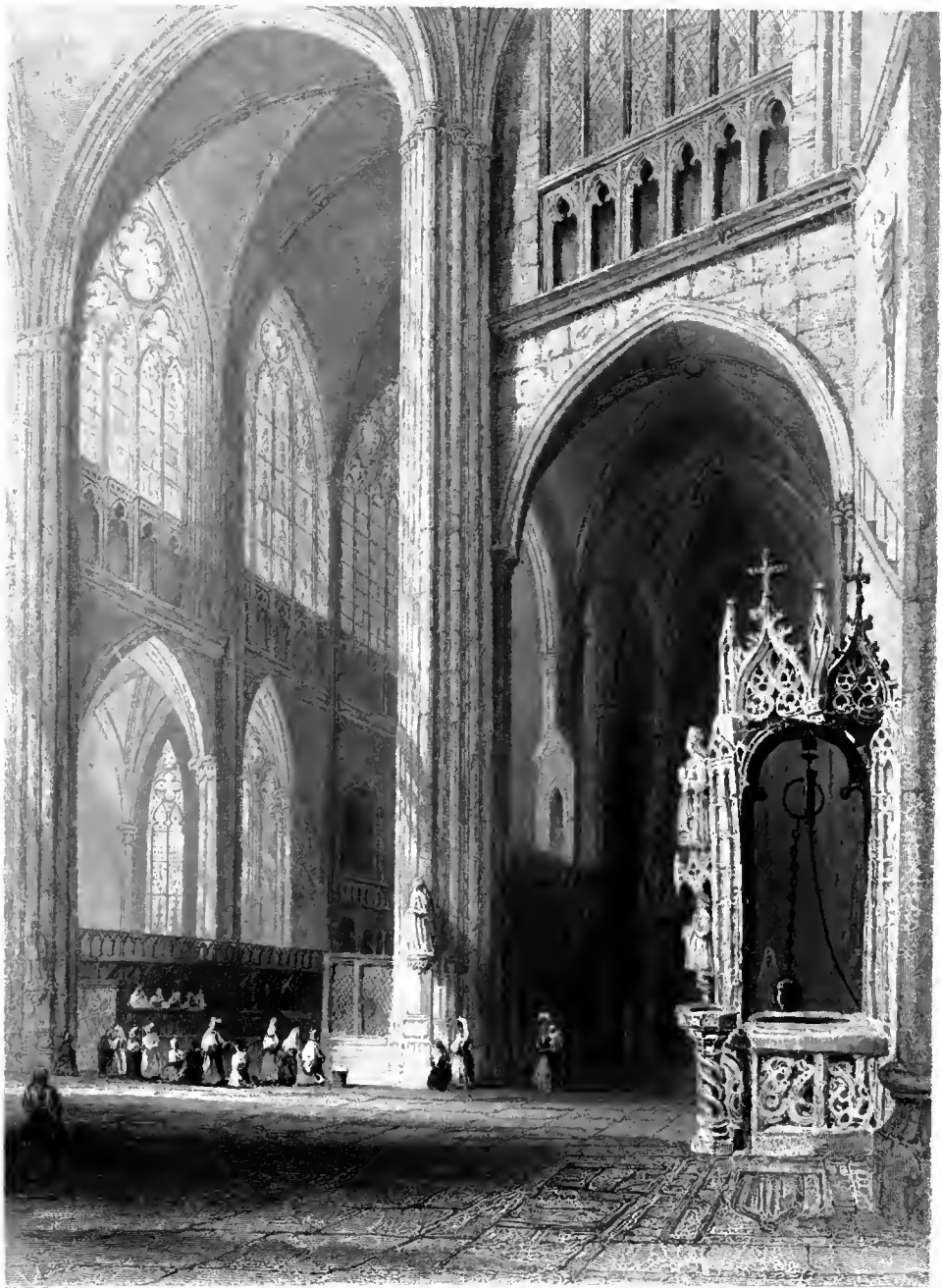
worsted hose, needles, fishing-hooks, a quantity of which are sent to the English market—and fire-arms, for which the name of Kugelreuth is so famous. Pistols of this manufacture fetch very high prices; and it is necessary, in order to secure a first-rate article, to forward the order some months in advance. There is also here a manufacture of small goblets, or cups, which are exported in great quantities into the Turkish provinces.

Keysler concludes one of his letters with the following account of an odd custom which prevailed in his time at the peasants' weddings in the villages near Ratisbon:—"When the bridesman, at the conclusion of the ceremony, attends the bridegroom from the altar to the choir, he pulls him sharply by the hair, and then hits him a good box on the ear, and all to remind him, it is said, of what the priest told him in regard to the duty which he owes his wife, as well as to fix the marriage-contract more effectually in his memory." For the same purpose it was formerly the custom, in several provinces of Germany, that when the inhabitants visited the bounds or limits of the several districts, any boys or young persons who happened to be present, were soundly drubbed at the principal boundaries, in order to fix the idea of the place more strongly in their memories!"—But not having met with any similar observances at the village weddings, or at the adjustment of the rural boundaries on the Danube, it is but too likely that these edifying customs have been laid aside.

Legend. Among the popular legends still current in the neighbourhood is that alluded to in our notice of the bridge. By this it appears that the chief architect of the cathedral had an apprentice of singular acquirements in the art, and possessing so much of his master's confidence that he was entrusted with the erection of a bridge over the Danube. He set to work with so little doubt of his own abilities, that he laid a heavy bet with his master that he would finish the bridge before the other should arrive at the cope-stone of the cathedral, which was then building under the skill and experience of the master. The sacred pile, however, advanced so rapidly, that the apprentice began to feel that he had entered into a very rash and foolish competition, in which he had only the prospect of defeat. Rendered desperate by these reflections, and finding that bridge-building on the Danube was not so simple a process as he had imagined, he gave vent to a fruitless volley of imprecations, and wished the arch-fiend had charge of the works! Now, speak of the devil, says the old proverb, and he will appear, and so it happened on this occasion; for no sooner had the speaker uttered the wish, than a venerable monk stood

of the Danube. Brewing is carried on to a very considerable extent,* as may be supposed from the facts already mentioned, that the palace of the ancient princes and bishops, and the Abbey of Weltenberg have both been converted into public breweries—among the best in Germany.

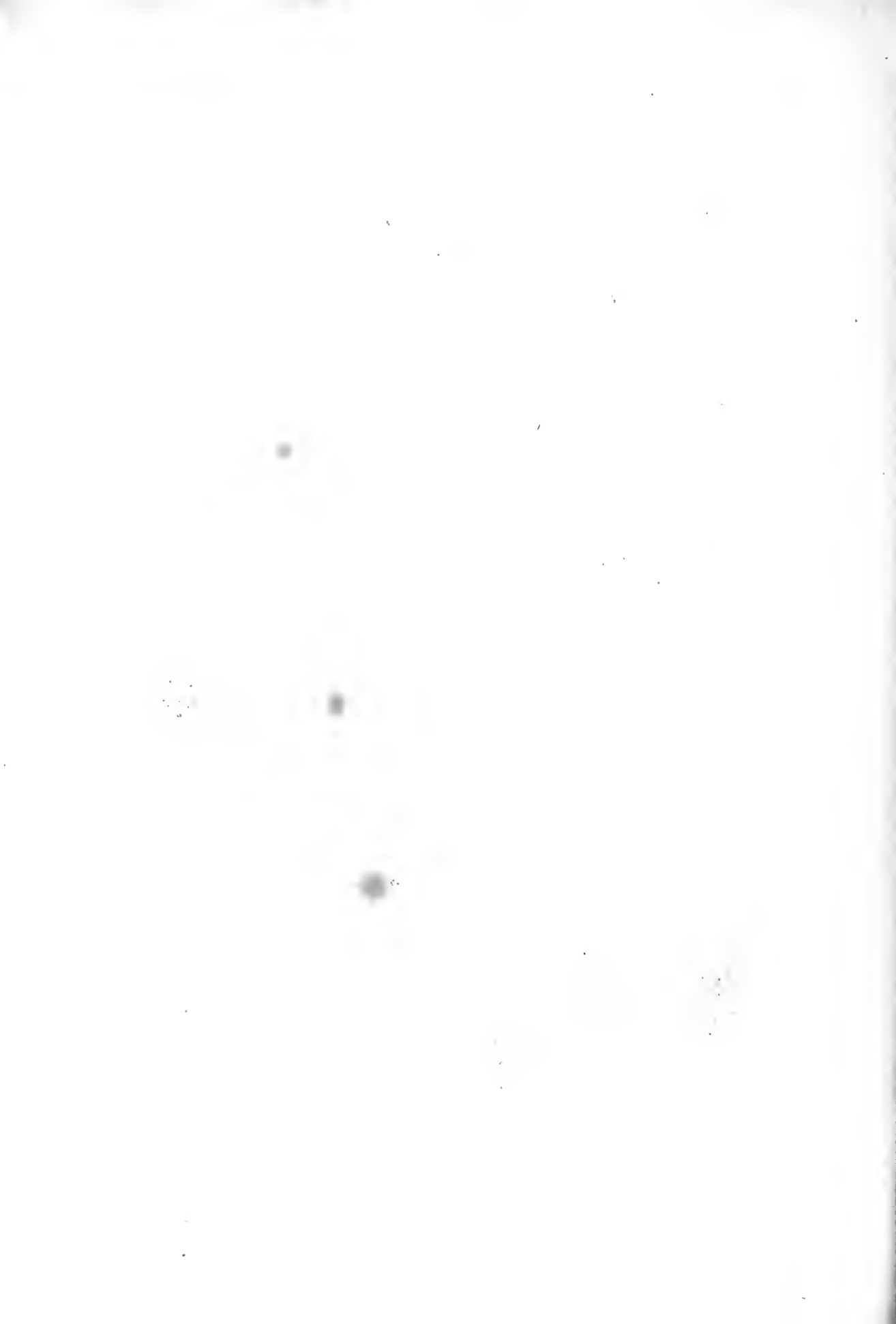
* See Bell's Kingdom and Statistics of Bavaria. System of Geogr. vol. i. 1840.



W. H. Bartlett

1857

Interior of the Cathedral of St. Peter



before him, and offered to take the work into his own hands. "Who, and what art thou?" inquired the builder. "A poor friar," said the fiend, "who in his youth having learnt something of thy craft, would gladly turn his knowledge to the advantage of his convent." "So, so!" said the architect, examining his sandals rather narrowly, "I think I see a cloven hoof—aye, by our lady, and a whisking tail to boot!—But no matter; since thou comest in search of employment, build me those fifteen arches before May-day, and thou shalt have a devil's fee for thy pains." "And what?" inquired the fiend, pricking up his ears. "Why," answered the architect coolly, "as thou hast a particular affection for the souls of men, I will insure thee the first two—male and female—that shall cross this bridge." "Say three, and done," said the devil greedily, and at the same time throwing off his friar's habit.—"Well then, *three* be it," said the architect; and hereupon the fiend grinned with joy, and danced round him like a satyr.—Before night-fall the spandrels of the arches were set—the stone came to hand ready hewn—the mortar was ready mixed—the bridge advanced so rapidly, that the master, watching his rival's progress from the cathedral, saw that the day was lost, and stung with jealousy and disappointment, committed that fearful act which is still perpetuated by the statue already mentioned. Now, this being May-day morning, and the bridge complete, a large crowd was collected at the entrance, all eager to be the first to open so new and magnificent a thoroughfare across the Danube. Delighted with his bargain, and ready to pounce on the three first who should set foot on the arch, the devil lay in ambush under the second pier, watching his prey. "Stop," said the architect to the crowd; "stand back: in the opening of this bridge we have a solemn ceremony to go through, before it can be pronounced quite safe for the public.—Jacob," said he, with a significant look to his foreman, "let the strangers take precedence." And at these words, a rough wolf-dog, followed by a cock and hen, were set at large on the bridge, and crossed the first arch. At the same instant a dreadful noise was heard under the piers, but the only word caught by the multitude was, "Cheated—cheated of my fee!" while the mangled remnants of the three animals were scattered in every direction. All were struck with amazement, and would not be satisfied till a procession of monks had pronounced the bridge quite steadfast, and sprinkled it with holy-water; for some, more clear-sighted than others, had boldly affirmed that the arch-fiend was seen on the bridge, at that very instant, in a bodily shape.—But no matter for that, he had now "gone, and ta'en his wages;" and in memory of an act in which he had so notably outwitted the prince of darkness, the architect caused the figures of a dog, a cock, and a hen to be carved on the bridge, as may be seen even unto this day.

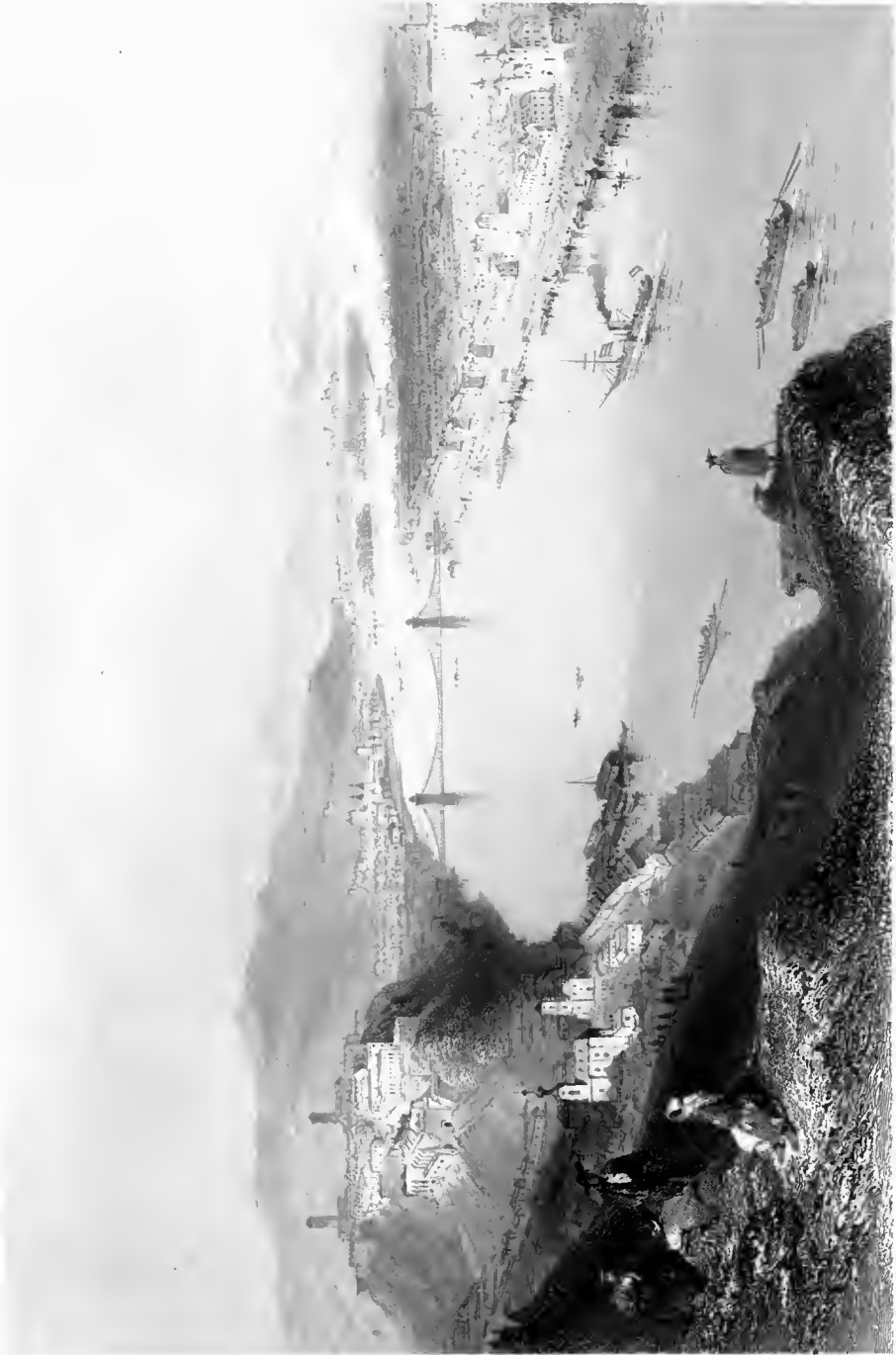
Among the other legendary stories connected with Ratisbon, a lively and popular author has favoured us with the following from Gemeiner's Chronicle:—"A certain worthy bishop of Ratisbon, not contented with fleecing his flock according to the approved and legitimate method, made it a point of conscience to waylay and

plunder his beloved brethren, whenever they ventured near the castle of Donaustauf, in which he resided, on the banks of the Danube, a little below the town. In the month of November, M.CCL.,” says the chronicle, “tidings came to Donaustauf that on the following morning the daughter of the Duke Albert of Saxony would pass that way with a gorgeous and gallant escort. The bait was too tempting for the prelate. He sallied out upon the glittering cortége, and seizing the princess and forty of her noblest attendants, led them captives to Donaustauf. The remainder, in astonishment, fled for redress, some to King Conrad and others to Duke Otho, at Landshut, who immediately took arms, and carrying fire and sword into the episcopal territories, soon compelled the mitred highwayman to make restitution, and sue for mercy. Conrad, satisfied with his submission, forgave him; in return for which the bishop bribed a vassal, named Conrad Hohenfels, to murder his royal namesake. Accordingly, in the night of the 28th of December, the traitor entered the Abbey of St. Emmeran, already described, where the king had taken up his abode, and stealing into the royal chamber stabbed the sleeper to the heart! Then running to the gates of the city, he threw them open to the bishop and his retainers, exclaiming that the king was dead.

“The traitors, however, were sadly disappointed, Friedrich von Ewesheim, a devoted servant of the king, suspecting some evil, had prevailed on the monarch to exchange clothes and chambers with him, and the assassin’s dagger had pierced the heart, not of Conrad, but of his true and gallant officer. The bishop escaped the royal vengeance by flight; but the Abbot of St. Emmeran, who had joined the conspirators, was flung into chains, and the abbey, the houses of the chapter, and all the ecclesiastical residences were plundered by the king’s soldiery. The pope, as might be expected, sided with the bishop, and excommunicated Conrad and Otho; but the murderer, Hohenfels, after having for some time eluded the hands of justice, was at last killed by a thunderbolt.” This tradition, abundantly characteristic of those remote times, is also mentioned by Duller and other picturesque writers of the Danube.¹

Such, gentle reader, were the legends which used to circle round the winter hearths of Donaustauf, and vary the monotony of a long voyage in an ORDINARI,

¹ “In den tagen des Kampfes auf Leben und Tod zwischen geistlicher und weltlicher Macht ward in Regensburg, eine ruchlose That versucht; es war im Jahre M.CCL. da der König der Deutschen, Konrad, Friedrichs II., sohn, mit seinem Schwiegervater, dem Baiern herzog Otto, gen Regensburg kam das Weinachtsfest da zubegehen. Bischof Albrecht von Regensburg, des Königs und der Regensburger Feind, welcher zu Donaustauf, in dem festen Schlosse sass besandte seinem Dienstmann Konrad von Hohenfels nach Regensburg den König zu ermorden. Die Meuchler schlichen in das stift St. Emmeran, wo der König gastetete, erkundeschafteten dessen schlafgemach und drangen hinein, indessen der Bischof vor der stadt des erwünschten Erfolges harrete. Die Treuo Friedrichs von Ewesheim rettete den König der sich unter einer Bank verbarg, indess sein stelvertreter in seinem Bette emordet ward. Den Bischof und den Abt. zu St. Emmeran traf des Reiches Acht, und das stift büsste den Freud den in seinem Mauern versucht werden war, etc.”—DIE DONAU, 242.



—JAMES H. A.

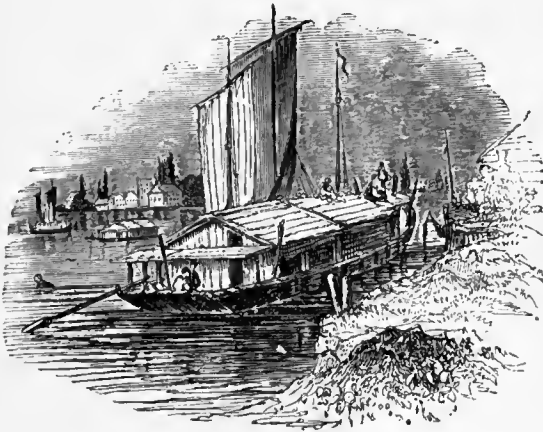
San Francisco



between Ratisbon and Linz, before the introduction of steam-boats, and travelling sceptics—

“ Vous êtes pourtant ma cadette,
Dit la Fable, et, sans vanité,
Partout je suis fort bien reçue.
Mais aussi, dame Vérité,
Pourquoi vous montrer tout nue ? ”—

The old passage-boat, called ordinari, used to make the descent weekly from this to Vienna; but the introduction of steam conveyance has materially interfered with this branch of industry. Boats of the old raft-fashion took seldom less than seven or eight days to perform the voyage, whilst the accommodation they afforded made no compensation for the delay. But when a private party engaged a boat for their own use, the descent might generally be accomplished in half the time mentioned. This mode of travelling, however, is now almost exploded by the use of steamers, several of which,



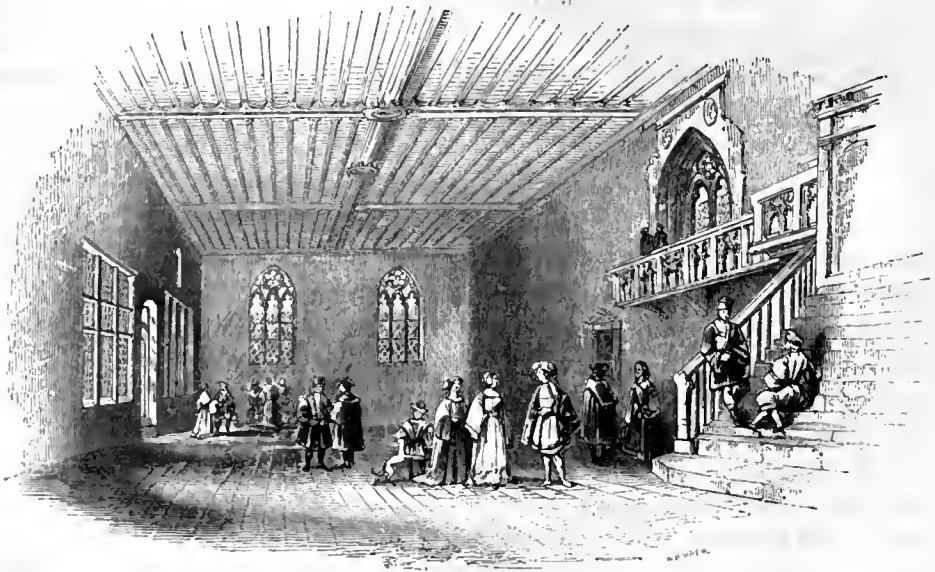
TRAFFIC AND PASSAGE-BOAT

under the management of a Bavarian company, have thrown open the means of expeditious intercourse between Ratisbon and Linz. Three years ago, an attempt was made to extend the chain of communication, by the same means, as high as Ulm; but the experiment was attended with some danger, and too much expense to be continued at the time. It is understood, however, that the enterprise was only suspended, and will shortly be resumed with better success; although the natural obstacles in the form of alternate rapid shallows and sand-banks, which infest this part of the river, will make the passage often tedious if not dangerous. But the last ten years have accomplished so much in this way, that it is impossible to foresee what vast improvements may yet be introduced in the navigation of the Upper Danube.

Among the public edifices deserving a second inspection, from association rather than their present condition, is the Rathaus—the dungeons of which have been already noticed. But how changed are those apartments which once afforded accommodation for the members of the imperial Diet! The Hall of Assembly, nevertheless, is a place of deep interest, particularly to the historian, whose mind is

familiar with the great political dramas which were here enacted during the lapse of nearly two centuries. "Let every senator who enters this court to sit in judgment, lay aside all private affections; anger, violence, hatred, friendship, and adulation! Let thy whole attention be given to the public welfare: for as thou hast been equitable or unjust in passing thy judgment on others, so mayst thou expect to stand acquitted or condemned before the awful tribunal of God."¹—Such was the salutary admonition which met the eye of the senator as he proceeded to the solemn duties of his office in the Council-chamber, a view of which, with the costume of those times, is here introduced.

In this Diet, or general assembly of the empire, "the principal commissioner, by virtue of his office, took precedence of all the Emperor's ambassadors and others—except only the envoy from the court of Rome. His credentials were signed by the Emperor, which he sent by a gentleman of rank to the envoy of the Elector of Mentz, who published it per *dictaturam*, as it was called. This high commission made or returned no visits, nor gave the title of 'Excellency' to any of the envoys, not even to those of the Electors. When an envoy from an electoral prince paid him a visit, he ordered him to be received at his coach door by four gentlemen, two



THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

¹ "Quisquis senator officii causâ curiam ingroderis,
Ante hoc officium privatos effectus omnes abjiceito
Iram, vires, odium, amicitiam adulationem,
Publicæ rei personam et curam suscipito.
Nam ut aliis æquus aut iniquus judex fueris,
Ita quoque, Dei judicium expectabis et sustinebis."

pages, and a herald, and met him at the door of the second antechamber, walking back a little before, and on the right hand of the envoy. In reconducting him to his carriage the same superiority was assumed. His audience-chair stood under a canopy, over which was the Emperor's picture. On the floor was a carpet, round the edge of which, arranged in due order, were the chairs for the electoral envoys. The Elector of Mentz's envoy always gave notice whether he came in the quality of electoral envoy, or as deputy of the empire, to lay before him the opinion of the Diet. If in the latter quality, he was received on his arrival by five gentlemen belonging to the principal commissioner." Such are a very few of the points of etiquette that were rigidly observed by the envoys, in their official intercourse with the stately commissioner, as related by Keysler¹ and other writers of that day. But, with the dissolution of the Diet, all this has vanished from the streets of Ratisbon, or only survives in the memory of the 'oldest inhabitant.'

From its having been the port on the Danube at which so many of the knights-crusaders commenced their voyage to the Holy Land, Ratisbon holds a distinguished place in the early romances; and fragments of old ballads are often met with, which have immediate reference to the ages of Christian chivalry—

"There came a bold crusader
With fifty harnessed men,
And he's embarked at Ratisbon
To fight the Saracen.
This gallant knight, Sir Gottfried hight
Leads forth a noble band,
Whose flag shall wave triumphantly
In Judah's hallowed land."

Taking leave of Ratisbon, the next scene which powerfully arrests the attention is Donaustauff, crowned by the ruins of its ancient castle, and flanked by the noblest edifice of modern times—the temple of Walhalla. The town has little to interest the inquisitive stranger, except the beauty of its situation; but this, with its immediate environs, is sufficient to compensate for every other deficiency. The old castle was the usual residence of the ancient Prince-Bishops of Ratisbon, the adventures of one of whom have just been related. The fortress was taken and dismantled in the Thirty years' war, by the famous Duke of Saxe Weimar; but its reduction was not accomplished without a vigorous and protracted resistance on the part of the garrison. It commands one of the most extensive and variegated prospects in Germany; and, for the accommodation of tourists and the public, commodious foot-paths have been made by order of the Prince of Thurn and Taxis, who has a beautiful summer residence here.

When the present King of Bavaria was prosecuting his studies at the University

¹ Vol. iv. Ratisb. 414. *Anec. Germaniques.*

of Jena, he took every occasion to evince that love of the fine arts and veneration for men of genius which have distinguished his reign. We were informed, when there, that the Prince's greatest pleasure was in the society of Goethe; and that it was about this time that he first declared his intention to erect, should he ever come to the throne, an edifice which should serve as a temple of Fame for all Germany. Accordingly, on his succeeding to the crown, his patriotic vow was not forgotten, and arrangements were immediately entered into for the commencement of this work. The celebrated architect, Leo von Klenze, to whose genius Munich is so eminently indebted for its splendid embellishments—was consulted, and under his direction was commenced the building of

The ~~Alt~~halla. It is impossible to imagine a finer situation than the hill selected for this magnificent edifice—that of the Parthenon excepted. It is built on a series of terraces, gradually receding from each other as they ascend, and on the last and highest of which stand the massive Doric columns of the temple, with its majestic vestibule facing the river. With its outward grandeur of design and elaborate execution, the interior admirably corresponds, and leaves nothing to be desired. In the centre is a statue of the royal founder, finely executed; and all round the walls are niches for the reception of the busts of those celebrated men whose lives and actions have served, and shall hereafter serve, as models for imitation. The space reserved for those memorials is so ample, that centuries must elapse before it can be occupied in the manner designed; for it is intended that none but men of European reputation—men of the very highest standing in science, literature, the arts, &c., can ever hope for posthumous admission to this intellectual Pantheon.¹

Lower down, however, there is a large chamber, called ‘Halle der Erwartung,’ or Hall of Expectation, where the busts of living aspirants are admitted on probationary terms, but whose right to a niche in the temple itself can only be determined by a post-obit examination. But as the admission to this outer chamber is a public acknowledgment of the high desert of the individual so honoured, it serves as a stimulus to greater exertion, so as to ensure at last an entrance to the penetralia, where—

“aux ailes d'or, éblouissant Genie,
Ornant de rayons purs son front majestueux
Accompagne les noms des mortels vertueux,
Et leur offre à jamais de renaissants hommages.”

The roof of this temple is of wrought iron, lined with brass plates, painted after the ancient Etruscan fashion, and richly gilded. The bas-reliefs on the walls are considered first-rate specimens of sculpture; and indeed nothing is wanting, either in design or execution, to render this edifice the wonder of modern times.

¹ Only two Englishmen—King Alfred and Bacon—are to have niches in the temple. This, however, although we have it on high authority, that of the Chevalier S——, may be incorrect.—Ed.



Waldhalla, Rasthof



At the time of our writing this, it is fast approaching to its completion, the labour of nearly twelve years having been already expended upon it; and in a future portion of these sketches we hope to communicate some interesting particulars regarding a work which, as a monument of art, is entitled to universal admiration. In proof of this it needs only to be said, that the very élite of German talent has been employed in its construction and decoration.¹

The wooden bridge over the Danube here is a structure of great length, and so ingeniously contrived that it can be taken to pieces during the winter, when danger is to be apprehended from the ice-floods, and again replaced when that danger is past. Several others of these foot-bridges across the river are of the same moveable construction; and although slight in appearance, and vibrating to the current, are nevertheless so firmly and skilfully put together that accidents are of very rare occurrence. The one in question is among the best specimens on the Danube.

The château of Wörth, the occasional residence of the Prince of Thurn and Taxis, is the next object that arrests attention, and, like others already mentioned, was the property of the old bishops of the diocese. The scenery on this part of the Danube is finely variegated; and owing to the white summer-houses, vineyards, gardens, and orchards, in which the citizens of Ratisbon seek relaxation from business, the environs present a cheerful and animated appearance. Like "most of the castles and palaces in this part of the world, that of Wörth has been bought and sold, pledged and redeemed, for all sorts of sums by all sorts of people, as scrupulously set down by Professor Schultes." Nearly opposite Wörth, on the right bank, is the small town of Pfäffer, or Pfada as it is called in the dialect of the country. A

¹ While this sheet was passing through the press, the grand ceremony of opening the Walhalla has taken place, as mentioned in the following letter, dated Ratisbon, Oct. 19, 1842.

"The Walhalla, or Temple built by the King in commemoration of distinguished Germans, was solemnly inaugurated yesterday. The whole court arrived from Munich, and our town was crowded with persons of rank. When the procession arrived at the foot of the elevation on which the monument is erected, the King alighted from his carriage and ascended the steps, accompanied by the Princess William of Prussia; next came Prince William of Prussia, with Queen Theresa; the Prince Royal with his consort followed next; then came Prince Leopold with his sister, the Grand Duchess of Hesse, and Prince Charles with the Duchess of Wurtemberg. A band of musicians and a chorus, posted on the second terrace, began a hymn the moment the company entered within the gates. The slow movement of the procession, in ascending the numerous steps which lead to the portico of the temple, formed a highly interesting spectacle. When the King reached the entrance, the President of the Government addressed His Majesty in a speech in which he dwelt on the importance to Germany, in a national respect, of this work, which had been first conceived by his majesty, and was now executed under his auspices. He said—'The Walhalla will be the palladium of modern Germany, and the name of its Royal founder will, until the most remote ages, fill a large place in the recollection of every one who has a German heart, and who wishes for the welfare of his country.'

"His majesty replied, 'May the Walhalla contribute to extend and consolidate the feelings of German nationality! May all Germans of every race henceforth feel they have a common country—a country of which they may be proud, and let each individual labour according to his faculties to promote its glory.'"

streamlet of the same name falls into the Danube beside it. The stream here doubles itself in numerous fantastic meanders—like the celebrated Links of Forth, as seen from the walls of Stirling Castle. The great plain, extending from the gates of Ratisbon, is supposed, says Mr. Planché, “to have been once a morass, and which, on being drained, has left a rich black soil, several feet deep, and celebrated as the ‘Dunkelboden.’” The “peasantry of this favoured district,” he observes, “are fond of all kinds of finery. The best Swiss and Dutch linen, silk and satin kerchiefs of the gayest hues, Brabant lace, and gold and silver stuffs of all descriptions, are in constant requisition. The men wear gold rings, and generally two gold watches. The black velvet or embroidered silk boddice of the women is laced with massive silver chains, from which hang a profusion of gold and silver trinkets, hearts, crosses, coins, medals; and the custom of tying a black silk handkerchief round the neck, with the bow behind, and the ends hanging down the back,



WORTH.



WORTH.

seems peculiar to Bavaria. A wedding here,” continues the same authority, “is a scene of great extravagance and uproar; many tables accommodating at least a dozen persons each, are set out with all manner of good things, and the feasting continues for several days without interruption.” Ignorant as they are wealthy and luxurious, few even of the most respectable among them can either read or write, and are therefore, on the testimony of Schultes, their own countryman, entitled in every respect to the appellation of ‘Bauern von Dunkelboden,’ that is—peasants of the dark earth.¹

Sosan is only remarkable as the subject of a legend, which states that the image of the Blessed Virgin that now, with sanctifying influence, adorns the church, was brought thither on the wings of angels from the neighbouring chapel, which had apostatized from the pope, and, to the great scandal of the said image, gone over to the ‘Monk of Erfurt.’ Another version mentions that the transport was accomplished, not through the sky, but by means of a boat; that whilst the seraphic crew were plying their oars on the auspicious occasion, they were attended by angelic choirs, and that the country was quite inundated by a flood of ravishing

¹ Descent of the Danube, p. 29;—also “Die Donau,” by Duller.





Frankfurt

music, such as had never been heard before or since. The image, when once established in the new church, soon became reconciled to the change; but it is a well-authenticated fact, that if by any chance a Lutheran came within sight of it, its aspect became instantly changed, and instead of the sweet Madonna-like smile, with which it uniformly regarded the pious brotherhood, it assumed a terrific frown, and on one occasion actually stepped down from the altar.

Straubing, the next town of any historical interest after leaving Ratisbon, has many vestiges of antiquity, and other recommendations, well calculated to interest the stranger. It is pleasantly situated on an arm of the river—the Danube having been brought immediately under its walls by means of an artificial canal, a great and laborious undertaking accomplished by its citizens about the end of the fifteenth century. The town is divided into two departments, the old and the new, and is known to have been the *Castra Augustana* of the ancient Romans, whose handy-work is still visible beyond the walls. It has maintained many struggles for independence, sustained several sieges, and holds no inconsiderable place in the history of the feudal ages. It is now a cheerful and industrious town, but from the air of antiquity which pervades its streets, and the primitive architecture which distinguishes its churches and Town-Hall, it forms a striking contrast to most other towns of its class. On entering the principal street “the eye is attracted by a quadrangular tower, forming part of the Town-Hall, and much prized by the inhabitants, who consider it the most ancient relic in the place, but to which Professor Schultes expresses great antipathy and surprise “that mere reverence for antiquity should prevent people from looking through the town like a telescope. This tower is two hundred feet high, and surmounted by a tin spire, with four smaller pinnacles at the corners.” The date of its erection is M.CCVIII. and that of its re-edification M.DCCCLXXXIII. The collegiate church is a large and rather imposing edifice of the fifteenth century. In the church-yard of St. Peter’s is a small chapel with a red marble tablet, with an inscription to the memory of Agnes Bernauer, the story of whose melancholy fate, as already noticed, is the subject of one of the well-known popular ballads.—

“Es reiten drei Reiter zu München heraus,
Sie reiten wohl von der Bernauer ihr Haus,
Bernauerin, bist du drinnen?
Ja drinnen? &c. &c.”

Continuing his route from Straubing, the traveller’s attention is successively engaged by castles and convents, all of which possess historical as well as traditional interest. Among the latter is the Benedictine Monastery of Ober-Altaich, close upon the river, and remarkable for its frescos, in which the painter has exercised his ingenuity in caricaturing the leaders of the Reformation in the shapes of beasts of prey; while the monks themselves were the innocent sheep, whose immaculate fleece was stripped and torn by these ravening wolves. It was thus that the

worthy abbots, who were always liberal in the embellishment of the sanctuary, retaliated upon men whose doctrines had so materially interfered with the ancient revenues of the church. The round castle of Bogenberg, on the left bank of the river, is another of these feudal or predatory stations with which the Danube, like the Rhine, is so plentifully furnished; and from which, in ancient times, their lawless possessors levied a heavy toll on the merchandise transported through those channels. It is told, in one of the old chronicles of the place, that the last chief who inhabited the castle was miraculously converted by a personal visit from a statue of the Blessed Virgin, which had travelled a considerable distance for that purpose; and that, in token of his sincerity, he immediately abandoned his wicked courses, discharged his bandits, and bestowed his substance upon the church, which still attests his piety within the original enclosure. This church, owing to the high reputation of the said statue, was long a favourite place of pilgrimage, and several crowned heads, it is said, arrived in solemn procession to offer gifts and cultivate a friendly understanding with our 'Lady of Bogen.'

Metten, on the same side of the river, belonged also to the Benedictine order of monks, and dates from the reign of Charlemagne. Regarding the foundation of this monastery the popular legend mentions, that the monarch, hunting one day in the neighbouring forest, fell in with a holy man, a hermit, who had there erected, in honour of the archangel Michael, a small oratory, at which he was constant in his devotions. When surprised by the king, he was employing himself, by way of relaxation, in cutting wood; and to make a salutary impression on the royal visitor, he suspended his hatchet—not upon the branches that offered every convenience for that purpose—but upon a *sunbeam*. At a sight so inexplicable the king was at first struck with amazement; but rightly interpreting it according to the test of miraculous agency, he asked the holy man to name a boon; and the latter suggesting that a monastery would look remarkably well in that solitary place, the monarch graciously complied, and with his own hand laid the first stone of Kloster-Metten.¹

The town of Deggendorf is situated in a rich and beautiful valley—"in einen lieblichen thale, von sanften, Hügeln umgeben, im Hintergrunde durch einem höheren mächtigen Bergwall geschützt"—through the middle, in its capacious channel, rushes the majestic Danube; and gazing upon the scene before him, the spectator's mind will revert to that fearful incident in its history which has been rendered so familiar to the public by one of her native poets.

".. Legt ein Jude in seinem Mund
Das sacrament, die himel speis;

¹ The legends on this part of the Danube are numerous; but neither the limits nor plan of the present work permit us to indulge so freely in the castle-and-abbey traditions as some of our readers might wish; but we have pleasure in again referring to the 'Donauländer' and 'Denkbuch,' very recent publications in German, in which they are detailed in amusing variety.

Gott in eines Kindleins weis'
 Auf dem brot stund hindan...
 " Maria Kam mit grossen Leid,
 Sie sprach: ihr falschen Juden blind,
 Wie martert ihr mir mein liebes Kind?
 Mit ihr so kam der Engel Schaar
 Ein licht viel lanter und auch klar.
 Der Juden Mord das brach da ans." &c.

The story referred to is thus told by Planché from the original, which may be seen in Duller's work, already mentioned:—"Pilgrims from all parts of Germany flock to Deggendorf upon St. Michael's eve, which is a celebrated 'gnade-zeit,' or time of grace, when absolution is granted to all comers, in consequence of some miraculous circumstances that in M.CCCXXXVII. attended the purloining and insulting of the host, by a woman and some Jews, who, having bought the consecrated wafer from her, scratched it with thorns till it bled, and the image of a child appeared—baked it in an oven—hammered it upon an anvil, the block of which is still shown to the pilgrim—then attempted to cram it down their accursed throats, but were prevented by the hands and feet of the vision aforesaid; and finally, despairing of being able to destroy it, flung it into a well, which was immediately surrounded by a 'radiant glory.' The result of this monkish fabrication, which inflamed the populace against them, was the indiscriminate massacre of all the wretched Jews in the place,¹ which infamous and sanguinary deed was perpetrated at Michaelmas, sanctioned by Christian priests,—who in grand procession carried back the indestructible wafer to the church—and solemnly approved by Pope Innocent VIII., who, in 1489, issued his bull for the general absolution above mentioned. The whole of these circumstances, from the stealing of the host to the granting of the bull, are represented in paintings on the walls of the church. From the same authority we learn that in 1801 fifty thousand pilgrims assembled here; and so great were their numbers in 1815, that the major part of them passed the night in the streets of the town, and in the neighbouring fields."²

Not far from Nätternberg, the Danube receives a powerful tribute in the accumulated waters of the Iser—a name familiar as household words to every reader of English poetry. This river takes its rise in the distant recesses of the Tyrol, runs along the base of the mountains that skirt the valley of Inspruck, and, after winding past Munich, here terminates its rapid course. The "Hohenlinden" of the poet, with which the Iser is so indissolubly associated, lies a considerable way inland; but, having thus necessarily adverted to it, we shall be readily excused for here introducing the stanzas by which it is immortalized in the "Drinking-Song of Munich."

¹ It appears that the Deggendorfers "owed the Jews a considerable sum of money; it is therefore most probable that the story was got up to enable them, as the debt grew troublesome, to wash it out in blood."

² Descent of the Danube, 56. Die Donau, 266. Denkbuch.—1842.

"Sweet Ester! were thy sunny realm
 And flowery gardens mine,
 Thy waters I would shade with elm
 To prop the tender vine;
 My golden flagons I would fill
 With rosy draughts from every hill;
 And under every myrtle bower,
 My gay companions should prolong
 The laugh, the revel, and the song,
 To many an idle hour.
 Like rivers crimson'd with the beam
 Of yonder planet bright,
 Our balmy cups should ever stream
 Profusion of delight;
 No care should touch the mellow heart,
 And sad or sober none depart;
 For wine can triumph over woe,
 And Love and Bacchus, brother powers,
 Could build in Iser's sunny bowers
 A paradise below."—CAMPBELL.

The principal objects which now successively invite the stranger's attention, in descending to Passau are Osterhofen, Winzer Castle, Hofkirchen, Kinzig, and Vilshofen, with several others of minor consideration, which are all described, more or less minutely, in the Guides along the Danube. The nunnery at Osterhofen stands on the spot where an important victory was obtained over the Avars. Winzer Castle "was destroyed by the wild Pandours in the service of Maria Theresa, and commanded by Baron Trenck;" and that of Hofkirchen is chiefly remarkable as having been for ages the stronghold of robber-chiefs, who upheld their lordly honours by plundering the vessels which unskilful pilots, or a dangerous navigation threw in their way. Like the eagle from his eyrie, they could watch the boats gradually descending the stream, and when whirled round by the eddies, or driven against the rocks, by which the passage is beset, these magnanimous guardians of the river had only to dispatch a body of their retainers, to profit by the boatmen's distress, and secure the cargo for their own use.



TRAFFIC ON THE DANUBE

After Vilshofen, a walled town with gates and towers, and picturesquely situated at the confluence of the Vilz and Danube, the scenery becomes more and more interesting. The channel of the river becomes gradually narrower, till the rocks on

either side rise almost perpendicularly from the water, which, impeded and confined in its bed, now assumes the appearance of a rapid torrent, covered with foam, and filling the narrow defile with the thunder of its course ; but the effect is often sublime, when the mountain-torrents, pouring down the rocks at the close of autumn, give depth and impetus to the master-flood. It was while witnessing a scene like this that Campbell wrote those well-known lines :—

“ For pallid autumn once again
 Hath swelled each torrent of the hill;
 Her clouds collect, her shadows sail,
 And watery winds that sweep the vale
 Grow loud and louder still.
 But not the storm dethroning fast
 Yon monarch oak of massy pile,
 Nor river roaring to the blast
 Around its dark and desert isle,
 Nor church-bell tolling to beguile
 The cloud-borne thunder passing by,
 Can sound in discord to my soul :
 Roll on, ye mighty waters, roll !
 And rage, thou darkened sky.”¹

In harmony with the Alpine scenery which here prevails—and which might challenge comparison with that of various passes in Switzerland—the houses are generally of wood, in the picturesque Helvetian style, with projecting roofs, open galleries and staircases, and built on artificial platforms, or rocks overhanging the river. The dress of the peasantry is rather picturesque than otherwise ; but owing to the daily increase of traffic on the Danube, and the influx of strangers, it is probable that their costume, like their primitive character, will by and by undergo the usual modification in such circumstances. There is here a point in the river, which, until the government interfered and partly removed the obtruding rocks, was a place of no small danger to the boatmen. The legend says, that when the Crusaders were descending the river, in their flotilla, and were proceeding to rescue the Holy-Land from its Pagan oppressors, his satanic majesty was so enraged that he plucked up rocks from the neighbouring cliffs, and pitched them right into the channel of the river, thereby hoping to arrest their progress. But in this he was completely deceived ; for after the first rock came plunging down amongst them, every man made the sign of the cross, and uniting their voices in a holy anthem, the fiend was instantly paralyzed, and slunk away without further resistance. So huge, however, was the first stone which he threw, that for ages it caused a whirl and swell in this part of the river, which nothing but the skill and perseverance of Bavarian engineers could remove.

¹ On leaving a scene in Bavaria.

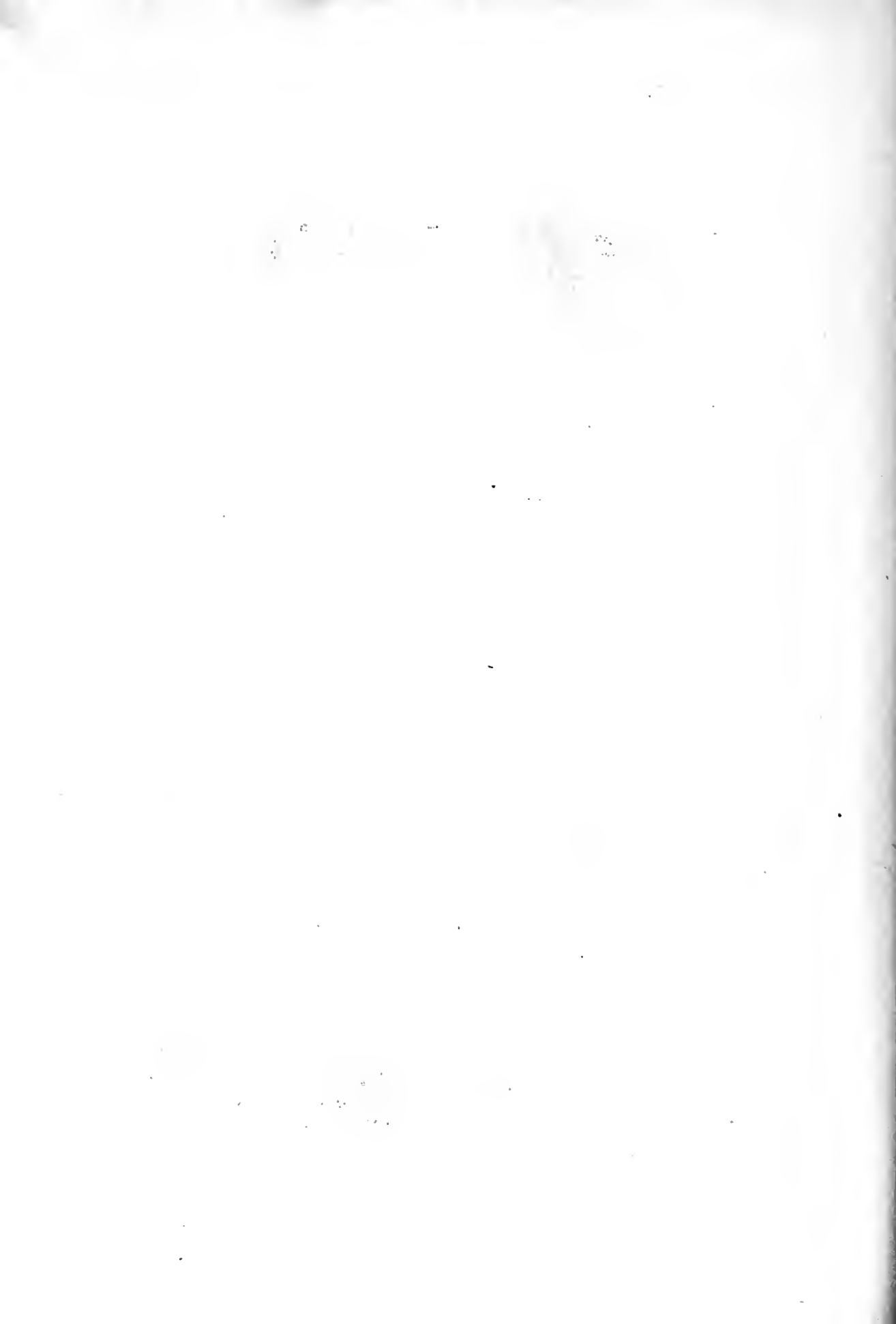
Passau, the capital of the lower circle of the Danube, and about eighty miles south-east of Ratisbon, is a town of great interest to strangers. It occupies a peninsula formed by the junction of the Iser and the Danube, and, according to a recent statement, contains a population of nearly eleven thousand souls. It is a place of high antiquity, and from time immemorial has enjoyed most of those commercial advantages which result from a position so peculiarly favoured by nature. It is proverbial, indeed, for the romantic beauty of the scenery, of which it forms the attractive centre, and by which it commands the admiration of every traveller on the Danube. From the castle of the Oberhaus, commanding the whole town, the bridges, the *Dom*, and picturesque natural frame in which they are set, the view is most imposing, and in general makes a stronger impression on the memory than probably any other scene in the whole course of the Danube. The town is divided into four parts, namely, Passau proper, Ilzstadt, and Instadt—so called from the two tributaries, the Ilz and the Inn—and the fortress of Oberhaus, on the mountain of St. George. Passau was formerly a bishopric, with ecclesiastical revenues of great value attached to it, and is said to have numbered a population little short of sixty thousand. The great historical event in the annals of Passau is the treaty of religious toleration signed here, in M.DLII., between the Arch-Duke Ferdinand, brother of the Emperor, and Maurice, Elector of Saxony; ten years after which, the town, including the cathedral, was almost entirely destroyed by fire. In M.DCX. the Emperor Rudolph levied an army of recruits in the episcopal territory of Passau, which, on reconciliation the same year with his brother Matthias, he affected to disband; but having other objects in view, while he gave them their discharge, he withheld their pay, so that they might have a pretext for levying contributions in Bohemia. Accordingly, under their leader Rannée, they burst into Upper Austria, spreading themselves over the country beyond the Danube, and after committing every species of devastation, passed into Bohemia, where they were at last defeated near Prague, after they had extorted three hundred thousand florins from the Emperor.¹ During the last war, when the legions of Napoleon made a triumphant march along the Danube, Passau, like its predecessors, was taken by them in M.DCCCIX., and strongly fortified, but soon afterwards abandoned in despair—

“For hark! with brand and buckler,
And maddening from his fear,
The Russ, so late a truckler,
Hath poised the Cossack spear.
And now, like vultures swooping
On the struggling host of France,
Dark ruthless hordes are trooping,
With brand and barbed lance:
The prey turns on its beagles,
The pursuer is pursued,”—&c.

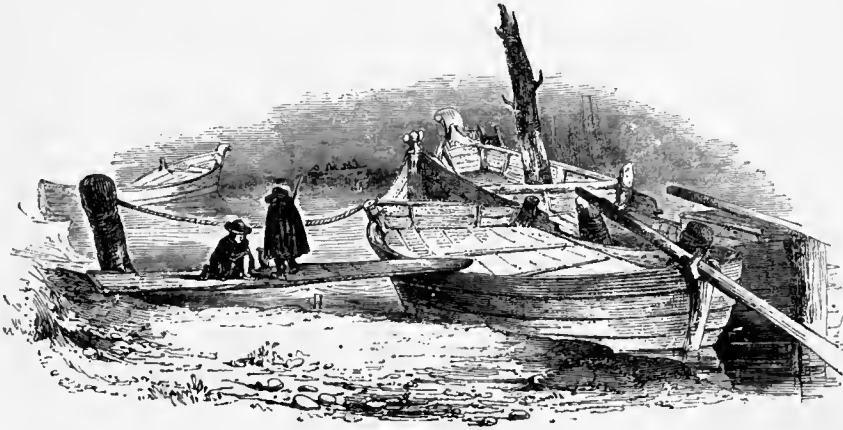
¹ Planché—quoting Cox’s History of the House of Austria. Vol. ii. p. 419.—Compare also Duller’s account.—STATIST. BAVARIA.



1844



Passau, in point of situation, is frequently compared with that of Coblenz; the former, however, must be allowed the preference in the picturesque beauty of its site. There are three towns which are usually comprehended under the name of Passau:—the ancient Boiodurum, now Innstadt, on the right bank of the dark green waters of the Inn, at their confluence with the Danube;—next, Passau proper, occupying a tongue of land between the Danube and Inn, where the Roman camp of the Batavian cohorts—*Castra Batava*—once stood; and lastly Ilz-stadt, upon the rocky delta which the Ilz forms with the Danube, where it discharges its waters into it from the north. The Maria-Hilf-Berg, on whose summit stands the Pilgrim-Church,—as seen on the right bank of the Inn,—and the Georgenberg, crowned with the rocky fortress of Oberhaus, already mentioned, present to the lover of beautiful scenery the most engaging points of view. From Georgenberg, in particular, the varied prospect is enchanting. It extends over the forest-skirted valley of the Inn, Innstadt, the Maria-Hilf-Berg, and St. Nicolas; thence, over the vale of the



BOATS ON THE DANUBE

Danube, and down upon the dimpled Ilz, which, after leaving the Castle of **Mals**, and debouching from the narrow valley, finds a wider and more capacious channel.

The annals of Passau, as we have already shown, extend as far back as the time of the Roman emperors. These masters of the world found upon the Inn the ancient Boiodurum, and lost no time in fortifying it. They built also the *Castra Batava* opposite. The remains of the Roman fastness, the "*Römerwehr*," at Domplatz, are still to be seen. The castle "*Am Ort*" has a foundation of Roman workmanship. The memory of St. Severin is still cherished in Passau, and in the town of Innstadt,—the Boiodurum—St. Severin's church is yet standing on the very spot where that



fortress was devoted to the punishment of the denounced sect called Anabaptists, who expiated their religious heresy in dismal vaults, to which the light of day could never penetrate. Alas, that the ear of man was obstinately closed to every sigh poured forth by the hopeless prisoner of Oberhaus to the throne of the All-merciful—expressing feelings far beyond the power of words! The enduring memory of this barbarity leads us at once to that of superstition. Who has not already heard of the “Passau-spell,” so famous in the Thirty Years’ War, by which faint-hearted warriors secured themselves by a charm against sword and bullet? The discovery was made, either by a student or an executioner, and consisted in this: the timid or disheartened warrior swallowed a slip of paper, on which were written certain magic sentences, with the words ‘Teufel hilf mir; Lieb und Seel geb, ich dir,’—‘Devil help me: body and soul give I thee.’ The spell did not operate, however, till the following day; and he who swallowed it, and died before the expiration of that period, went of course to the devil. Many fearful tales are still related of wicked soldiers, who put their trust in the Passau-craft or spell.—See Duller.

The character of the present inhabitants of Passau, subdued and humanized in its tone, shows in pleasing contrast with the darker annals of the city. The persecutors and destroyers of Jew and Anabaptist have all disappeared: we can indeed scarcely be brought to regard them as the forefathers of the present generation; the posterity they left have not inherited their ruthless bigotry, and Passau has no longer any fellowship or sympathy with the unhallowed ravings of superstition and fanaticism. The people maintain the character of ‘good Catholics,’ but are frank, hearty, and withal as active citizens as ever. The poor restless ghost indeed of the so called ‘good olden time’ will hardly find in all Bavaria fewer ‘Erlöser’ than in Passau,—es müssten den die ‘Droteln,’ oder ‘Fexen’ sein, deren wir manche hier finden.

Almost the entire way from Vilshofen, the exterior of the houses along the Danube forcibly reminds us of the Alpine tracts of Salzburg; and in proportion as the Alpine scenery prevails, so does the more frequent appearance—nearly all the way from Passau to Linz—of those Cretins whose features are so painfully familiar to travellers in the Alps. Alas, that the noblest work of creation—the human form divine—should be thus degraded to a mere vehicle of ribaldry! “On the bridge, between Passau and Ilzstadt,” says Duller, “you observe human creatures of either sex taunting and scoffing at each other by turns. But how is it possible to bestow a look, save that of pity or aversion, upon their ungainly gestures, and brutal gibberish! We are not fastidious or over delicate, but this degradation of humanity is too revolting. we disclaim all misanthropy; but consider it not only desirable, but a most imperative duty to our fellow-men, and to the eternal God, whose presence hallows that temple of flesh and bone on which he has stamped his own image, to withdraw by every possible means such creatures from the pale of human society.—But away at once from

these loathsome objects ;"¹ and let us find relief in the pure aspect of nature, in the busy traffic and bustle always to be met with in Passau, and among the monuments on which is traced her earlier history.

In the middle of the tongue of land described by the Danube and Inn, and on a height from which the streets, ramifying into narrow defiles on either hand, descend more or less steeply towards the water, stands

The Cathedral ; and in front of it, on the promenade, the statue of "King Max," in his coronation robes, the left hand extended in benediction,—a monument of his people's love : "As history perpetuates his deeds, so may this metal hand down his image to generations to come," is the inscription on the pedestal. This work was the joint production of three artists in Passau ; Eichler supplied the design, Jorhan the model, Samassa the casting of the bronze statue. The cathedral, however, is no longer decked with those three towers, in the pure German style of architecture, as we see it in an old engraving, now lying before us. The conflagration already mentioned extended its ravages as far as the choir of this formerly much admired building ; and Passau is moreover indebted for this loss to the unhappy bigotry of its own citizens of the seventeenth and eighteenth century,—who in defiance of good taste modernized the surviving portion by the merest patching together of almost all the rest of this originally noble edifice.

Facing the cathedral, on the promenade, stands the building,—now taken into the post-office,—in which the treaty of Passau was deposited. Besides these, in this quarter of the city are the bishop's residence, the Senate-house, St. Paul's Church, St. Michael's Church, with the Jesuits' College, and the Niedernburg Nunnery, for English ladies—all of which excite our attention ; and in Innstadt, quite upon the bank, are St. Séverin's and St. Gertrude's Churches.

Before we again diverge from the Danube to explore the country bordering on the Inn, towards its source, let us make an excursion up the Ilz. In about an hour we shall arrive at **Mals**, where the Ilz, rushing through its rocky bed in abrupt windings, encompasses two tongues of land, one of which is surmounted by the castle of Hâls ; the residence of those powerful 'grafen' who became extinct in M.CCCLXXV. At the foot of the Reschenstein is the outlet of the canal 'Triftsperre,' formed with great labour by blasting the solid granite during the years M.DCCCXXVII. to M.DCCCXXXI. The scenery here presented to the view is unique in its features. Nature, revelling in wild magnificence, appears in beautiful harmony with the trophies won from her by the labour and ingenuity of man.²

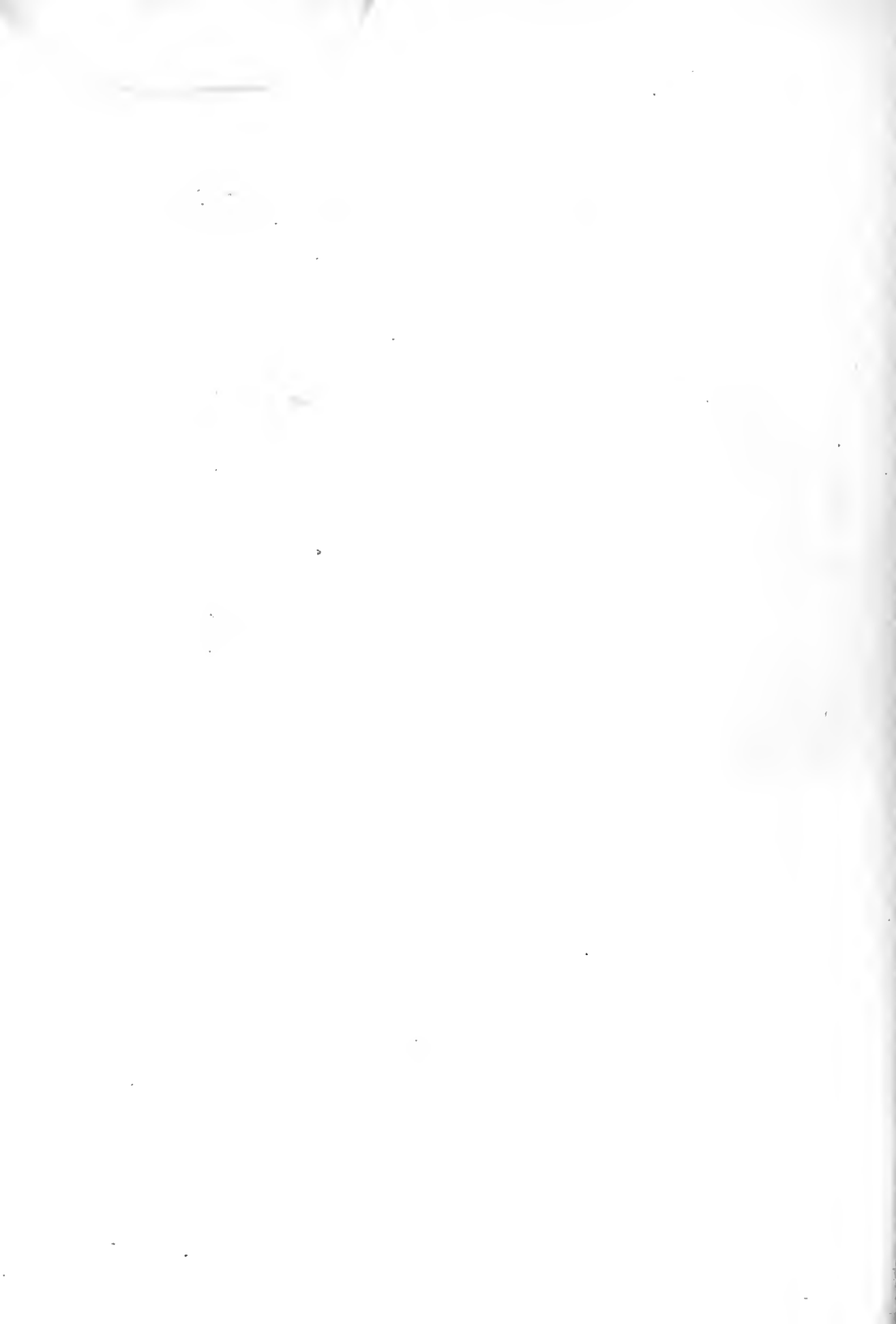
Mals Castle is the berceau of an ancient family of counts, whose warlike representatives were long distinguished both in the camp and the cabinet ; but at last, like so many others, whose roofless halls are now only pointed to as landmarks, the

¹ Die Donau. Ari. Passau.

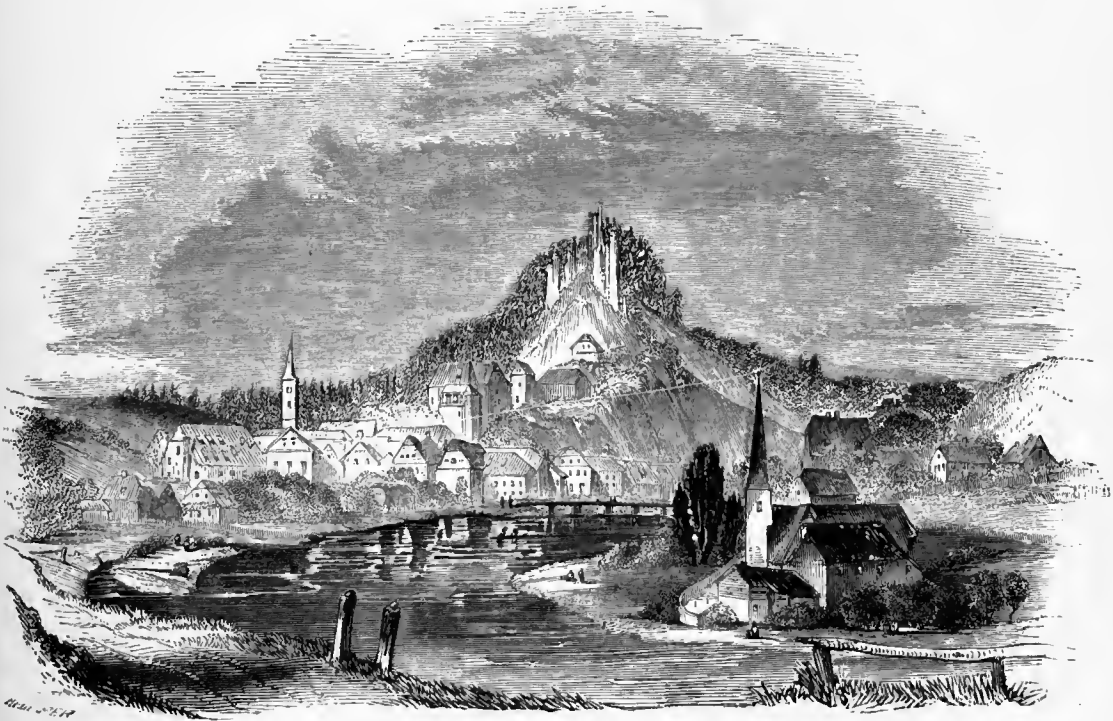
² Die Malerischen und Romantischen Donauländer.



Church of St. Maria Hilf on the River, Prague



succession failed; the feudal standard was lowered from its walls, and the castle served no longer but as the monument of its departed owners. The family is said to



BALS CASTLE

have acquired its renown in the first crusade—the grand epoch in martial genealogies—and to have perpetuated its claims to national distinction in the brilliant exploits of Albert the Valiant.

The Legend of Balz.

When Rudolph of Hapsburgh and bold Luitprandt,
Went forth to the rescue with buckler and brand—
Saying—‘Soon shall the Moslem our altar restore,
Or the Ilz’s dark waters shall see me no more.’—

The bugles are sounding, the banners are reared,
And down the blue Danube the army is steered.
Our Lady be with them! and, followed with prayers,
What triumphs await them—what conquests are theirs!

They have landed at last where the crescent on high,
Profaned, as it flaunted, the Syrian sky;
And they wept as they traversed the valleys and streams,
That had warmed their devotions and lightened their dreams!

They have fought—they have fallen—but true to the Cross,
 They count not the peril, nor reckon the loss.
 Triumphant in death—so their dust but repose,
 In the land where the bright Star of Bethle'm arose
 They have fought—they have conquered ! But where is their Chief ?
 Must so brilliant a triumph be clouded with grief ?
 Yes—clouded with sorrow that triumph shall be,
 For his sepulchre rises on fair Galilee !
 The tidings flew fast to the Castle of Halz,
 Saying—' Lo, like a gallant crusader he falls ;
 We have hallowed his grave upon Galilee's shore,
 But the Ilz's dark waters shall see him no more !'
 His Lady looked out from her desolate bower,
 She heard the sad tidings, and drooped like a flower :
 And at morn, when the summer-sun gladdened its walls,
 There were silence and death in the Castle of HALZ.

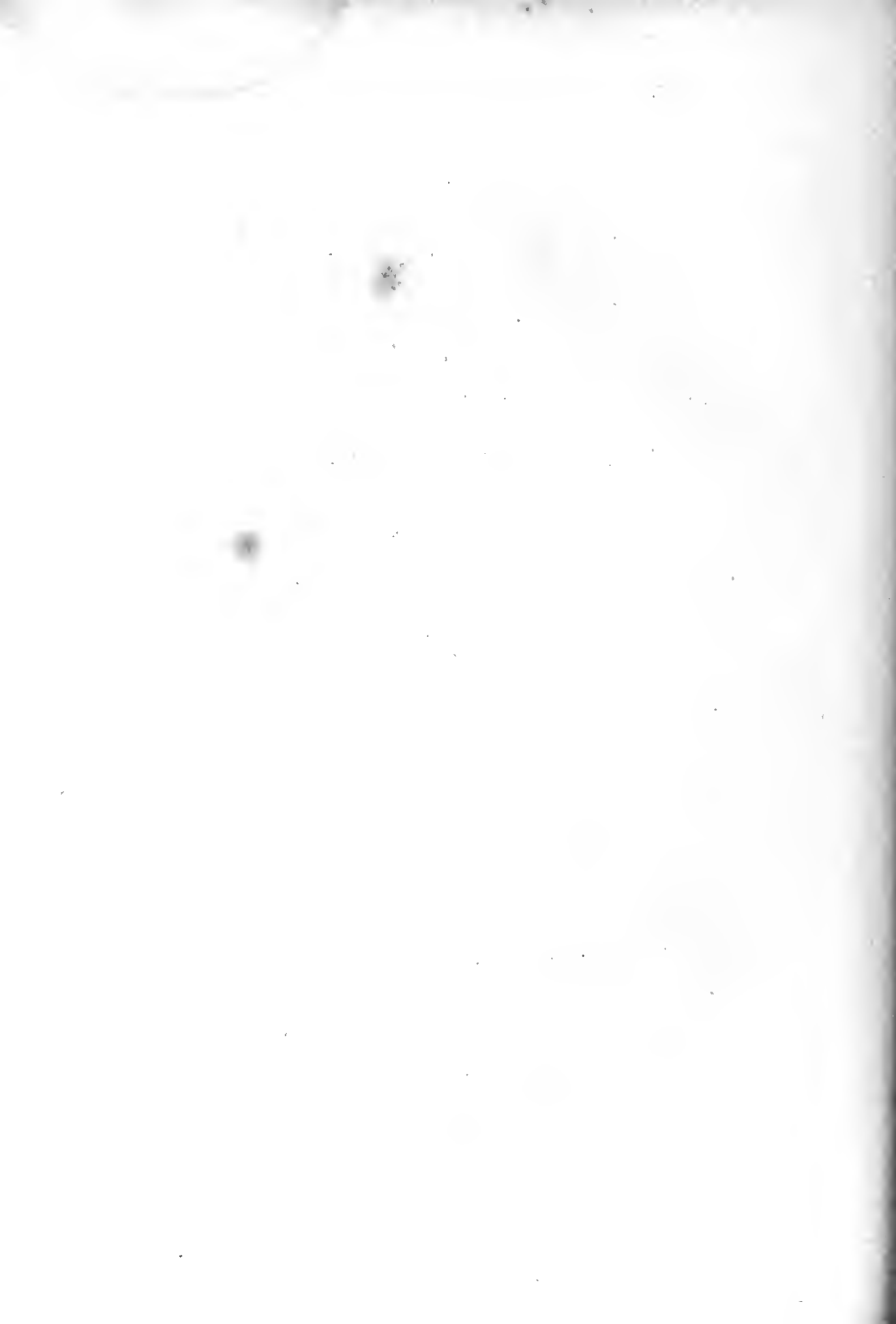
The View at the confluence of the Inn with the Danube is exceedingly beautiful, so much so as to be preferred by many to that from the heights already mentioned ; and of both the reader may form a very correct judgment by casting his eye over the admirable engraving here introduced. The effect produced on his taking leave of this enchanting scene is thus described by the graphic pen of a recent traveller. " Standing in the stern of the boat," says he, " and looking back on the too rapidly disappearing scene, on our right rose the long walls and round towers of Oberhaus, upon a range of precipices richly hung with wood, and full four hundred fathoms high. On our left stood the Maria-Hilf-berg (Our Lady of Succour) crowned with its church, and the houses of the Innstadt picturesquely grouped at its foot. In the centre lay the town of Passau, forming a salient angle upon a plane of water nearly two thousand feet in width, and standing like an island between two of the noblest rivers in Germany. The time allowed us to contemplate this lovely scene was as brief as the enjoyment was exquisite. The Danube, reinforced by the waves of the Inn and the Ilz, rushes with redoubled speed round a rocky cape, and in an instant your boat is gliding between banks so savage and solitary that you scarcely believe but that some necromantic spell has transported you in the twinkling of an eye hundreds of miles from that peopled city, the hum of which still lingers in your ear. In its eccentric course the river now seems to form itself into a chain of beautiful lakes, each apparently shut in on all sides by precipitous hills, clothed with black firs that grow down to the very water's edge, while from amongst them peeps out here and there a Swiss-looking cottage, with perhaps a rustic bridge thrown across a small cleft or chasm, through which a mountain-rivulet falls like a silver thread into the flood below."

From Passau, the river Danube continues for a mile to run through a narrow, level country, and then the mountains on both sides draw nearer together. On the right bank we notice the manor of Kraempelstein (or Kraempenstein) with the ruins of



...junction of the river ... into the ...

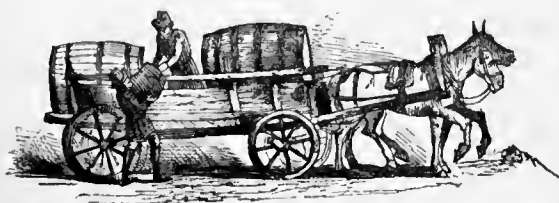
W. H. P. 1848



its castle, situated on high rocks; and a quarter of a mile further the village of Pirschwang, with the Austrian custom-house. Both banks are occupied by woody mountains, gradually increasing in height, and exhibiting a striking change of magnificent rocks and forest scenery. The banks successively contracting as we descend, the river becomes deeper and more rapid, and then flows past the Jochenstein, or Joachim's Stone, which is a cubical rock, projecting from the channel of the Danube, and probably precipitated by some remote convulsion into the stream. It bears an obelisk with the arms of Austria and Bavaria. The river then reaches the market-town of Engelhardzell, where is the principal Austrian custom-house, called in German *das Hauptsteinbruchs und commercial Grünze-zollamt*. After having formed the boundary between the Austrian Inviertel and the kingdom of Bavaria, the Danube enters the Hausrackviertel, and separates it from the Muhlviersel, which is situated on the left bank, and begins a short distance below the Jochenstein. From Engelhardzell both banks belong to Austria, and also below this market-town, the banks of the river continue high, mountainous, and rocky, covered with forests, while the precipices, which rise from the very brink of the river, surround it like high walls. But at Aschach the chain of steep granite mountains and rocky precipices, which, chiefly near the villages of Schloggen and Unter-Michel, greatly confine the Danube, gradually recede; and the river entering the extensive and level valley of Feldkirchen, gradually expands, and rolls on its magnificent volume of water.

From Aschach to Ottensheim, the Danube contains a labyrinth of islands, sands, and shallows; and in this district the course of the river, in its width and depth, is subject to many variations and periodical changes. Thus below Aschach the river is three hundred and forty fathoms wide, and two fathoms deep; but from Schaden to the Geisau it has a width of a thousand fathoms, and a depth of eleven feet; whilst, in front of the market-place of Ottensheim, near the Keltenstein, its channel is again diminished in breadth to one hundred fathoms.

Near Aschach we meet with the first vineyards, whose wine, however, is only



good for the table after a hot summer. The neighbourhood abounds in corn, and at a point where the river is only a hundred and sixty-one fathoms wide, there is a ferry-boat at a place called Landshaag, for

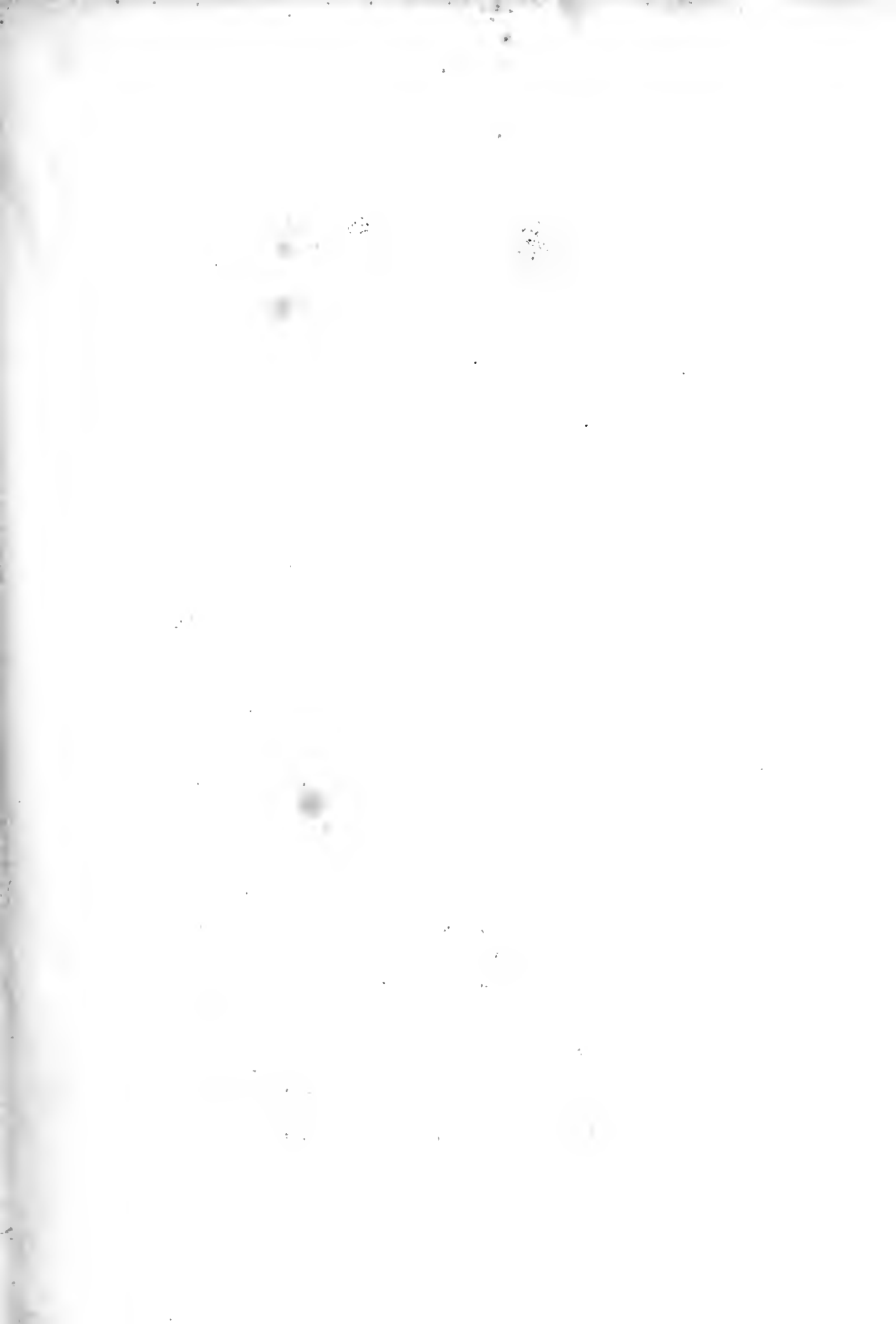
conveying agricultural produce and cattle to the 'Muhlviersel.' Below this place the mountains on either side gradually recede from the banks of the Danube, a fine level country presents itself to the view, for about two miles and a half, and the river, divided into many arms, forms a multitude of islands, covered with a profusion of alders and willows. But it is not easy to run the boat safely between them, when after

the periodical inundation, the usual channel has been rendered doubtful or impracticable. The floods in these cases often obliterate the old, and form new courses, through flats and islands. This irregularity of the Danube extends as far as Ottensheim, and on account of its perplexing sinuosities, there is no means of employing horses for dragging the boats—for the channel continually varies after each successive inundation.

Near Ottensheim the mountains again confine the expanded waters, and compress them into a deep, powerful stream. The channel, which measures at some points one thousand fathoms in width, at others, one thousand four hundred, or one thousand six hundred, is now confined to one hundred and eight, or little more, and the waters being prevented from flowing off, rise to a great height. Vessels are seen in their course, under the Benedictine convent of Wilhering and other picturesque places, passing on to the capital of the province of the Upper Ens. From Ottensheim to the bridge of Linz, the Danube has a descent of ten feet three inches in the space of four thousand eight hundred fathoms.

We now return from this brief and general outline of the passage, to notice a few of those prominent features which particularly interest the traveller in his descent from Passau to Linz; and one of the most striking objects in this romantic district is the Schloss, already named—the castle of Kraempelstein, or Schneiderschössel as it is called by the boatmen. It stands on a rocky precipice, richly fringed by copse-wood, with a back-ground of dark pine-forest, through which the naked rocks are seen piled in groups that bear no distant resemblance to the shattered remains of some colossal fortress of antiquity. The scene is highly picturesque, and presents a tempting subject to the painter; while, as a locale on which imagination might erect some airy and splendid structure, the romance writer could hardly fix on a more congenial spot. Respecting this ancient fortress, however, history is almost silent, and only adverts to it occasionally as the residence of the Prince-bishops of Passau, who, during the lapse of more than four centuries, maintained their episcopal dignity among these savage rocks. Their vicinity to the river was, of course, no little advantage to their revenue; for if a richly freighted barge appeared under the cliffs, no further progress could be effected till a handsome offering was presented to the bishop or his representative, who, like the temporal baron, imposed a tax on every kind of traffic that passed through his territory.

The name of Schneiderschössel, by which it is familiarly known in the district, originated, says the tradition, from its connexion with an unfortunate tailor, who in attempting to throw a dead goat over the precipice, lost his balance, fell headlong from the rocks, and the river being much swollen at the time, his mangled body was carried rapidly down by the current, and that in the presence of his patron, for whom he had that very morning been exercising his genius in cutting out 'a suit of new brocade.' From certain mysterious hints and appearances, however, which afterwards occurred, it was surmised, and even affirmed, that the said goat was none



St. Raphael's Castle



W. H. B. 1847

other than the 'fiend' himself, who merely assumed the appearance of a defunct animal of that species, the better to entrap the poor tailor, who, as it certainly turned out, did not throw the goat, but was himself thrown; from the battlements; while the former, soon reviving from his pretended lethargy, was seen half running half flying up the steep rocks within five minutes after the catastrophe had taken place. This appalling circumstance being told to the bishop's chaplain, he shook his head three times, and making the sign of the cross, ordered a pail of holy water to be sprinkled over the precipice, and the goat was no more seen. But early in the morning, when the brocade was measured, it was discovered that in cutting it out for the bishop's robe, as already stated, the crafty *schneider* had cabbaged at least a third of the precious material. All were amazed; and now the sudden destruction that had overtaken the delinquent was no longer a mystery; for the goat, as the chaplain clearly explained, had here acted the part both of judge and executioner, and carried off the tailor in the very midst of his wickedness. "And so will it ever happen," he added, "to all who shall attempt thus impiously and dishonestly to curtail the bishop either in his robe or his revenue." That same year, as it was afterwards proved, the offerings made to the Bishop at Kraempelstein, were nearly doubled; rents and imposts were paid three days before they became due; while the story of the 'brocade' had so good an effect upon the *schneider*-craft, that thenceforward little more than half the former quantity of buckskin was found sufficient for the stoutest knight in Bavaria.¹

¹ The tradition here given, differs materially from the following, as recorded by a German poet:—
 "Die Schiffer nennen das alte Schlösslein das, 'Schneiders chlössl,' und erzählen davon die sage, welche Platen in folgende Roman ze verwandlte:—

"Ein Schneider flink mit der Ziege sein
 Behauste den Kraempenstein,
 Sah oft von der felsigen Schwelle
 Hinab zu der Donauwelle
 In reissende Wirbel hinein.
 So sass er oft und so sang er dabei;
 Wie leb'ich sorgenfrei!
 Meine Ziege, die nährt und letzt mich,
 Manch Liedchen klingt und ergötzt mich,
 Fährt unten ein Schiffer vorbei.
 Doch ach, die Ziege, sie starb, und ihr
 Rief, nach er! Wehe mir!
 So wirst du mich nicht mehr laben,
 So muss ich dich hier begraben
 Im Bette der Donau hier?
 Doch als er sie schlendern will hinein,
 Verwickelt, o Todespein!
 Ihr Horn sich ihm in die Kleider;
 Nun liegen Zieg', und Schneider
 Tief unter dem Kraempenstein!"

The **Jochenstein**, already mentioned, is an isolated rock in the channel of the river, and rises to a considerable elevation above its surface. It is a striking feature, and serves as the point of demarkation between Austria and Bavaria, the arms of which are respectively emblazoned on opposite sides of the rock. In the distance, the small building with which it is crowned has the appearance of a chapel; and the whole scene to the right and left is a combination of great magnificence.

Abrupt and steep, from either shore,
The pine-clad precipices soar;
While oft, emerging from the wood,
In foam descends the mountain-flood.—
But sweetest far these rocks among,
When wakes at eve the pilgrim's song,
And yonder rudely fashioned bark,
With crowded deck, 'twixt light and dark,
And pine-tree oars its course to guide
Floats slowly down the rippling tide.



THE JOCHENSTEIN.

Englehardzell is the well-known station of the Austrian Custom-house, where passports, baggage, and merchandize are examined—and these at times so leisurely, that a delay of many hours is often occasioned to travellers. Since the introduction of the present steamers, however, this inconvenience has been at least partially remedied, and something like an air of despatch introduced into the scrutiny, so that



Harbour and 'Pescador'

NEWBOLD'S PATENT PHOTOGRAPH



passengers by this conveyance are passed muster with unwonted expedition. The Cistercian Convent, for which Englehardzell was long celebrated, has now—like that at Donauworth, and several others—become the residence, or rather hunting-seat, of the Prince of Wrede, raised to that dignity by the late King of Bavaria, and inspector-general of the army. The monastery was founded about the close of the thirteenth century, with the title of “*Cella Angelorum*,” or Church of the Angels; but after the lapse of nearly three hundred years, it was visited by the plague, which, after ravaging the neighbouring towns and villages, entered the sacred enclosure, and carried off so many of the brotherhood, that the place was deserted, and allowed to remain in ruins during the three following generations. It was then rebuilt, but its calamities were not ended, for a fire breaking out in the abbot’s kitchen, reduced the edifice to a heap of ashes, in which condition it remained till the beginning of the seventeenth century.

Nearly opposite to this is the ancient tower of Ried, the real landmark, according to the boatmen, between the Austrian and Bavarian territories, and supposed to derive its name from that of the early inhabitants of this district, which is still described as the ‘*Riedermark*.’ During the revolt of the peasantry in M.DCXXVI., this district became the scene of many warlike operations. An attempt was made to intercept all intercourse, by throwing a heavy chain-cable across the river; but some floating batteries being directed against it, the barrier gave way, and the scheme was entirely frustrated.

Of the objects that successively attract notice, and conjure up various themes of history and romance, between this town and Linz, the limits of our present work will admit of little more than a brief enumeration. Rana-Riedl, on the left bank of the river and serving as a barbican to the Alpine valley which it still seems to protect, is one of the few castles now inhabited; and from its picturesque situation and turretted roof, adds much interest to the landscape. Crowning a promontory, at the base of which the Danube boils and roars with the velocity and force of a cataract, are the ruins of Kirschbaum. This is a striking point of view, and opens into another, which is justly admired by travellers of taste, two of the latest of whom have noticed it in nearly the following terms:—Opposite this promontory is the Mill of Schlagen, from which a footpath runs to Aschach, avoiding the windings of the river, and not a quarter of the distance by water. On turning round this corner, the river, now contracted to nearly half its previous width, enters a majestic defile, shut in by wooded mountains, almost precipitous, and varying between six hundred and a thousand feet in height. The sinuosities of its course are so complicated, that within the space of twelve or fifteen miles, it flows towards all the four points of the compass. The current, increased in force by being pent up, boils and rages over the rocks, forming rapids and whirlpools.¹ For upwards of

¹ Hand-book, p. 187.

an hour, we glided through scenes increasing in sublimity, and calling forth exclamations of wonder and delight. The romantic, I may say awful beauty of this defile surpasses every description. My companion and I mutually confessed that we had exhausted our stock of epithets, and stood gazing in far more expressive silence on the stupendous precipices that towered above us, almost to the exclusion of daylight.¹ The expedition, however, with which the traveller is now carried down the river by steam, leaves but short time for the contemplation of this magnificent pass. But those who remember the passage in an 'Ordinari'—floating with the stream—here loitering under the shadow of colossal rocks, there shooting along the contracted channel; whirled at times, by adverse currents, round some beetling precipice, and then slowly regaining its balance and direction—have had the best opportunity of seeing this defile in all its native grandeur.

The next object of paramount interest in this part of the Danube is the Castle, or rather Palace, of Neuhaus—an edifice of vast dimensions, and the baronial residence of the ancient family of Schaumburg,—whose feudal keep is observed at a more convenient vicinity to the river—and occupying nearly the whole of the eminence on which it stands. It is an imposing mass of building—contrasting well with the more primitive stronghold in the ascent, and conveying no inadequate idea of the power and influence of a family in which the sovereign Dukes of Austria found not only a political rival, but a formidable enemy. During that inroad of the Turks, which in the reign of Charles V. carried dismay along the whole valley of the Danube—and of which some particulars will be found in a subsequent page—the Castle of Neuhaus was set apart as an asylum for the aged men, the women, and children, and was placed under a strong guard.

Aschach on the opposite bank of the river, stretches along the water's edge, and, with its château and lofty tower, presents a pleasing feature in the landscape. In the rear, embosomed in pine-forests, rises the embattled towers of Schaumburg,² with an extensive range of buildings, which still demonstrate the princely state and condition of its ancient founders, whose name is of such frequent recurrence in the page of German history.

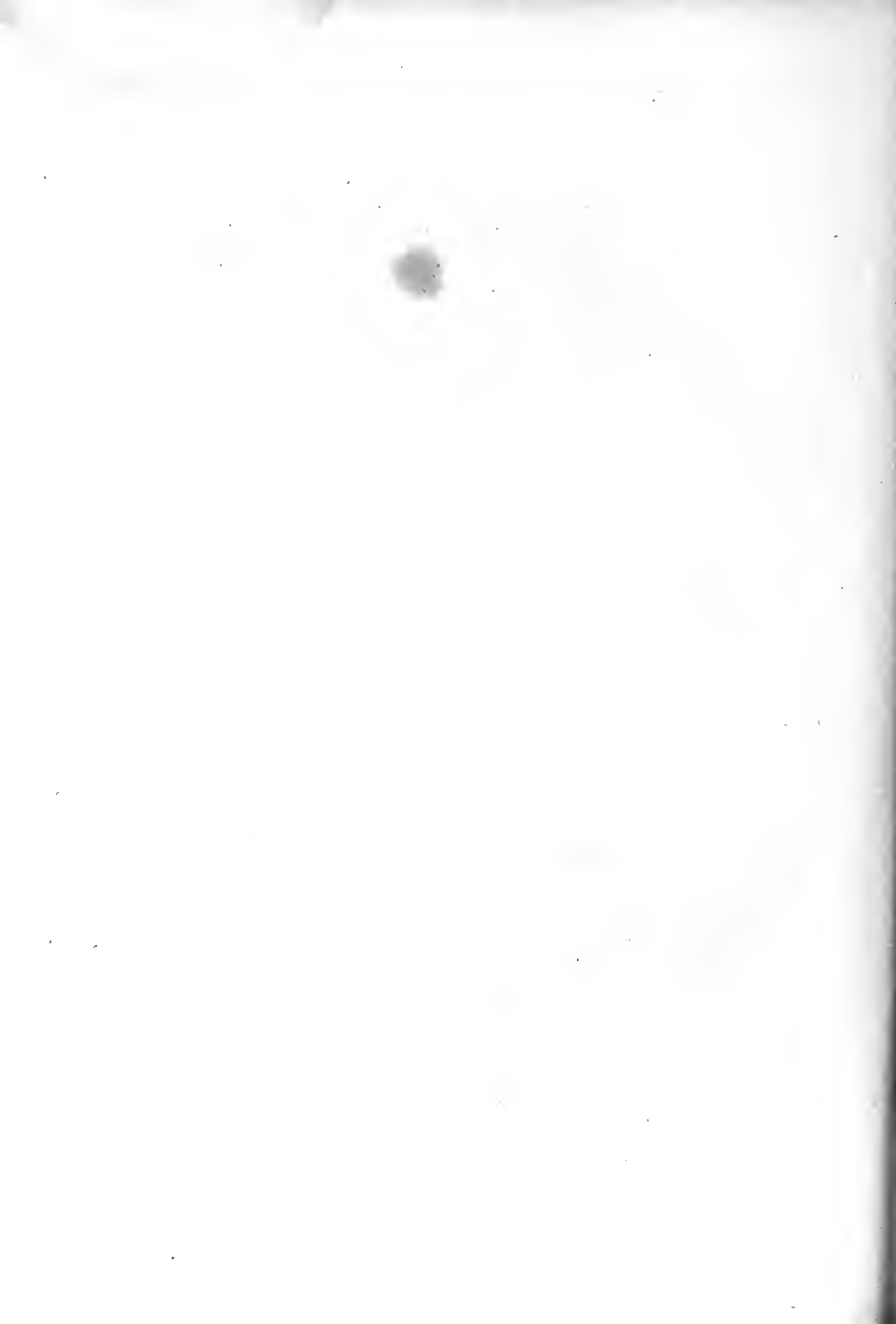
¹ Descent of the Danube, p. 105. Duller, p. 394.

² Henry de Schaumburg, Marshal of France, was a descendant of this family. He served in Piedmont under Marshal D'Estrées, and afterwards against the Huguenots in the civil wars. In M.DCXXV. he was made Field-Marshal, and two years later, defeated the English at the Isle of Rhé. He forced the passage of Susa, where he was severely wounded. The next year he took Pignerol, and relieved Casal. In M.DCXXXII. he defeated the rebels in Languedoc, at the famous battle of Castel-Naudari, for which he was made governor of the province. He wrote a narrative of the war in Italy, and died in M.DCXXXII.—But of the chiefs of the house of Schaumburg, further notice will be found in another portion of this work.



The Castle of S. Vith

(Austria)



In the twelfth century, the names of the Counts of Schaumburg¹ appear in many public documents. "As late as the middle of the sixteenth century," says Planché, "they were free Counts of the Empire, and their names are entered in the Reichs-Matrikel, as bound to furnish six horse, and twenty-six footmen at arms—a slender contingent for a family that by lifting a single finger could have brought thousands into the field. Their domains extended from the Bavarian frontier, beyond Linz, and included a great number of market-towns and castles—in fact, nearly the whole valley of the Danube between this and Passau." This magnificent ruin is now the property of the Prince of Stahrenberg.

The channel of the Danube is here interspersed with numerous woody islands, which improve the scenery, but rather perplex the navigation; for the latter, as already mentioned, is rendered more intricate by every successive flood. On the right bank, and about half a league distant, is the scene of Pappenheim's victory over the insurgent peasants, about three thousand of whom were left dead on the field, near the village of Efferding, where the action, or rather massacre, took place. Among the slain was the rebel captain, Fädinger, whose body was afterwards ignominiously dragged from the grave, and exposed on a gibbet, by order of the imperial general, Herbertstorft, who thus endeavoured to strike salutary terror into the remaining followers of the 'Hatter-chief.'

The Convent of Wilhering, a monastic establishment of the Bernardine order, is a striking edifice on the right bank of the river, between the upper and lower roads. It lies at the foot of the pine-clad Kirnberg, and was originally the feudal keep of the ancient counts of that name; one of whom having, about the middle of the twelfth century, established a small fraternity of monks here, proceeded afterwards to the Holy Land, where he died, and his family becoming extinct, his castle and its domains descended to the Abbot of Wilhering. The whole of the district, as far as Linz, is richly wooded, and in several points very romantic—

"A vale of Tempe it might seem,
A Tempe—with a nobler stream."

On leaving this scene the Danube skirts the Zauberthal, a valley of great beauty, and on the right hand presenting a succession of bold picturesque features, animated by cottages, gardens, and summer-houses, which, by the taste and luxury displayed in their decoration, bear testimony to the near vicinity of Linz. These are the favourite and most frequented environs of the city; and hither, in holiday-time, the citizens resort in great numbers, for the enjoyment of rural festivities. The most striking point, and that to which the eye of the stranger is more particularly directed in this stage of his voyage, is the Kalvarienberg, or Mount Calvary, the

¹ Der name dieser Burg und der gleichnamigen Familie, im Mittelalter auf sehr verschiedene Weise geschrieben, dürfte ursprünglich wohl Schönberg geheissen haben. Æneas Sylvius nennt das geschlecht.—"De monte pulchro."

rocky pinnacle of which is surmounted by a colossal crucifix. Along the base, peeping through the ravines, and climbing the face of the rocks, are small chapels and pleasure-houses, strikingly grouped or isolated, where the showy ceremonies of religion, and the animated pictures of social life move hand-in-hand, and, during the



THE KALVARIENBERG.

fine season, attract innumerable votaries to the place. Shortly after passing this romantic scene, and rounding a point of land which conceals it from the eye, we come in sight of Linz, whose "fairy-looking bridge," as a distinguished critic has justly observed, "might make the spectator fancy that the broad expanse of the Danube was chained by gossamer, and that the passengers, in various equipages, were but spiders on their way."





1847

1847

LINZ TO VIENNA.

A blending of all beauties : streams and dells,
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine,
And chiefless castles, breathing stern farewells
From grey but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly dwells.

Linz, the Roman *Lentia*,¹ was a place of some importance as early as the time of Louis-the-Infant, at least tribute was collected there in his reign. The castle upon the height belonged to the Counts of Kirnberg, the last of whom sold the earldom to the Margraves of Austria. Linz was already a walled and fortified town, in M.XCVIII.; and in M.CVI. a bridge was erected. There is a tradition that our English Richard Cœur-de-Lion was entertained at this castle on his return from Dürrenstein. In M.CCXXXVI., when the ban of the empire was in force against Frederick the Warlike, the town was besieged by the King of Bohemia, the Duke of Bavaria, the Bishops of Passau, Freising, and Bamberg, and the Patriarch of Aquileja, till Frederick the Warlike and Albrecht of Bogen raised the siege. In the time of Rudolph of Hapsburg, it was taken by Duke Henry of Bavaria; but, in M.CCCLIII. a penal jurisdiction was granted to it, with the privilege of perfecting its own civil constitution. In M.CCCCLXXVI. the troops of Lichtenstein came upon it by surprise, and set the suburbs in flames. The emperor Frederick extended and beautified it in M.CCCCXC.; elevated it to the rank of chief city of the territory around Enns, and died there on the second of August, M.CCCCXCIII. Ferdinand I. celebrated his nuptials in Linz in M.DXXI.; and afterwards enlarged and adorned the old archducal castle. The city was desolated by a dreadful conflagration in M.DIX.; and in M.DXLI., as well as subsequently in M.DLXII. and M.DLXXXV. by the plague. The Reformation found here almost all hearts open for its reception, and in M.DL. the population professed the evangelical doctrines. In M.DCXXVI. the place was besieged by an army of insurgents, but held out against them. The French occupied it in M.DCCXLI., for Charles VII., and homage was done to him there, as archduke, on the 2nd of October; but on the 23rd of January in the following year, Linz surrendered by

¹ Roman Antiquities have been found on the Castle-hill.

capitulation to Maria Theresa's Field-marshal, Count Khevenhiller. In M.DCCLXXXV. the Emperor Joseph emancipated Linz from the jurisdiction of the chapter of Passau, to which, till then, it had belonged, and gave it a bishopric of its own; in M.DCCCV., the French upon the defeat of the Russian rear-guard, entered Linz. The completion of the railroads to Budweis and Gmunden, at Traunsee, and the union of the Austrian with the Bavarian-Wurtemberg steam-navigation¹—both in our own times—close the catalogue of memorable events of the chief city of Upper Austria, being events of as great influence towards the material prosperity of the country, as of importance for the advancement of that intellectual energy in Austria, which our tourists, beset by old prejudices, take so little pains to estimate; ²—probably from this cause, namely, that in Austria no effort is made to display ostentatiously that which arising from the operation of two powerful agents,—time and population,—must develop itself. And in this moderation we discern the noblest pride! Permanent circumstances are esteemed, not merely as such; they claim our regard

¹ The Danube steam-navigation, which, according to the last accounts, will soon extend up to Ulm, and if connected with the Rhine-steamers, by a railroad from Ulm by Stuttgart to the Rhine,* will afford the shortest passage from the Northern Ocean to the Black Sea, proceeding up the Rhine and down the Danube. As early as M.DCCCXIX. Anton Bernhard and the Chevalier St. Leon had the steam-navigation of the Danube secured to them, by patent rights from Austria: the first attempts, however, failed, from a combination of unfavourable circumstances, and their rights expired in M.DCCCXXXVIII. and M.DCCCXXXIX. Almost at the same moment (on the 17th of April, M.DCCCXXXVIII.) a new patent for fifteen years was granted by Austria, to John Andrews and Joseph Prichard, which was disposed of by them to a company with shares, which was incorporated and entitled "By Imperial Patent, First Danube Steam-Navigation-Company." Their undertaking sped so well, that on the 17th of September, 1830, their steam-boat, "Francis I.," of sixty horse-power, made her first trial with perfect success. Prejudices soon vanished, and the tide of public confidence set in, in favour of the new enterprise. In 1832, it was resolved to build two new steam-boats, one to run between Raab and Pesth, the other between Pesth and Semlin; and now was formed and cherished the noble idea of using steamers on the lower Danube, as far as its outlet into the Black Sea. The first impulse was given by Prince Metternich, and the plan was brought into operation with energetic spirit and praiseworthy perseverance. To Count Stephen Széchenyi is due the merit of being one of the most active of its supporters. At the close of the year 1833, beside the "Francis the First," the "Pannonia," of thirty-six horse-power, and the "Argo," of fifty horse-power, were brought into use; the last of these, early in the spring of 1834, passed the dangerous falls of the Iser, at the Iron Gate, and reached Gallacz in safety.†

² Donauländer.

* There are already proposals for a railroad from Stuttgart to the Rhine, on the part of the Wurtemberg government, to be conducted at the public expense: another from Ulm to Stuttgart was in previous contemplation.

† The Steam-navigation of the Danube was reopened on the 18th of March, in the last year, 1842, as announced in the Allgemeine Zeitung of that date. The distance between Ratisbon and Linz, touching at various places, is performed in a day, and from Linz to Vienna the voyage occupies less than twelve hours, which by land would take more than double the time. The fare from Ratisbon to Linz in the best cabin is twelve florins, and in the second, eight florins; but to those who go and return by the same vessel a considerable reduction is allowed.

only as results of an internal organization, in so far as our hopes are raised by them, as embryos of future developments. The appearance of what we term material prosperity does not satisfy us, unless we can discern the organic connected with the moral,—with the best interests of the people—with knowledge. In this alone lies the guarantee of that highest and noblest tranquillity, the main-spring of the whole, the grand pledge of existence. From this point of view, filled with joyous hopes, we look upon that famous land, Austria: the countenance of whose vigorous young population is ruddy with the breath of spring. Thousands, with ever-increasing perceptions of the highest interests of man, are struggling towards the nearest goal: from the enfolding bud of material success, expands the flower of intellectual vigour; and Austria, with heart and hand, participates in working out the great task appointed to man.¹

One of the finest and most characteristic features by which the stranger's attention is arrested on his approach to Linz, is the great number of fortified towers, which command the heights to the extent of nearly a league. The military works are recent, having only been completed about four years ago, under the direction of Prince Maximilian of Este, who had recommended a new system of fortification to government, which it adopted, and made the first experiment in the bastions and isolated forts, by which the town is now placed in a state of thorough defence. This new style appears to resemble, in its principal features, the chain of forts by which the Prussian government has latterly invested the town of Coblenz on the Rhine. Between the towers, which amount to upwards of thirty, around Linz, there is a free intercommunication by means of covered ways; so that in cases of emergency the whole strength of the garrison could be made to bear upon one point, and thus act against an assailant with irresistible effect. The result of the last campaign in the valley of the Danube proved the necessity of erecting strong fortifications along the frontier—so that an invading army might on no future occasion find the capital of Upper Austria so ill provided with the resources of military engineering. In appearance, at least, the town of Linz has now an impregnable air; and should the new system answer the expectations of the inventor, and his veteran companions, nothing short of treachery is ever likely to place it again under the dominion of a rival power. Every tower is of itself a fortress, and must be taken separately before the town can be captured; and had there existed any similar barrier to oppose the legions of Napoleon, when they first assailed the Austrian frontier, it is more than probable that their march upon Vienna would have been effectually impeded. But Ulm having once surrendered, there was not left in the whole course of the Danube, from Donauwörth to the Austrian capital, a fort or a gun that could be turned to the least account, in checking their victorious career.

The public buildings of Linz are not of a character to awaken much interest in

¹ This subject is treated at large in a long article of Christian Wilhem Hnber, in the "Austrian Journal of History and Politics," of 1836.

the traveller's mind. The most capacious is the Landhaus, formerly a Franciscan monastery, which, with certain renovations, now serves as the chamber of judgment for Upper Austria. It contains also various public offices, and it is surprising to observe what excellent accommodation is afforded, even to a modern parliament, with its various appendages, by a building originally constructed for the poor and self-denying followers of St. Francis! During the insurrection of the peasantry in this district, already alluded to, Linz was the scene of much riot and destruction; and it was from a window of this monastery that a musket-shot was fired, which killed the insurgent leader, Stephen Fädinger, who, with a strong body of misguided adherents, had previously captured and given a great portion of the suburbs to the flames, in which the astronomer Kepler lost some valuable manuscripts. This event took place in M.DCXXVI.; and thrice during these disasters, and at short intervals, Linz was taken by storm, and abandoned to the violence of faction. The great market-place is one of the finest squares in Germany; but to render it perfect in the eye of the traveller, it would be desirable to have a clear opening towards the Danube—an improvement which might be effected at comparatively little sacrifice, and to which not a stranger who passes a few hours in Linz but would cheerfully contribute his mite. In the church of the Capuchins, or St. Matthias, are interred the remains of the celebrated Montecucoli, a general in the service of the Emperor of Germany. In M.DCXXXIV., at the head of two thousand horse, he surprised ten thousand Swedes, and took their baggage and artillery; but was soon after defeated and taken prisoner. Three years later, however, he defeated Razolzi, Prince of Transylvania. In M.DCLXIV. he gained a splendid victory over the Turks at St. Gothard, and in his subsequent command in the Rhenish provinces, he foiled all the efforts of Turenne and the Prince of Condé by his masterly manœuvres. He wrote some excellent "Memoires" on the military art, a treatise on the "Art of Governing," and dying in M.DCLXXX. was buried in this ancient sanctuary. The Trinity-Column, in the centre of the market-place, is another object of interest, and was erected as a votive monument of public gratitude for deliverance from the two hereditary scourges of the Danube—the pestilence and the Turks. But although ostensibly dedicated to the Trinity—die heilige Dreieinigkeit—the statues of Jupiter and Neptune, between which it stands, very clearly demonstrate the wavering creed of the 'pious originators,' who were desirous of doing homage at the same time to the Triune God of the Christian, and to the classic gods of Latium.

The carpet and cloth manufactory, first established here by the Empress Maria Theresa, and still carried on by the government, is deserving of a visit from every Englishman, if only to show how much this branch of manufacture, in Germany, falls short of that of Leeds and the west of England. The cloth, however, is strong and durable; and here, as in France, the process of dyeing is better understood, and the colours more permanent than in England. The wooden bridge, which here crosses the Danube, and forms so beautiful a feature in the landscape,



View of the River



was built about the close of the fifteenth century; but there can be no doubt that a bridge of boats must have connected the opposite shores at a period greatly anterior to this. The present bridge is upwards of a thousand feet in length, and commands a very beautiful view; but whoever would wish to see the surrounding country from the most striking point, should cross the bridge, ascend the hill behind the town, near the gothic tower, and there enjoy the magnificent picture of the Danube, the town and fortifications, the citadel, the Pöstlingberg Church; and under the brow of the hill, see the river winding, in a deep, majestic volume, through the narrow defile by which it is walled in as it approaches the town. It may be said, indeed, that Linz possesses nothing so fine as this and other magnificent landscapes in its immediate environs, among which the admirers of nature may linger for days, without feeling for a moment either sameness or satiety.

Afar the Salzburg and the Styrian Alps
In forms gigantic rear their frozen scalps:
And there the rugged Traunstein loves to throw
His mingling shadows o'er the lake below.
While mountain, river, forest, field proclaim
A glorious landscape in a magic frame.

The city of Linz has experienced the fortune of war under all the varieties of siege and storm—but which it would far exceed the limits of the present work to particularize. In M.DCCXL., while the Grand-duke of Tuscany, Francis of Lorraine, was pressing the siege of Linz, with an ardour and obstinacy almost unprecedented, the French persisted in its defence, with an equal share of courage and intrepidity. Fortune, however, favoured the imperialists; for, while the French troops were busied in securing themselves by a strong entrenchment in one part of the city, the imperialists, with burning torches in their hands, entered at another. Duchâtel, the Lieutenant-General, was immediately charged, on the part of the garrison, with the important duty of arranging the terms of an honourable capitulation. “I have decided,” said the Grand-duke, “that the garrison shall surrender themselves into my hands, at discretion, as prisoners of war.” “If that be your highness’s intention,” coolly answered Duchâtel, “proceed with your torches, and we at the same instant will return to our guns.” This hardy proposition brought the Duke to reason; and after a brief parley, the garrison marched out with all the honours of war.

Close to the wooden bridge, which here connects the Austrian and Bohemian shores of the Danube, two railroads meet, one of which runs northward to Budweis, and the other in the opposite direction, to Wels and Gmunden in Bavaria. This means of intercourse was much wanted; and, since the completion of the design, it has been attended with the happiest effects, wherever the commercial interests of the country were concerned. It had long been viewed as an object of great interest to adopt some means by which a free commercial intercourse between Germany and

the Turkish empire might be permanently established. The obstacles which had hitherto prevented the navigation of the Elbe have been at last removed by the committee for regulating that important question; and there exists not the smallest doubt that the commercial steam-packets on the Lower Danube will greatly facilitate and extend the commercial relations of the Austrian monarchy. The example set by the Bavarian Government, in opening a communication by canal between



BOATMEN, PASSAU AND LINZ.

Kelheim and the Rhine, has stimulated the Austrian executive to effect a similar junction between its own principal rivers. It had long been suggested, as an important desideratum, that the Betscoa should be connected with the Oder, at a place between the towns of Hustopetsch and Mankendorff, where the actual distance between the two rivers does not exceed two miles. Such a junction between the principal rivers, and consequently between the seas of Austria, Prussia, and all Germany, would greatly promote the interests of commerce with the Levant. Formerly, no such result was to be accomplished, unless by means of a canal; but now, happily, the greater portion of the advantages anticipated, is attainable by railroad.

Ever since the reign of King Ottaker IV., the connexion of the Danube and Moldau by water has been a frequent and popular topic with the legislature; and as early as the eleventh century, the question of excavating a navigable canal has been repeatedly agitated. Dubravius positively states that the levels of the country between the two rivers had been carefully taken, and that the digging of the canal had been

actually commenced under the auspices of a wealthy family of the name of Rosenberg; but that, owing to war and the jealousies of that body of the people who lived by means of the river-traffic, and thought that if a canal were once opened their occupation would be at an end, this great enterprise was unfortunately dropped. Since that time the project was successively revived by Count Waldstein, in the reign of Ferdinand II., by Count Zinzendorf, in the reign of Leopold I., and by Count Wratislau in the reign of Joseph I.; but more particularly in the reign of Charles II. and that of his celebrated daughter, Maria Theresa. By some the enterprise was considered feasible, by others very questionable; but all were unanimous as to the vast expenditure which must be incurred; and on that account it was again laid aside. But the shortest and least expensive plan was that recommended by M. Walcher, the Austrian assessor, to the board of officers for constructing and surveying public buildings. He proposed to construct a canal from the Moldau at Hohenfurth, to run through the Haselgraben and terminate at Linz. Various other plans were submitted to government by eminent engineers, but, like their predecessors, they were all suffered to drop. At last, however, when Professor von Gerstner proposed to accomplish this grand desideratum by means of a railroad, the subject was warmly taken up by persons of science and influence, who were extremely desirous of thus remedying an evil which was every day becoming more inconvenient to the public, and detrimental to commerce. The professor stood deservedly high in the estimation of his countrymen, and possessing much of the public confidence, his plan was ably seconded by many influential and well-informed gentlemen of Bohemia. With the probability of thus seeing his plan carried into effect, the professor set to work, and assisted by his son, made a complete survey of the line proposed, with a minute calculation of the expenses to be incurred. In the mean time, his son, the Chevalier v. Gerstner, being called to fill the chair of practical geometry in the Polytechnic School of Vienna, found, in the centre of Austrian commerce, a most favourable occasion for bringing his plan under the immediate eye of government. He published an essay on the subject, which was eagerly read, and so highly approved, that in the month of September, M.DCCCXXIV., it obtained the Emperor's sanction, who granted him the exclusive privilege of constructing a railway between Hanthausen and Budweis, thereby uniting the Danube with the Moldau. This privilege was to continue in force for a term of fifty years, and included various additional grants for the prompt execution of the plan, with the right of establishing a company of shareholders. At the expiration of the above period, the railroad, with all its appurtenances, was to become the freehold of the originator and his heirs, who might then dispose of it to the government, or in such manner as the circumstances of the time should warrant. Accordingly, in the spring of the following year, Chevalier v. Gerstner formed a railway company, whose capital consisted of a thousand shares, at one thousand florins each; thus making a sum of a million of convention florins; an amount which was

subsequently much increased, to meet the expense. The work was commenced in due form on the 28th of July, the same year; and during its five years' progress, Professor Gerstner published several interesting reports,¹ for the information of the shareholders, in which he has detailed the various operations by which he so speedily and successfully established a rapid medium intercourse between the Danube and Moldau.

Linz has been long celebrated for the beauty of its women, who, like the fair dames of Passau, have had their praises sung and recited by various tourists of the last century, who found it a question of no little difficulty where to bestow the palm. That there is much in both places that deserves to be classed with the 'beautiful' is not to be disputed; but still it is of a character which will captivate only the most susceptible tourist; for all who are 'transcendently beautiful' are so carefully guarded from the public eye, that he may spend a month at Linz without seeing a face that could endanger his peace. Poets, nevertheless, have caught much inspiration on the spot, and found a prolific theme in the fair maids of Linz, and tourists under the old regime have lent their willing aid in propagating their fame. The annexed ballad relates the fate of one, who, in her day, was the 'pride of Linz'—



Her cheek was bright, her eye was blue,
 Her smile inspired such nameless rapture,
 That not a swain who met her view
 But she could fascinate and capture.
 By men of war and men of fame,—
 By 'stars and medals' she was courted :
 But still the fair and cruel dame
 With all their wounds and sorrows sported
 For her the soldier fought and swore,
 The statesman lied, the lawyer cheated;
 And bards their rhymes in anguish tore,
 To find their schemes were so defeated !—
 But years flew by—the homage ceased ;
 And now with age and sorrow laden,
 In cloister weeds she tells her beads—
 Alas ! for Linz's fairest maiden !

Below the immediate environs of Linz the landscape assumes a new and pleasing aspect; on the right hand are seen verdant meadows, plough and pasture-lands, extending as far as the eye can reach. On the opposite shore the scenery is of a bolder and more Alpine character, presenting a series of mountains, variously grouped—here dipping down into the stream, and there receding into the interior, clothed with wood and animated with small towns and villages, which derive no little prosperity from the daily traffic on the river. Numerous islands, most of them richly wooded, divide the stream into separate channels, and add much to the pictur-

¹ Anton von Gerstner über die vorthelle, &c. &c. Wien, 1829.





W. H. Burdett.

J. F. Armstrong.

Approach to Passau from the Danube.
CITY OF PASSAU ON THE DANUBE.

esque effect of the landscape, into which new objects are continually coming forward, so that it passes before the eye like a moving panorama—the features of which become more or less variegated at every turn of the river. The first town on the right, deserving of note, is Traun, where the tributary of that name pours a considerable volume of waters into the Danube.

On the left—as we pass the mouth of the Traun and enter a cluster of islands on either hand—the Castle of Steyerck, with its massive outworks and richly wooded ravines, presents a striking feature in the landscape. On this side the Alpine character of the scenery remains the same; but for many miles the opposite shore is level and pastoral, with few objects that strike the fancy or appeal to history or tradition. Villages, plantations, cultivated fields, and isolated churches are the prevailing features. But on the north bank, pine-clad rocks, lowering precipices, dark ravines—each pouring its tribute into the Danube,—villages clustering along the water's edge, and almost every commanding eminence crowned with a church, or fortified with some ancient castle, are the objects which successively appear and disappear, as we descend towards Mauthausen and Enns.

The ancient city of Enns is seated in the plain on the right bank, and with its lofty tower and spires has the appearance of a strong and well-built capital. It is understood to be of Roman foundation, and identical with the Lauriacum mentioned by Ammianus Marcellinus. It was a place of some importance as early as the reign of Charlemagne, who encamped here in D.CCXCI., and after three days' fasting and humiliation, proceeded in his expedition against the Huns, whose ravages on the opposite shore had spread alarm throughout the whole province. For two centuries afterwards, Enns appears to have enjoyed intervals of great prosperity; for though often dismantled and plundered, it as often sprang up afresh from its ashes, and recovered that prosperity and importance to which its natural position, on the banks of a great navigable river, and in the centre of a rich and productive country, could not fail to create. Its military history is full of interest. On more than one occasion the Turks have been repulsed from its walls; and twice, during the insurrection of the peasants, so often alluded to, it was attacked and cannonaded, but without once opening its gates to the enemy. The last prominent event in its history was the arrival of Napoleon within its walls, in his victorious career through Upper Austria. From Enns he had threatened to throw his shells across the river, and destroy Mauthausen; but a deputation having waited upon him from that town, and accepted his terms, the fatal blow was averted, and the bombs were reserved for less pliant citizens. But to an English tourist, perhaps, the tradition that the "walls of Enns were built by Leopold out of the ransom paid for Richard Cœur-de-Lion," will give it more interest than any other circumstance connected with its history. Various antiquities, consisting of coins, sculpture, &c. which have been discovered in the town and its vicinity, leave no doubt of its having been a Roman station.

Nearly opposite Enns,¹ and built on the upper angle of an island in the river, where it is divided into two branches, stands the ancient

Castle of Spielberg, now a roofless and deserted ruin. Like its feudal neighbours, this was once a stronghold of no small importance—where the grand object of its ‘reever-chief’ was to collect toll from the merchant-barges that kept up a precarious traffic between Ratisbon and Vienna. Considering the number of these ‘tolls’—baronial and monastic—with which the whole passage was lined, and the tribute extorted by each, it appears strange that anything valuable should have remained to the owner, after having been so often pounced upon by these vultures of the rocks. The ruin is embowered in trees, and, with its square tower, far overtopping the outer buildings, is a fine subject for the pencil. The pile of rocks on which the castle is built in the river, is generally visible at low-water; but when the stream is swollen, considerable risk is incurred by the boatmen—particularly as the stream at this point gradually increases to a ‘rapid,’ and requires much skill and precaution in the management of the oar.

Previous to his arrival at Spielberg, the stranger’s attention is directed to the Castle of Tillysberg, and the Monastery of St. Florian—both objects of interest as connected with historical events of moment. The former was so named, in compliment to Marechal Tilly, to whom it was presented by the Emperor, in whose service he had been ‘atrociously successful.’ To this much-honoured, and more execrated leader we have already adverted; but the annexed particulars may be briefly introduced.² This extraordinary man, the founder of the Bavarian army, and the terror of the Protestant League, used to boast, before the battle of Leipsic, of three things—that he had never been in love, never been drunk, and had never lost a battle. His strange and terrific aspect, says Schiller, was in unison with his character; of low stature, thin, with hollow cheeks, a long nose, a broad and wrinkled forehead, large whiskers, and a pointed chin; he was generally attired in a Spanish doublet of green, with slashed sleeves, with a small and peaked hat on his head, surmounted by a red feather, which hung down his back. His whole aspect recalled to memory that of the Duke of Alva, the scourge of Flanders, and his actions were by no means calculated to remove the impression.³

¹ The river Enns forms the boundary line between Upper and Lower Austria.—die Gränze zwischen Ober u. Unter Ostreiche.

² L’Histoire de Gustave Adolphe. Descent of the Danube, p. 167. Duñcan’s Thirty Years’ War, 1823.

³ When Marshal de Grammont paid him a visit of curiosity, he met him at the head of his army, attired as above described, and mounted on a little grey hackney, and with only one pistol at his saddle-bow. When the marshal saluted him, Tilly observing his astonishment at finding him thus accoutred, said, “I perceive, Monsieur le Marechal, that you think my uniform rather extraordinary: I admit that it is not quite in conformity with the reigning fashion in Paris, but as it suits my own taste, I am satisfied. I see also that my charger and this single pistol in my holster are matter of surprise to you; but, that you may not retire with an unfavourable opinion of Count Tilly, whom you have had the

Castle of Spello

W. M. M. 1877

W. M. M. 1877





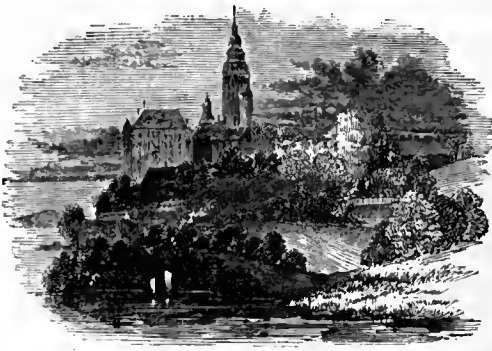
Of the Monastery and Abbot of St. Florian¹ an interesting account is given by the Rev. Dr. Dibdin:—The monastery stands on a commanding eminence, and looked nobly as we neared it. The walls were massive, and seemed to be embedded in a foundation of granite. Some pleasing little cultivated spots, like private gardens, are observed between the outer walls and the main body of the building. As we rolled under the archway an old man and woman demanded, rather with astonishment than severity, what was the object of our visit. Having received a satisfactory answer, the gates were thrown open, and we stopped between two magnificent flights of steps, leading on each side to the cloisters. Several young monks, excited by the noise of the carriage, came trooping towards the stairs, looking down upon us, and then retreating with the timbleness and apparent timidity of deer. Their white streamers or long lappets suspended from the back of the black gown—the badge of the Augustine order—had a very singular appearance. “Having received,” continues the same author, “a letter of recommendation to the librarian, I delivered it to the porter; and in a few seconds, observed two short and large-headed monks, uncovered, advancing towards me; and on walking along the cloisters, the librarian took me by the arm, to conduct me to the abbot. ‘But you have doubtless dined?’ observed he, turning sharply upon me. But as it was only two o’clock, I thought I might be pardoned, even by the severest of their own order, for answering in the negative. My guide then whispered to his attendant, who quickly disappeared, and carried me direct to the abbot. Such a visit was worth paying; I entered with great solemnity, squeezing my travelling-cap in a variety of forms, as I made obeisance, on observing a venerable man, nearer fourscore than seventy, sitting with a black cap quite at the top of the back part of his head, and surrounded by half-a-dozen young monks who were standing and waiting upon him with coffee after dinner, which was placed upon the table before the principal. The old gentleman’s countenance was wan, and rather severely indented, but lighted up by a dark and intelligent pair of eyes. His shoulders were shrouded in a large grey fur tippet; and on receiving me he demonstrated every mark of attention, by giving his unfinished cup of coffee to his attendants, and pulling off his cap, endeavoured to rise, till I advanced and prevented all further movement. As he spoke French, we quickly understood each other. He bade me see everything that was worth seeing; and on his renewing the dinner-question, and receiving an answer in the negative, he commanded that a meal should be forthwith got ready; but

curiosity to visit, I will only remind you that I have gained seven decisive victories without being once obliged to draw the trigger of that pistol; and as for my little hackney, he has never once made a stumble under me, nor winced in the performance of his duty.

¹ St. Florian, the great fire-extinguishing saint in the calendar, was a soldier and sufferer in the time of the Emperor Dioclesian, and in the tenth and last persecution of the Christian church, was thrown into the river with a stone tied round his neck. The form of invocation is,—“O FLORIAN, martyr and saint! Keep us, we beseech thee, by night and by day, from all harm by fire, or from other casualties of this life.”

in this he had been anticipated by the librarian."—Retiring from the presence of the abbot, Dr. Dibdin was conducted to the library, and shown whatever was most precious in MSS. and typography. He was then invited to the refectory, where a dinner had been hastily prepared during his interview with the abbot and his survey of the library. "The dinner was simple and refreshing; the wine was what they call the white wine of Austria, rather thin and acid. Our friends told us that from the windows of this room we could, in fair weather, discern the snow-capt mountains of the Tyrol: that from one part of their monastery they could look upon green fields, pleasure-gardens, and hanging woods; and from the other, upon magnificent ranges of hills, terminated by mountains covered with snow. They seemed to be proud of their situation, as they had good reason to be. We found them exceedingly chatty, pleasant, and very facetious. We broached the subject of politics, but in a very guarded and general manner. The lively librarian, however, thought proper to observe—that the English were now doing in India what Buonaparte had been doing in Europe. I told him that such a doctrine was a more frightful heresy than any which had ever crept into his own church; at which he laughed heartily, and begged we would not spare either the bonilli or the wine." But with this extract from an interesting visit, we take leave of St. Florian,¹ and resume our course along the channel of the Danube, selecting such features as the nature and limits of the present work will admit.

Nieder Waldsee on the right, with its schloss and lofty tower, is a conspicuous



landmark in this reach of the Danube. It is a comparatively modern structure, finely situated, contrasting well with the ancient round keep with which it is connected, and enjoys some degree of celebrity, from having been the residence of Marshal Daun. This distinguished soldier commenced his military career in the war against the Turks, in which he displayed exemplary courage and skill; but it was not

till the Seven Years' War, when as commander-in-chief he was opposed to Frederick,

The church of this abbey is very remarkable. In the words of a distinguished scholar, it is at once spacious and magnificent; but a little too profuse in architectural ornament. It consists of a nave and transepts, surmounted by a dome, with a choir of very limited dimensions. The choir is adorned on each side, just above the several stalls, by an exceedingly rich architrave, running the whole length, in a mixed Roman and Gothic style—the nave is a sort of elongated parallelogram, adorned on each side by pillars of the Corinthian order, and terminated by an organ of the most gorgeous and imposing appearance. The pipes have completely the appearance of polished silver; and the woodwork is painted white, richly relieved with gold. For size and splendour I had never seen anything like it. The *tout ensemble* was perfectly magical—On entering, the organ burst forth with



Swim, on the Gondo

CHATEAU, SUR LE DANUBE.



J. A. Armytage

King of Prussia, that he reached the summit of his fame, and acquired the name of the 'Austrian Fabius.' He died in the sixty-first year of his age; and the castle, after remaining about half a century in his family, passed into the hands of a neighbouring count. These castles on the Danube, though in many instances lofty, capacious, and massive, will not bear a comparison with the old baronial fortresses of England. Another of the same class is that of

The Greinberg, covering a rocky eminence, with the houses grouped around its base—like serfs prostrate at the feet of some haughty seigneur. The style of architecture is much the same as that of the other castles already noticed—steep Flemish roofs with projecting windows; two angular towers, flanking the south end, and the main building thickly perforated with windows generally mullioned. The only building worth notice after the Château, is the church, the spire of which is the dominant feature of the place. Grein, like its baronial fortress, is now the property of the Duchy of Coburg, but it is neither enlivened by the bustle of a court, nor benefited by local commerce. The castle, built by Heinrich von Chreine, dates from the twelfth century, and is the scene of Scherffenberg's two victories over the Bohemians, in the early part of the fifteenth century. A short way below Grein commences the rapid called 'Greiner-schwall' where the river, suddenly contracting its channel, and walled in by rugged precipices, assumes a new aspect of foam and agitation; while the roar of its downward course breaks deeper and harsher on the ear. This rugged defile is the immediate inlet to the Strudel and Wirbel—the Scylla and Charybdis of the Danube. This is by far the most interesting and remarkable region of the Danube. It is the fertile theme of many legends and traditions; and in the pages of history and romance affords ample scope for marvellous incidents and striking details. Not a villager but can relate a hundred instances of disasters incurred, and dangers overcome, in this perilous navigation—of lives sacrificed and cargoes sunk while endeavouring to weather the three grand enemies of the passage—whirlpools, rocks, and robbers. But, independently of these local traditions, and the difficulties and dangers of the strait—the natural scenery which here arrests the eye is highly picturesque, and even sublime. It is the admiration of all voyagers on the Upper Danube, and keeps a firm hold of the memory long after other scenes and impressions have worn off. Between Ulm and the confines of the Ottoman Empire, there is only one other scene calculated to make anything like so forcible an impression on the tourist; and that is near the cataracts of the Iron-gate—a name familiar to every German reader.

a power of intonation—every stop being opened—such as I had never heard exceeded—as there were only a few present, the sounds were necessarily increased, by being reverberated from every part of the building; and for a moment it seemed as if the very dome would have been unroofed, and the sides burst asunder. We looked up then at each other, lost in surprise, delight, and admiration. We could not hear a word that was spoken; when in some few seconds the diapason stop only was opened—and how sweet, how touching, was the melody which it imparted!"—VISIT TO THE MONASTERY OF ST. FLORIAN.—BIBLIOGRAPHICAL TOUR.

The Strudel.—After descending the Greiner-schwall, or rapids of Grein above mentioned, the river rolls on for a considerable space, in a deep and almost tranquil volume, which, by contrast with the approaching turmoil, gives increased effect to its wild, stormy, and romantic features. At first a hollow, subdued roar, like that of distant thunder strikes the ear and rouses the traveller's attention. This increases every second, and the stir and activity which now prevail among the hands on board shows that additional force, vigilance, and caution are to be employed in the use of the helm and oars. The water is now changed in its colour—chafed into foam, and agitated like a seething caldron. In front, and in the centre of the channel, rises an abrupt, isolated, and colossal rock, fringed with wood, and crested with a mouldering tower, on the summit of which is planted a lofty cross, to which, in the moment of danger, the ancient boatmen were wont to address their prayers for deliverance. The first sight of this used to create no little excitement and apprehension on board; the master ordered strict silence to be observed—the steersman grasped the helm with a firmer hand—the passengers moved aside—so as to leave free space for the boatmen, while the women and children were hurried into the cabin, there to await, with feelings of no little anxiety, the result of the enterprise. Every boatman, with his head uncovered, muttered a prayer to his favourite saint; and away dashed the barge through the tumbling breakers, that seemed as if hurrying it on to inevitable destruction. All these preparations, joined by the wildness of the adjacent scenery, the terrific aspect of the rocks, and the tempestuous state of the water, were sufficient to produce a powerful sensation on the minds even of those who had been all their lives familiar with dangers; while the shadowy phantoms with which superstition had peopled it, threw a deeper gloom over the whole scene.

Now, however, these ceremonies are only cold and formal; for the danger being removed, the invocation of guardian saints has become much less fervent, and the **Cross** on the Wörther-Isle, we fear, is often passed with little more than the common sign of obeisance.

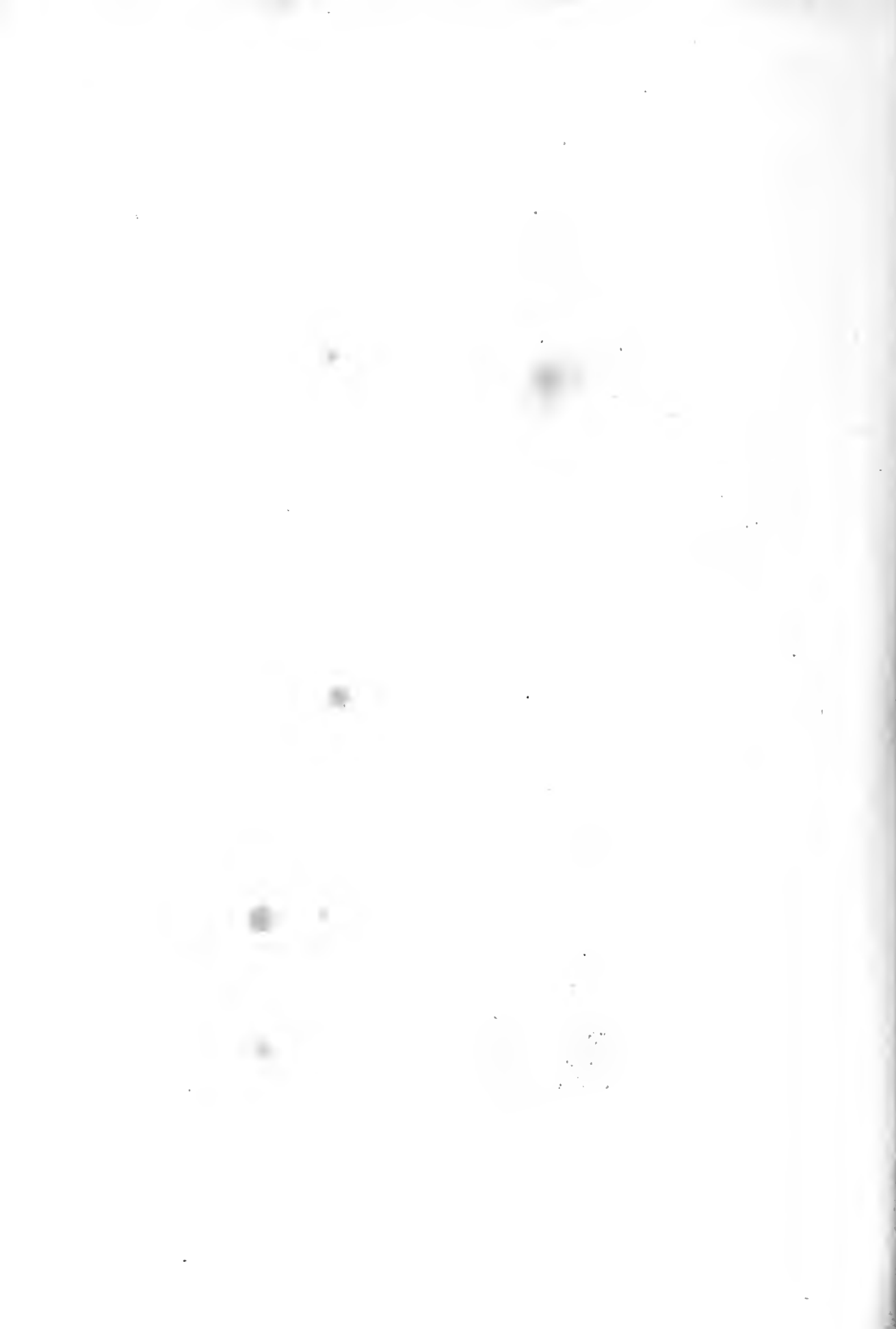
Within the last fifty years the rocks in the bed of the river have been blasted, and the former obstruction so greatly diminished, that in the present day the Strudel and Wirbel present no other danger than what may be caused by the ignorance or negligence of boatmen; so that the tourist may contemplate the scene without alarm, and enjoy, in all its native grandeur, the picture here offered to his eye and imagination—

Frowning o'er the weltering flood,
Castled rock and waving wood,
Monkish cell and robber's hold—
Rugged as in days of old,
From precipices, stern and gray,
Guard the dark and dreaded way.

At this remarkable point the river must have forced its way through the chain of granite cliffs which now form its bank. It is divided by an island into two branches

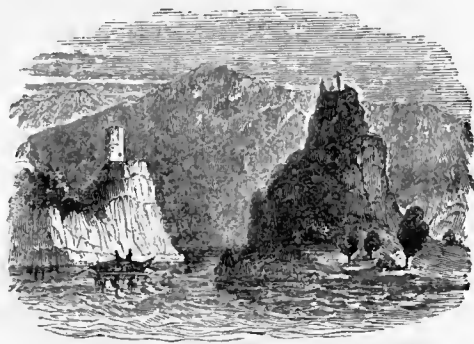


St. Michael's



—its southern arm, washing the base of the wooded Rabenstein, is called the Hössgang, which, in cases where the river is very full, is navigable by small craft. But the regular barge-way is the northern arm, or that which we have described as the Strudel. Covered with foam, and with a thousand echoes that reverberate its deafening roar, the impetuous river breaks itself against the opposing rocks, from which colossal fragments are continually breaking off, and further encumbering the channel. In other places the granite is worn into caves and grottos by the constant action of the torrent, and from which the water, struggling in vain for a passage, recoils with a deeper roar, and a whiter ebullition. The barges, nevertheless, if navigated with skill and experience, descend the rapid without much risk, but with a velocity and bounding motion, that to persons who make the passage for the first time, inspire feelings very much akin to terror, owing to the irresistible force with which the cumbrous *argo* is hurried down, the turmoil of the water, and the savage and threatening aspect of everything around them. So rapid indeed is the passage, that even they who can divest their minds of a sense of personal danger, have little time to observe the wild magnificence with which nature and art have invested the passage, and regret that they could not have lingered half way down, to enjoy the contemplation in silence. But, once launched in the channel, there is neither pause nor return, and the barge moves rapidly down at the pleasure of the waves. But in order to survey the scenery at leisure, the tourist should disembark at Greinsburg, and by walking along the north bank as far as St. Nikola, he will enjoy the scenery in all its perfection. Castles, rocks, rapids, beetling precipices, romantic cliffs, and mountains, whose sweeping forests descend to the water's edge, present themselves to his eye under every variety of combination—often compelling him to halt till he has paid again and again his tribute of admiration.

The Wörther Island, by which the Danube is here split into branches, is about four hundred fathoms long, by two hundred in breadth—surrounded by a belt of white sand, which contrasts well with the dark rocks along the shore, and the sombre foliage of the heights. On three sides, the island is flat; on the north, a ridge of rocks—fragments of those on the left bank and of those forming the nucleus of the island—forms the connecting link between the granite mountains which marks the geological character of the district.¹ The soil of the island has been so far improved by assiduous culture, that the proprietor has now a small farm upon it under crop. The



¹ It needs scarcely be mentioned that, to the geologist, this gorge of the Danube abounds with interest.

ancient castle of Werfenstein, which surmounts the rocky pinnacle, was originally a fortress of great strength, and chiefly so on account of its natural position. It is now a mass of ruins; but of the old watch-tower a considerable portion remains. At its base gleams a small sheet of water, and from the highest point of the granite rises a stone-cross, to which the boatmen are enjoined to make obeisance as they approach the Strudel. On the left or northern bank, and nearly opposite, are seen the remains of Castle Struden, looking down into the rapids, and in its dilapidated keep and crumbling outworks, presenting a striking picture of the olden time. The precipice on which it stands projects over the river; and if the 'falling of waters' be favourable to sound repose, the lords of Werfenstein and Struden must have here enjoyed a perpetual lullaby in the torrent of the Danube. With regard to the strongholds of Werfenstein and Struden, history is silent; but tradition, as usual, comes to our aid. They are supposed to have been built as early as the eleventh century; and their situation, so peculiarly favourable to men who lived by plunder, was selected as a point where the danger of the place seconded that atrocious system of pillage and ransom, by which, for centuries the river-traffic was infested. Grievous complaints were made from time to time of the piratical freebooters who here stripped the passengers, plundered the cargoes, and only suffered them to proceed after paying a heavy ransom. These complaints becoming at last so urgent, and the traffic so much impaired that the prosperity of the Danube was in jeopardy, active measures were adopted by Rudolph of Hapsburg, to remove the nuisance, and restore public confidence. A great many strongholds were accordingly demolished, and among these, that of Werfenstein was thenceforth placed under the charge of government, which undertook, for the payment of a certain toll, to protect the boatmen and their property from every danger, save that which might arise from the nature of the passage itself. This arrangement was at once lucrative to government, and satisfactory to the boatmen. The Castle of Struden was a stronghold of still more importance in its effects upon the inland traffic. It formed part of the Comté of Machland, whose knights had earned by their lawless exactions and robberies, the reputation of armed banditti. These, however, were also punished or expelled by the emperor's forces; and their castle, like that of Werfenstein, was converted into a toll or custom-house; so that the merchandise floating down the river was at last freed from all danger of piratical attacks, and only subjected to the imperial tariff. This continued, it is probable, during the whole of the fourteenth and following centuries; but early in the sixteenth, Struden was already in a state of ruin, and as such it has continued to the present day. The keep, however, a massive square tower, still looks majestic in the centre of the fortress, the strength of which, had not all the appliances of art been used for its destruction, would have long defied the united efforts of time and tempest.

We shall now introduce a few particulars respecting the means used for improving the navigation of this pass, the safety of which was achieved under the auspices of

Maria Theresa. So late as the year M.DCCLXXVII. scarcely a summer passed without witnessing the loss of life and property among the rapids of the Strudel, or the whirling eddies of the Wirbel. The subject becoming daily one in which the interests of government and the cause of humanity were more and more concerned; and the empress having expressed herself strongly in favour of the enterprise, plans and surveys were taken of the passage, and everything prepared for their being prosecuted with vigour. The plan adopted was to blast the rocks by means of gunpowder, and thus remove, or at least diminish, the great obstacles which, from time immemorial, had made this channel the scene of so many disasters.¹

This work was committed to the care of the Navigation-board, and executed by an able engineer, named Walcher. The work was commenced in October of the same year, just after two vessels had struck on the most dangerous rocks in the channel, called the Wolfskügel and the Meisenkügel. These were most carefully examined; and under all the difficulties of drift-ice, snow, rain, and short winter days, the work was prosecuted without interruption till thirty cubic fathoms of stone were cleared from the bed of the river. This was even more than could have been anticipated: a great portion of the natural obstruction was now removed from the channel; but owing to this very cause, the direction of the current had been so far altered, that vessels were now hurried down upon the *Wildriss*—a perilous rock, near the middle of the stream—so that the advantages to be gained by commerce were yet in abeyance. To obviate this grand obstruction, it became necessary to widen and deepen that portion called the Wörthbank, so as to carry the main body of the stream in that direction; but, during the ensuing winter, the work proceeded rather slowly, for while occupied on the Wörth, the workmen ran the hazard of being frozen up. Those who made an effort to escape nearly perished in the attempt; and when at last the ice-floods ceased, it became necessary, in order to gain access to the rock, to divide the ice-blocks by means of saws. Notwithstanding these serious obstacles, however, at least seventy cubic fathoms of rock were removed from the bed of the river. But the next winter was so severe that very little was accomplished; and the fourth winter spent in the same arduous labours was not more favourable. It was nevertheless highly gratifying to know that the most dangerous rocks were already covered with a depth of four feet water; while all the buildings necessary for the future operations of the engineer were now completed. In this manner the work was continued, almost without intermission, during the space of eight years, when at last the ‘Horse-shoe² Watercourse’ was completed. It was built of freestone, skirting the north side of the Wörth, supported by a causeway running across the island to the Hössgang, already mentioned, and was planned by the engineer Liske, who devoted

¹ Hitherto it had been customary to disembark a large part of the cargoes at Grein, and engage an experienced pilot to carry the vessel to St. Nikola; while accidents were so frequent in this short passage, that boats were kept constantly on the look-out for the shipwrecked.

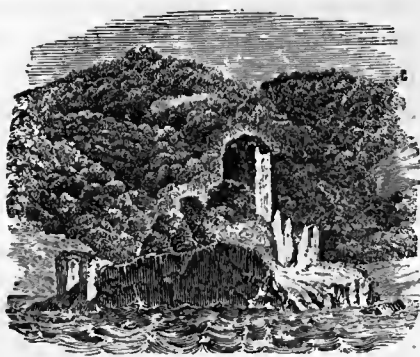
² Der Hufschleg.

his talents to the success of the enterprise. The utility and importance of this causeway became soon apparent; for, the river becoming very much swollen by long-continued rain, an unprecedented inundation took place, by which the Wörth was covered with at least twelve feet water, whilst the inhabitants were compelled to seek refuge among the rocks. But without the protection of the causeway, the deluge would have certainly forced its way through the island, and swept off every particle of vegetation. The finishing-stroke to this grand undertaking was at last completed; masses of the Kellerrock, measuring twenty-seven fathoms in length, were completely blown off. Thus a most important service was rendered to commerce—the danger was removed—the passage was announced safe—the fervent vows of every friend of humanity were fulfilled, and the Strudel was no longer an abyss of terror to the boatmen.

Since the completion of this great undertaking, the work has still been resumed at intervals; and from time to time, various improvements have been added, by means of blasting and excavation, which have been attended with the happiest effects.

The only precaution now to be taken in passing the Strudel, is to see that the vessels do not draw more water than the depth of the channel at that time permits; and to ascertain this accurately, there is what is called a *strom-messer*, or flood-meter, (die-Mark,) which shows the exact height of the water from i. to ix.² downwards. A vessel drawing four feet water cannot pass the Strudel at low-water-mark without danger. The passage is also dangerous when the east wind blows hard up the channel; and then vessels generally lay-to at the small harbour of Grein, till it shifts round to some other point.

The Wirbel. The tourist who has happily escaped the perils of the Strudel rapids, has still to encounter, in his descent, the whirlpool of the Wirbel, which is distant from the former little more than five hundred fathoms. Between the two perils of this passage in the Danube there is a remarkable similarity—*magna componere parvis*—with that of the Faro of Messina; where the hereditary terrors of Scylla and Charybdis still intimidate the pilot, as he struggles to maintain a clear course through the Strait.—



There, in foaming whirls Charybdis curls,
Loud Scylla roars to larboard;

¹ 1787—1791.

² Each figure being distant from the other *six inches*, showing what is the precise depth of the Strudel at the shallowest part.



The World and Religion



R. Wallis

W. P. 100/100

In that howling gulf, with the dog and wolf,¹
 Deep moored to-night, with her living freight,
 That goodly ship is harboured!

The cause of the whirlpool is evident at first sight. In the centre of the stream is an island called the Hausstein, about a hundred and fifty yards long, by fifty in breadth, consisting of primitive rock, and dividing the river—which at this point descends with tremendous force—into the two separate channels of the Hössgang and the Strudel already mentioned. In its progress to this point it meets with that portion of the river which runs smoothly along the northern shore, and breaking it into a thousand eddies, forms the Wirbel. This has the appearance of a series of foaming circles, each deepening as it approaches the centre, and caused by the two opposite streams rushing violently against each other. That such is the real cause of the Wirbel is sufficiently proved by the fact; that, in the great autumnal inundation of M.DCCCLXXXVII., when the flood ran so high as to cover the Hausstein, the Wirbel, to the astonishment of the oldest boatmen and natives of the country, had entirely disappeared. For the obstacle being thus counteracted by the depth of the flood, and the stream being now unbroken by the rock, rushed down in one continuous volume, without exhibiting any of those gyratory motions which characterize the Wirbel. If the rock called the Hausstein were blown up, it is probable that this whirlpool would entirely disappear. But to effect so desirable an end, much labour and expense must be incurred; for the rock projects at least eighteen feet above the ordinary level of the Danube, and measures three hundred and sixty yards in circumference. On its summit stand the ruins of an ancient watch-tower; and on its southern flank runs the channel called Lung, but which at low-water is only navigable for vessels of small tonnage. The force of the whirling eddies in the Wirbel—called by the boatmen *die Reiben* and the surfs *die Haden*—caused by the fury with which the conflicting waves meet each other, is dangerous in proportion to the height of the flood at the time, except as in the case above-mentioned, when the Hausstein is under water, and then the whirlpool is entirely obliterated. In ordinary cases, its circles have often a circumference of from fifty to sixty yards; and previous to the introduction of steam-navigation, used to present a very appalling aspect to those who had entrusted their lives and cargo to the rickety planks of an old Ordinari.

The circle, within which the eddies perform their circumvolutions with amazing velocity, deepens as it approaches the centre, so as to form a basin nearly five feet in depth, and filling the neighbouring echoes with the unceasing roar of its waters. In the passage over the Wirbel the first thing to be attended to, is to act in concert with the rapid current, by vigorously plying the oars, so that the boat at one

¹ *Feris atris canibus succingitur alvum.*—Ov. MET. lib. xiii.

.... *Delphinum caudas utero commissa luporum.*—VIRG. ÆNEID, iii.

bound, so to speak, may dash through between the Reiben and Haden, and launch into smooth water. The quicker the passage the less is the danger; but ill-manned vessels, and chiefly rafts unprovided with side-oars, incur the hazard of being filled with water, whirled into the vortex, or cast upon the rocks. On the left bank of the river the water is much deeper than in the middle. The former is called the Friedhof, or Freydhof, and extends from the Hasenohr to the Longstone. Here the current is not very strong; and when the river is about its ordinary level, vessels going up keep close under the bank; but, when the water is higher, pass through the Lung, which, during the operations already mentioned, was greatly deepened and extended. Near the Longstone there was formerly a castle—a freebooter's fortress—the main tower of which was only dismantled during the progress of the works undertaken by order of government. Of the history of the two castles which overlook this passage little is known. Scanty fragments of legends and traditions are the only chronicles that have survived their destruction. It is proved, by various existing documents, that this district was inhabited and cultivated as early as the campaigns of Charlemagne; and in that reign many of these river-castles appear to have been built, which in later times—particularly during interregnums—afforded their lawless chiefs the free indulgence of their marauding propensities, or what was called living *vom Stegreif*. In those times of violence and oppression, the castles, which at very short distances blocked up this passage, were no less than five in number—all of which levied tolls, and exacted ransom for the goods and passengers which the river-traffic threw in their way. They appear to have been all dismantled much about the same time—namely, in the campaign already mentioned, as having been undertaken by the Emperor Rudolf for the removal of so insufferable a nuisance. At the commencement of the fifteenth century,¹ John v. Greissenecker, who already held the castle of Werfenstein by mortgage, obtained possession also of that on the Hausstein, and of the tower on the Longstone. Within a hundred years from that date,² the whole neighbourhood was bought up by the Pruneschenks, afterwards Counts of Hardegg; but of the castles on the Hausstein and Longstone, the watch-towers only remained, and these have been preserved till the present time. Each of these mouldering fortresses was the subject of some miraculous tradition, which circulated at every hearth. The sombre and mysterious aspect of the place—its wild scenery, and the frequent accidents which occurred in the passage, invested it with awe and terror; but above all, the superstitious of the time, a belief in the marvellous, and the credulity of the boatmen, made the navigation of the Strudel and the Wirbel a theme of the wildest romance. At night, sounds that were heard far above the roar of the Danube, issued from every ruin. Magical lights flashed through their loopholes, and casements—festivals were held in the long-deserted halls—maskers glided from room to room—the waltzers maddened to the strains of an infernal orchestra—armed sentinels paraded the battlements; while at intervals the clash of

¹ A. D. 1409.² A. D. 1493.

arms, the neighing of steeds, and the shrieks of uncarthly combatants smote fitfully on the boatman's ear.—But the tower in which these scenes were most fearfully enacted was that on the Longstone, commonly called the 'Devil's Tower,' as it well deserved to be—for here, in close communion with his master, resided the 'Black Monk,' whose office it was to exhibit false lights and landmarks along the gulf, so as to decoy the vessels into the whirlpool, or dash them against the rocks. He was considerably annoyed in his quarters, however, on the arrival of the great Soliman in these regions; for to repel the turbanned host—or at least to check their triumphant progress to the Upper Danube—the inhabitants were summoned to join the national standard, and each to defend his own hearth. Fortifications were suddenly thrown up—even churches and other religious edifices were placed in a state of military defence; women and children, the aged and the sick—as already mentioned in our notice of Schaumburg—were lodged in fortresses, and thus secured from the violence of the approaching Moslem. Among the other points at which the greatest efforts were made to check the enemy, the passage of the Strudel and Wirbel was rendered as impregnable as the time and circumstances of the case would allow. To supply materials for the work, patriotism for a time got the better of superstition, and the said Devil's Tower was demolished and converted into a strong breastwork. Thus forcibly dislodged, the Black Monk is said to have pronounced a malediction on the intruders, and to have chosen a new haunt among the recesses of the Harz mountains.

With respect to the causes of these river phenomena, the learned men of the



sixteenth and even seventeenth centuries appear to have been as far astray as their uneducated brethren, to whom they pretended to unfold the mysteries of nature. In Adelung's large Dictionary of the German language, where the "Strudel" forms an article for learned discussion, their profound ignorance is glaringly exposed. Of the series of fabulists who have held the same doctrine the notorious Münster takes the lead. In his *Cosmography*,¹ published in the middle of the sixteenth century,

he evidently confounds the Strudel with the Wirbel; while Berkenmeyer, in his 'Curious Antiquarian,' places the Wirbel near Krems; and even Hübner, in his 'Complete Geography,' represents the Wirbel as a cataract below that point. But the good old Aventin plainly tells us that the Strudel was near Stockerau: and most of the old engravings of this remarkable neighbourhood, published by Birken, Herbinus, Kreckwitz and others, are complete failures, so far as the shape and respective position of the different scenes are concerned. Kircher, in his *subterranean world*,² relates with becoming gravity that there was a hole under the Wirbel,

¹ Vol. iii. p. 965. Basil, A. D. 1567.

² 'Mundus Subterraneus,' t. iii. 2, 3. Hydreg. p. 15.

which swallowed a considerable part of the river, and that the water thus abstracted, after a long subterraneous course, re-appeared near Kanischa in Hungary, where it formed the lake of Plattensee. This absurd account was copied by all the old writers on the subject; and even Marsigli himself, in his otherwise excellent work on the Danube, repeated it. In this manner the opinion becoming universal—much assisted no doubt by the strong disposition of the people in those times to believe in the marvellous—several wise men undertook to establish the truth of it by some tangible proof. Accordingly, a vessel having been wrecked in the Wirbel, a hammer that had belonged to the cooper's apprentice on board, was shortly after found, or fished up—*mirabile dictu*—in the Plattensee!

All these marvellous accounts, however, were at last confuted by the laborious, and accurate Schultes. His chief argument in support of the Wirbel's originating, not from a hole in the bed of the river, but from the violent repercussion near the Hausstein, is grounded on this fact, that when the rock is overflowed it ceases to produce the same phenomenon. Further it is urged, that when the river is very low, and the run of the water towards the Hausstein is but feeble, the gyratory motions of the Wirbel are hardly observable. Among other reports long credited in the country, it was believed that the whirlpool was of unfathomable depth; but this was of a piece with the others; for Popartsch, in his *Untersuchungen von Meere*,¹ or Marine Inquiries, relates that in a barge laden with pottery and sunk in the Wirbel,² the hut on its roof was still distinguishable, so that the depth could not have been very considerable. On one occasion, within the last half century, two rafts, joined together by means of cables, were seized by the whirling eddies of the Wirbel, and the ropes being cut, one raft escaped, while the other was borne rapidly into the vortex, and there continued whirling round at the mercy of the waves. The solitary passenger who still kept his seat upon it was given up for lost. He did not, however, lose his presence of mind; but after having performed numerous circumvolutions, between hope and despair, he, by a last effort, succeeded in throwing it into the navigable track, and arrived safe at St. Nikola, where he was taken care of by the brewer and his men, and his rescue regarded as a miraculous interposition of Providence. By this it appears evident that the Wirbel is not an abyss that "receives every thing," but "restores nothing;" and in the old work already quoted, it is mentioned that the body of the skipper Freydenberger of Passau, who had perished in the Wirbel, was again thrown out, and being found by his friends, received Christian burial. In like manner, the body of the skipper Beyert of Vienna, who was also drowned in the Wirbel, floated down the river, as far as Kloster-Neuburg, where it was taken out of the water and interred. In conclusion, an occurrence, so late as 1827, supports the argument against the voracious character of the Wirbel—for a collision having taken place between two rafts, one was deeply immersed, but not swallowed up by the river;

¹ Vol. ii. p. 193—242. Leipsig. 1750.

² A.D. 1791.

and to refute the old story that a vast body of water disappears at this point, it is only necessary to observe its width near Yps, and below Krems, where it forms a complete Archipelago.¹

Before continuing the descent to Persenbeug, and the other remarkable points on this part of the Danube, we take a retrospective glance of **Ottensheim**—a striking



OTTENSHEIM.

view of which is here introduced, taken from the interior of the country, and overlooking the river, with Efferding on the opposite shore. Leopold the second, Duke of Austria, sold Ottensheim, Wechselberg, Greim, and Hurtenstein, with all the people and property, to Otto v. Schleung, for six hundred pounds weight of silver. In the fourteenth century, Heinrich von Neuhaus and others laid waste this part of the country to the walls of Ottensheim, and began a feud which desolated Upper Austria, for upwards of a century. In M.DCXXVI. a body of the insurgents, under a leader

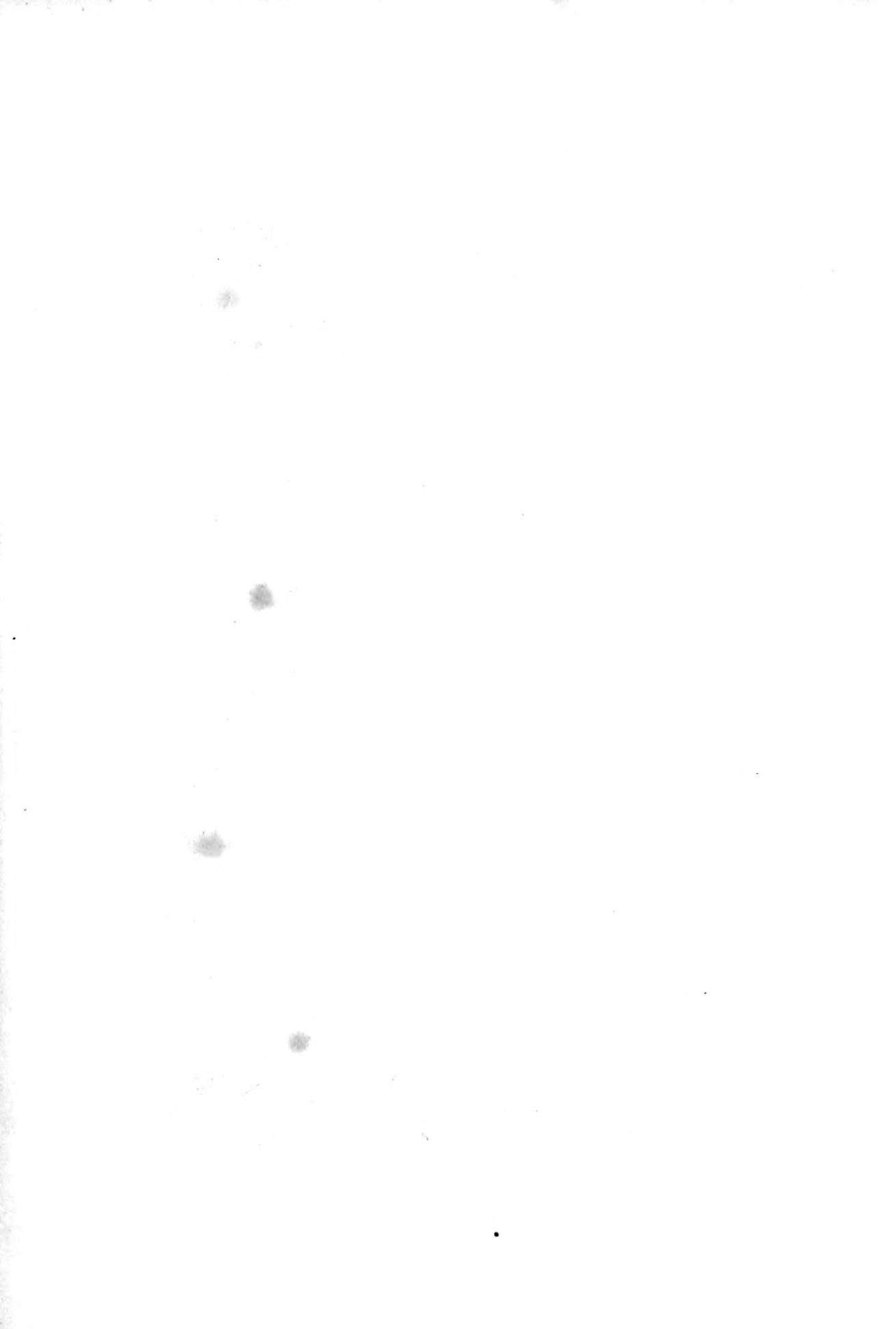
¹ For the above particulars respecting the Strudel and Wirbel, we are chiefly indebted to the German writers on the scenery and topography of the Danube—and to these we confidently refer the reader—particularly to the Leipsig editions, 'Georg Wigands Verlag.'

named Christoph Zeller, established his quarters at Ottensheim; and the French plundered the town in their victorious march to Vienna in the late war.¹ With this brief notice we resume our course along the vale of the Danube.

As soon as the tourist has disengaged himself from the perils of the Strudel and Wirbel and glides quietly down towards St. Nikola, he is usually hailed by a small boat, the master of which congratulates him on his safety, and solicits, in the name of his patron saint, some token of Christian charity. This is a very ancient custom, and in times when the descent was really dangerous, and while the hearts of the passengers were still warm with gratitude for their escape, the offerings thus made to the shrine of St. Nikola were neither few nor inconsiderable. In the middle ages, says a German author, when the channel was still infested by rocks, perilous rapids, and inexorable robbers, a noble lady erected here a commodious inn or hospital, for the reception of travellers, endowed it largely with landed and other property, and at her death bequeathed all her substance to the poor. This lady was Beatrix von Klamm, Countess Walchun, of Machland, who founded the hospital of St. Nicholas, in the middle of the twelfth century. Two centuries later, Albert, Duke of Austria, founded here a chapel for daily mass, out of the money thus collected between Ardeggar and Yps, and hence the custom of soliciting contributions from all travellers, who have escaped the perils of the Strudel and Wirbel. St. Nikola is a very small market-town, with a population between seven and eight hundred. It belongs to the circle of Greinberg, and the rocky mountains, by which it is overhung on the north, present many bold and picturesque features. A narrow carriage-road connects it with Sarblingstein on the east, Struden on the west, and Dimbach on the north. The inhabitants appear to be in easy circumstances, and support themselves chiefly by boat-building, for the rocky nature of the soil affords little encouragement to agriculture. The local scenery, particularly along the banks of the St. Nikola river, is highly romantic; and indeed the whole of the northern bank, as far as Persenbeug, presents a succession of Alpine landscapes which powerfully arrest attention. A short distance below St. Nikola, at the outlet of the eastern ravine, the ancient tower of **Sarblingstein**, enters the picture, and confers upon it a new and striking feature. This is also a place of great antiquity; and it is believed that 'Sabanich,' mentioned in the records of Otto III., in the tenth century, was the same as the modern Sarblingstein. Its castle was long considered one of the strongest in the country, and had no inconsiderable share in the eventful history of those times. At length Maximilian I. gave up the fortress to the convent of Waldhausen, and from the Emperor Ferdinand, permission was subsequently obtained to have it placed once more in thorough repair—but, with this understanding, that it should only be used in the event of war, as an asylum for the inmates of the convent. It was on this occasion² that the round watch-tower was constructed,

¹ Planché, Descent of the Danube, 142.

² A.D. 1538.





View of Venice

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which is the only relic of importance now left of the ancient castle of Sarblingstein.

Persenbeug. Passing in our descent various objects and sites of minor consideration, we arrive at the imperial château of Persenbeug—one of the most pleasing and picturesque features in the whole course of the Danube. On a lofty rock abutting on the river, and forming the last projection of the mountain ridges descending from Grein, stands this lordly castle. In the centre of a charming landscape, with the town of Yps in front, and a rich and highly cultivated territory on the east, it enjoys an enviable superiority over all the mouldering fortresses which we have hitherto noticed. The name of Persenbeug, or rather Bösenbeug,¹ is descriptive of the extensive sweep, which at this point the Danube makes to the south, and which was long considered a place of no little inconvenience, or even danger, to barges ascending the river. The castle is one of the most ancient in Austria, and is often mentioned in her military and political records. Its position and various other circumstances favour the opinion that it was occupied as a military post, as early as the campaigns of Charlemagne; and that it was well known to the Romans as a place of strength and security long before his time. It is not till the ninth century, however, that it is styled a ‘castle,’ and at that time it belonged to the Margrave Engelschalk, who being found guilty of high treason, had his eyes put out, and his estates confiscated to the use of the monks of Kremsmünster. In the tenth century the territory, or comté, immediately annexed to Persenbeug, included the whole of the district lying between the rivers Traun and the Yps, and was in the possession of Count Sieghart von Sempta, who fell in the great battle with the Avars and Magyars, between Theben and Hainburg.² His family remained in the possession of Persenbeug, and Adelbert III., having no children by his wife Richlinde, had made arrangements for leaving his estates to a religious fraternity; but the lady wishing to keep possession of the rich domain for the benefit of her own family, prevailed upon her husband to settle it upon her, by way of jointure. Soon after this Adelbert died, and Richlinde continued to hold the castle and territory in right of her settlement. About the same time Henry III., being then on the eve of making a progress through Hungary, determined to do so by water; and having appointed the Count Palatine Otto as administrator of the Empire, he embarked at Ratisbon, and attended by Bishop Bruno and a brilliant suite descended the Danube with great state. Taking advantage of this occasion, Richlinde despatched the most honourable men of her household to entreat the emperor to visit her at Persenbeug, where every preparation had been made for his reception. The invitation was graciously accepted; but while the emperor’s barge was passing the dangers of the Strudel and Wirbel, all his suite were horror-struck on seeing the apparition of the Black Monk, already described, who, addressing the bishop, told him that he was his evil genius, and that his episcopal career was fast

¹ i. e. the ugly, or dangerous bend in the river.

² A.D. 907.

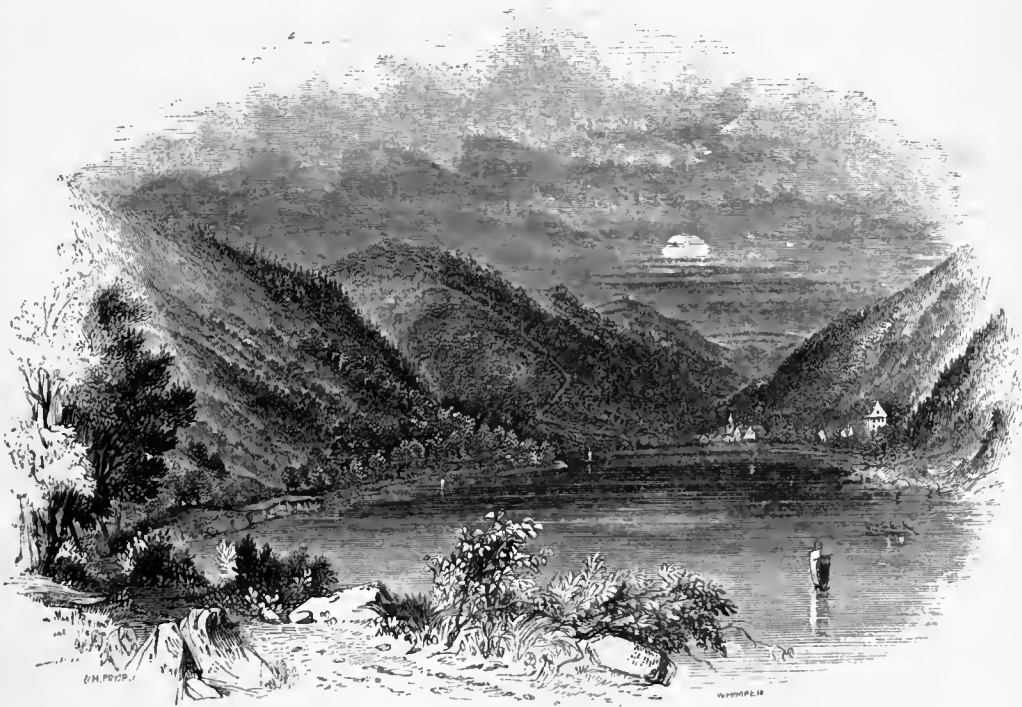
drawing to its close. Startled by the supernatural voice and appearance of this grim agent of Satan, the bishop crossed himself devoutly, muttered three *avés* and sent the demon to the right about; but he could not so readily shake off the impression left on his mind by this unearthly salutation. Shortly after the royal barge having pulled up under the walls of Persenbeug, the lady of the castle conducted her illustrious guest through the splendid suite of apartments which had been prepared for him. A sumptuous banquet was then served up, and Richlinde, observing that the emperor was in high spirits and evidently pleased with his reception, took that favourable moment to make known to him the earnest desire she felt to transmit the castle and estates to a member of her own family. In this she was warmly seconded by the bishop, and the emperor at once gave his consent. But scarcely had Richlinde time to express her grateful thanks for this signal mark of imperial favour, when the floor of the banquet-hall suddenly gave way and precipitated the whole company into the bath-room immediately under. The emperor escaped with only a few bruises; but the Countess Richlinde, the Abbot of Ebersberg, and Bishop Bruno were so severely injured that they all died within a few hours of the catastrophe.¹

The castle subsequently passed into the hands of various proprietors under times and circumstances which it is here unnecessary to particularize. The principal buildings, as they now appear, date only from the seventeenth century, when the foundation of the new structure was laid by Adam Ensebius, son of Albrecht von Hoÿos. The rock on which the stately edifice rests is composed of white stone,—a modification of gneiss, with a colouring here and there of a darker hue, owing to the intermixture of black mica, sometimes like porphyry, with the addition of felspar crystals. The architecture is in various styles, but solid and well suited in aspect to the picturesque landscape which it overlooks; and through which the Danube flows in a deep and capacious channel, nearly two hundred fathoms broad, and washing the foundation of the castle. The interior is spacious, containing several suites of apartments, besides the presence-chambers, which are of lofty proportions, and elaborate but chaste workmanship. This was long the favourite summer residence of the late Emperor Francis, who spent his time at Persenbeug, much in the same manner as George III. spent his leisure months at Kew. The gallery contains several pictures of great value. In the northern side is the principal chapel, and under it, with a descent of about twenty steps, is another and smaller one, both fitted up in an elegant but unostentatious manner. In the inner court, where joust and tournament were anciently held, is a basin of fine sparkling water. Of the original structure, erected eight centuries ago, two towers have been partly demolished;² and the portion still left is perforated with galleries in the old feudal style. The view from one of these towers is particularly fine, comprising the mag-

¹ Old Aventin mentions that the Bishop only died in consequence of the accident—and as if to verify the prediction of the Black Monk.

² In 1810 and 12.—See the “Denkbuch,” or Album of the Austr. Mon. 1842.

nificent windings of the Danube—the luxuriant landscape, which it half encloses within its silvery semicircle—the majestic range of snow-clad Alps to the south, where the colossal Schneeberg overlooks the iron frontier of Salzburg; while the Petscher, nearly opposite—with its indented crown of rocks overtopping the nearer mountains, and mixing with the clouds—forms a bold and imposing feature in the picture. Behind the castle is the Emperor's garden, tastefully laid out, and consisting partly of thriving nurseries, and partly of a conservatory for fig-trees, from which the neighbouring farmers are supplied with whatever can promote a taste for horticulture. The flower-garden is one of the most beautiful that can be imagined, and many of the rare plants and flowers with which it is liberally stocked, were cultivated by the emperor's own hand. Of the various compartments into which it is divided, nothing can exceed the taste and elegance displayed in the arrangement; but in all this the emperor was well seconded by the singularly felicitous nature of the soil and situation, which required only the hand of art to convert them into a terrestrial paradise. There is a part in the garden called the 'Pulpit,' to which his majesty was particularly partial—it is a charming spot, and commands a minute and highly animated prospect of the river, the town of Yps and its picturesque environs.



SCENE ON THE DANUBE, NEAR ST. MICHAEL.

The next objects which successively engage the voyager's attention, are Sausenstein, the ruins of a Cistercian Monastery destroyed in the late war; the village of Marbach, and the celebrated pilgrimage-church of Maria Taferl—the Einsiedeln of the Danube—the lofty twin towers of which crown the mountain on the left, and serve as landmarks to thousands of devotees, who annually resort to this shrine as a panacea for all maladies of soul or body. It is computed that from fifty thousand to one hundred and thirty thousand pilgrims, visit this shrine every year, from all parts of Austria and the neighbouring kingdoms and principalities—a melancholy proof of the superstition which still degrades and enslaves the great mass of the population. The money thus spent, however, by the votaries of Madonna Taferl, promotes in no small degree the prosperity of Marbach, and the adjoining district; and it may be doubted if the desolating hand of war itself would be so prejudicial to the place, as any lengthened interruption to pilgrimages which throw an annual revenue into the coffers of the inhabitants.¹ Judging from the reports annually published, the age of miracles is far from having passed by: for of those who arrive at the shrine of Maria of the "Little Table," labouring under grievous diseases, both of mind and body, there are always a few who return home with renewed health and vigour. But were we to seek the true cause of such renovations, we should most likely find it in the cheerful exercises, congenial society, and salubrious atmosphere which such a pilgrimage necessarily implies.

The Castle of Weitenneck, which next appears with its majestic and massive square towers on the left bank of the river, is a striking relic of feudal magnificence. It seems of a piece with the granite rock on which it is founded, and by the solidity of its walls and battlements, looks as if it laid claim to the same durability. It is understood to have been erected by Rudiger of Pöchlarn. It was considered a fortress of such importance that it was twice laid siege to by Frederick the Fourth, and the famous Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary. By the former of these it was twice captured and twice lost; and the difficulties which, in its pride of strength, it must have presented to a beleaguering force is still evident to the most cursory observer.

¹ The origin of this pilgrimage is as follows:—Maria Taferl receives its name from a wonder-working image of the Virgin, originally attached to an old oak-tree, beneath whose branches the peasantry of the surrounding country, after offering up their prayers for a good harvest, used to feast at a stone table, or *taferl*. In the course of years, when the tree had fallen into decay, a peasant took it into his head to cut down the unsightly trunk, but the first blow of his axe, though aimed at the tree, struck his foot. On looking up he saw, for the first time, the image; and becoming penitent for his wanton act, was, by the gracious interposition of the image, miraculously cured of the wound he had inflicted on himself. The story was instantly noised abroad, and the reputation of the image has been on the increase ever since.—[MURRAY'S SOUTHERN GERMANY, p. 191.] During the month of September, the church is crowded with devotees, and a pilgrimage to Maria Taferl is considered an equivalent for any moral or spiritual misdemeanours with which the penitent may be chargeable. In the pamphlets sold on the spot, for the special edification of the pious, various other particulars are added; but in Planché's "Danube," pp. 244-6, and in old Schultes, the reader will find the story with some absurd, but amusing details—see also Duller, p. 421.



Wells, with the Castle of Wells.



From gate and battlemented tower
 Swept the warder's iron shower,
 And swift and sharp, from twanging yew,
 The feathered shafts incessant flew ;
 While armour clashed and banners played
 And flickered the Damascus blade.

But with any notice of Weiteneck, however brief, we cannot pass over the ancient glories of 'Bechlaren,' with which is closely associated one of those pompous scenes so often exhibited in the days of chivalry and crusading. Under this name are comprised two villages Gross Pöchlarn on the right bank, and Klein-Pöchlarn on the left, with the small market-town of Ardstädten on the heights. Of the Bechlaren Burg, however, no vestiges remain, except an "old gateway, some round towers, and here and there a few feet of crumbling wall, attesting the early grandeur of the place ; while fancy fills up the chasms which time has made with court and keep, buttress and battlement, crowded with fair damsels and fierce soldiery—all, all abroad to gaze at the advancing pageant," which a popular author has thus painted in glowing colours.²

¹ Die Donau. Duller, 421.

² "Round that point of land comes the royal fleet, the banners of Hungary, Burgundy, Bavaria, Pöchlarn, and Passau, flinging their blazoned glories on the breeze, and proudly announcing to the admiring burghers the rich freight of rank and beauty which the swelling Danube is wafting to their port. Five hundred 'Kemps of Hungary,' their bright hauberks glittering in the sun, crowd the decks of the first vessels. On the prow of the foremost, stands the valiant Markgraf Rudiger, of Pöchlarn—than whom 'a braver soldier never was in this world yborn'—bending eagerly forward to distinguish amongst the bevy of beauties at the open windows of the castle the fair forms of his beloved wife and daughter. Beneath the rich canopy that shades the deck of yonder bark with gilded oars, now doubling the little promontory, sits the peerless bride of the mighty Etzel ; but she hears not the shout of welcome that rises on the shore ; she marks not the gay multitudes that crowd to pay her homage. Her brow is clouded, her ruby lip quivers, tears like liquid diamonds tremble on the long, dark, silken lashes of her downcast eyes ; the form of the noble Siegfried is ever before her ; she hears but the voice of her murdered champion calling for vengeance : she sees but the ghastly wound which treachery inflicted—bleeding afresh at the approach of the dark and deadly Haghen. Yet passing beautiful she seems even in sorrow, and still warrants the glowing description of the old Minnesinger, Henry of Ofterdingen :—

From out her broidered garments full many a jewel shone,
 The rosy red bloomed sweetly her lovely cheek upon,
 Even as the moon outshineth every twinkling star,
 Shedding careless splendour from out her cloudy car ;
 So before her maidens stood that lady bright,
 And higher swell'd the spirit of every gazing knight.

By her side stands a venerable figure, clad in the gorgeous and sacred vestments of his office. The flowing stole of embroidered silk, the pallium of cloth of gold, the jewelled mitre, the 'gilt shoon,' and the massive, but richly wrought cross and crosier, borne by two of his attendants, distinguish him as the holy pilgrim, the wealthy and powerful Bishop of Passau, uncle to the queen, and related also to the noble Rudiger. The pale youth near him, his hands reverently crossed upon his bosom, is his clerk Conrad, who afterwards assisted him to write, in the Latin tongue, the adventures of the Nibelungen. On

Mölk. This splendid edifice, the subject of just admiration among all well-informed travellers, takes precedence of every other building of its kind in Europe. Its commanding position, on the right bank of the Danube, adds greatly to the imposing style of its architecture; and no sooner does it burst on the traveller's view than all other objects appear to shrink into shade, leaving its monastic domes and spires in undisputed possession of the scene. With every possible accommodation for the religious order to which it belongs, it unites the splendour and extent of an imperial palace, in which the reigning sovereigns of Christendom, or a whole conclave of cardinals might hold their levees. The contrast which it forms with the mean-looking houses grouped around its base is very striking; by its fine Grecian architecture, it reminds us of some magnificent temple of antiquity, rising in solitary grandeur over the sordid hovels that seek protection under the shadow of its walls. But as little more than a century has elapsed since the completion of the structure, there are no symptoms of either 'age or infirmity' in its vast quadrangles, where the sculptures are still fresh, the gilding untarnished, and the fresco tints as vivid as when first laid on. Its courts and corridors, however, are but a splendid solitude, where the Genius of contemplation is only roused at intervals by the measured tread of a dozen Benedictine brothers—by the solemn chime of bells, or the midnight halleluia.

The question that naturally suggests itself to a stranger, after a survey of this monastic palace, is,—For what purpose have such vast sums been expended? and he is immediately answered "For the glory of God and the salvation of sinners!" Such may have been the pious motive; but judging from facts and appearances, it may be reasonably doubted how far the end has justified the intention. One thing, however, is certain, namely—that the erection of this gorgeous structure in Austria gave a most salutary impulse to the then languid state of the arts, and has served ever since as a school, where the architect, painter, and sculptor may study from some of the best models, and realize, in existing forms, those lofty ideas of ecclesiastical and classic taste, which are not likely to be ever again so ably embodied in any similar structure.

Tout parle, tout émet dans ce séjour sacré :

—C'est là qu'amante du désert,

La Méditation avec plaisir se perd

Sous ces portiques saints !

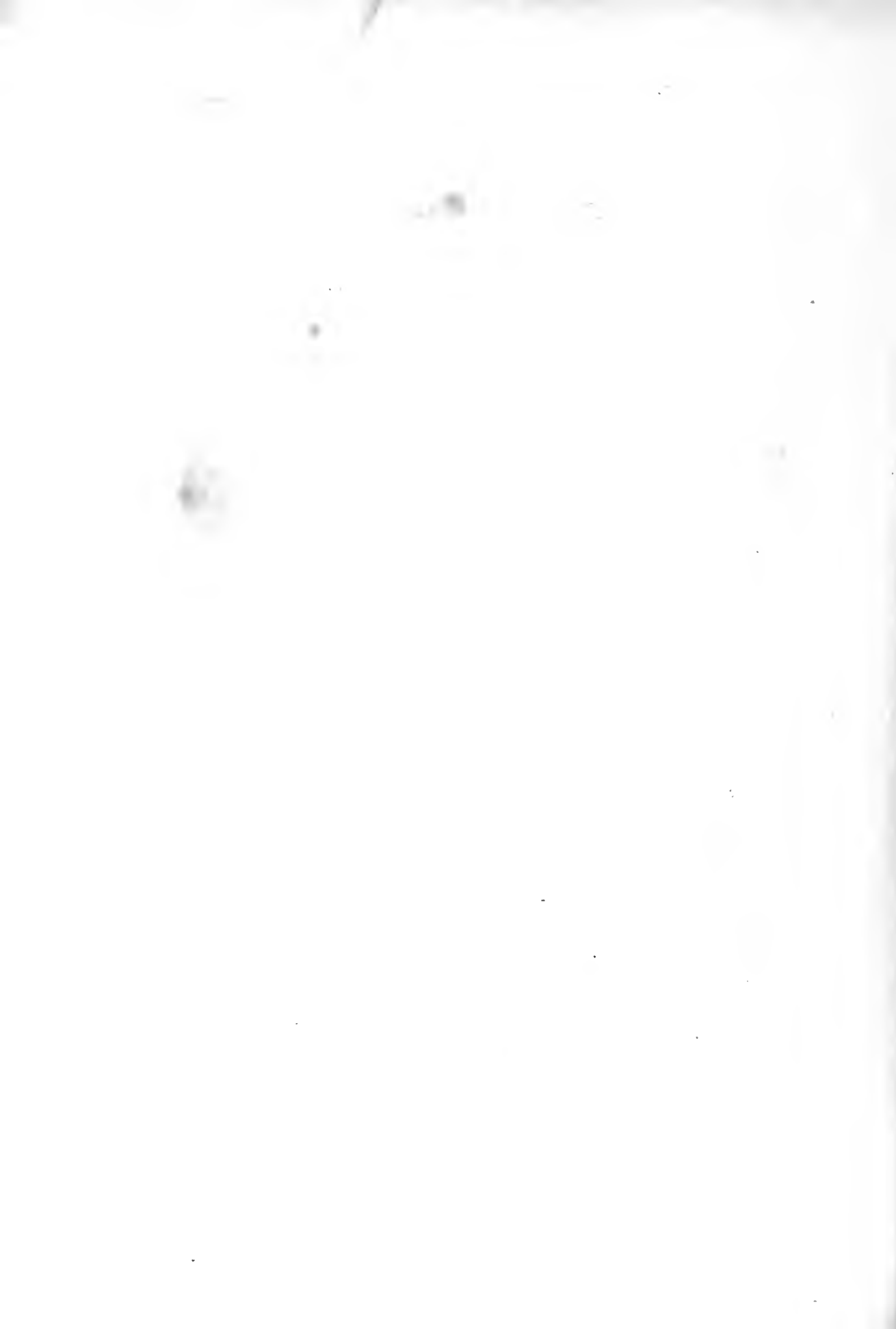
The present monastery occupies the situation of an original abbey, which stood here as early as the tenth century, previously to which it was the site of an Hungarian fortress, known as the Eisenburg, or Iron-Castle, in allusion to its strength. In

the other hand of the lovely Chrimhilt, stands the faithful Duke Eckewart, who has sworn to escort his liege lady to Hungary; and the remainder of the flotilla bears the five hundred chosen knights of Burgundy, who follow his standard.—But the vision is over—the airy castle has vanished—and a rude and solitary boat is rocking under the windows of a poor whitewashed 'Wirthshaus,' which with half-a-dozen humble cottages and some mouldering walls, now marks the site of the once strong and gay bourg of Püchlarn !"—*PLANCHE'S DANUBE*, p. 233, 1828. Also *Duller's Donau*, p. 421-2.



Remains of the

W. H. B. 1845



the 'Monasteriologia' of Stengelius, there is a list of the heads, or primates of Mölk, beginning with Sigiboldus in M.LXXXIX.,—who was the first that succeeded Leopold, the founder,—down to Valentinus, in M.DCXXXVIII., who was living when the author published his work. It is a favourite subject of description in all popular works on the Danube; but no writer in the present day has sketched the scene with more accuracy and effect than the learned author of the *Bibliographical and Antiquarian Tour*,¹ from whom we quote the following passage: "Conceive what you please," says he, "and yet you shall not conceive the situation of this monastery. Less elevated above the road than Chremsminster, but of a more commanding style of architecture, and of considerably greater extent, it strikes you, with the Danube winding round and washing its rocky base, as one of the noblest edifices in the world. Christ Church College at Oxford, and Trinity College at Cambridge, shall hardly together eclipse it; while no single portion of either can bear the least comparison with its cupola-crowned church, and the sweeping range of chambers which runs parallel with the town. The wooded heights of the opposite side of the Danube crown the view of this magnificent edifice in a manner hardly to be surpassed. There is also a beautiful play of architectural lines and ornaments in the front of the building, indicative of a pure Italian taste, and giving to the edifice, if not the air of towering grandeur, at least dignified splendour.—The library," continues our authority, "is, beyond any doubt, the finest room of its kind which I have seen upon the Continent; not, however, for its size, but for its style of architecture and the materials of which it is composed. We were told that it was the imperial library in miniature, but with this difference in favour of Mölk,* that it looks over a magnificently wooded country, with the majestic Danube rolling at its base. The wainscot and shelves are of walnut-tree of different shades, inlaid, or dovetailed, surmounted by gilt ornaments. The pilasters have Corinthian capitals, gilt; and the bolder, or projecting parts of a gallery, which surrounds the room, are covered with the same metal. Everything is in harmony: there is a play of line and proportion of parts about the whole which accords singularly well with the scenery viewed from the windows—especially as you stand at one end contemplating the other. The library may be about a hundred feet in length by forty in width; and is sufficiently well furnished with books of the ordinary class, but it was once, probably, much richer in the bibliographical lore of the fifteenth century." Of the church, which is the grand object in this splendid monastery, Dr. Dibdin observes, that "it is the very perfection of

¹ Vol. iii. p. 406.

* "The word Mölk, Mëlck—or, as it appears in the first map of the 'Germania Austriaca,' Melek—was formerly written Medilicense, Medlicense, Medicum, Medlich, and Medelick or Mellicense. This anonyms chronicle is followed by another of Conrad de Wizenberg, and an anonyms 'history of the feundation of the monastery,' compared with six other MSS. of the same kind, in the library at Mölk. The whole is concluded by an ancient Necrology of the monastery, begun to be compiled in the fifteenth century, from a vellum MS. of the same date. From Pez we learn that the heads or principals of this monastery take the rank of Primates of Austria."—DIBDIN.

ecclesiastical Roman architecture—much superior to that of Chremsminster on the score of loftiness and richness of decoration. The windows are fixed so as to throw their concentrated light beneath the dome. The church is in the shape of a cross; at the end of each transept is a rich altar with statuâry. The pews, much after the English fashion, but lower and more tasteful, are placed on each side of the nave on entering, with ample space between them. The pulpit, from top to bottom, is completely covered with gold! And yet there is nothing gaudy, or tasteless, or glaringly obtrusive," says our learned churchman, "in this extraordinary clerical rostrum. The whole is in the most perfect taste—the very nonpareil of gilt pulpits; and what is worth mentioning, it harmonizes in every respect with the building in which it is placed. In fact the whole church is in a blaze of gold, and the mere gilding is said to have cost ninety thousand florins"—an immense sum at that period. This prodigal use of the precious metal was probably in imitation of the S^{ta} Maria Maggiore, at Rome, or in rivalry of the Genoese palaces—

‘ With roofs that burn
In molten gold, like Nero’s.’

It will be readily supposed, that in an abbey of so much splendour as that of Mölk—the “Escuriel” of Germany—the comforts of a good wine-cellar were not overlooked: on the contrary, a vast accumulation of favourite vintages appears to have taken place at the commencement of the late war. Dr. Cadet,¹ in his graphic sketch of Mölk, mentions that in some of the wine-caves a carriage might be turned with ease; “and in order,” says he, “to have an idea of the abundance which reigns here, it may be sufficient merely to observe, that for four successive days, during the march of the French troops through Mölk towards Vienna, there were delivered to them not less than from fifty to sixty thousand pints of wine per day—and yet scarcely one half of the stock was exhausted. The French generals were lodged here on that momentous occasion, and no doubt found it ‘snug lying in the abbey.’”

Schönbuchel, with its two feudal and monastic ruins, is another of those picturesque and historical sites with which these banks of the Danube are so richly interspersed. The castle occupies the crest of a rugged mass of granite, projecting into the river, and is flanked by three round towers that hang over the verge of a frightful precipice. The convent, at a short distance on the same bank, has the appearance of several distinct buildings picturesquely grouped, with a tower in the centre, and richly-

¹ Mölk is celebrated in the Nibelungenlied in the following strain :—

Da brachte man aus Medilik auf Händen getragen
Manch reiches Goldge fässe, angefüllt mit Wein,
Den Gästen auf die Strasse; sie solten Willkommen sein.
Ein wirth war da gesessen, astolt genannt, &c. &c.

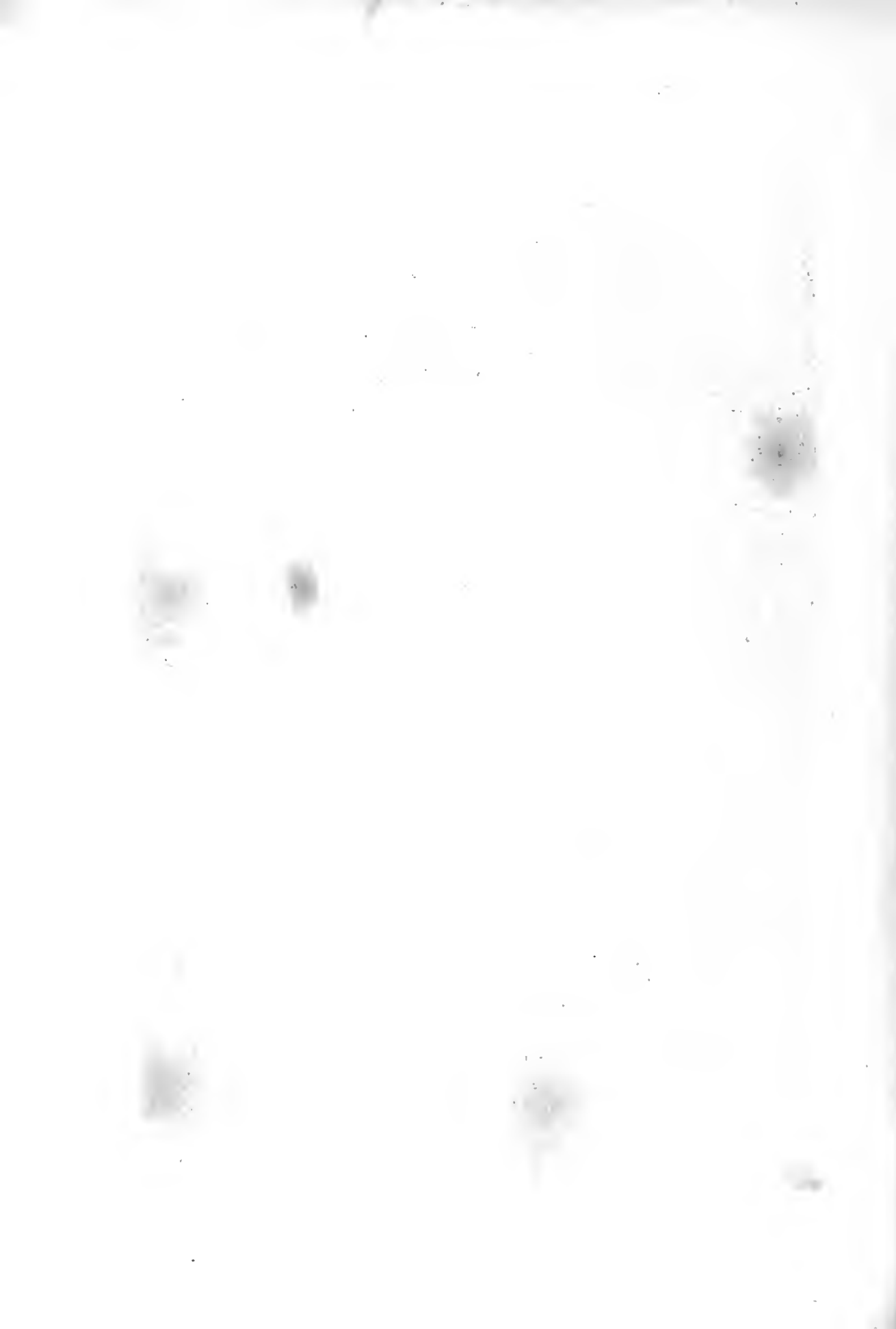
² Voyage en Autriche, en Bavière, etc., p. 19. Paris, 1818, quoted in the ‘Bibliogr. Tour,’ 414.



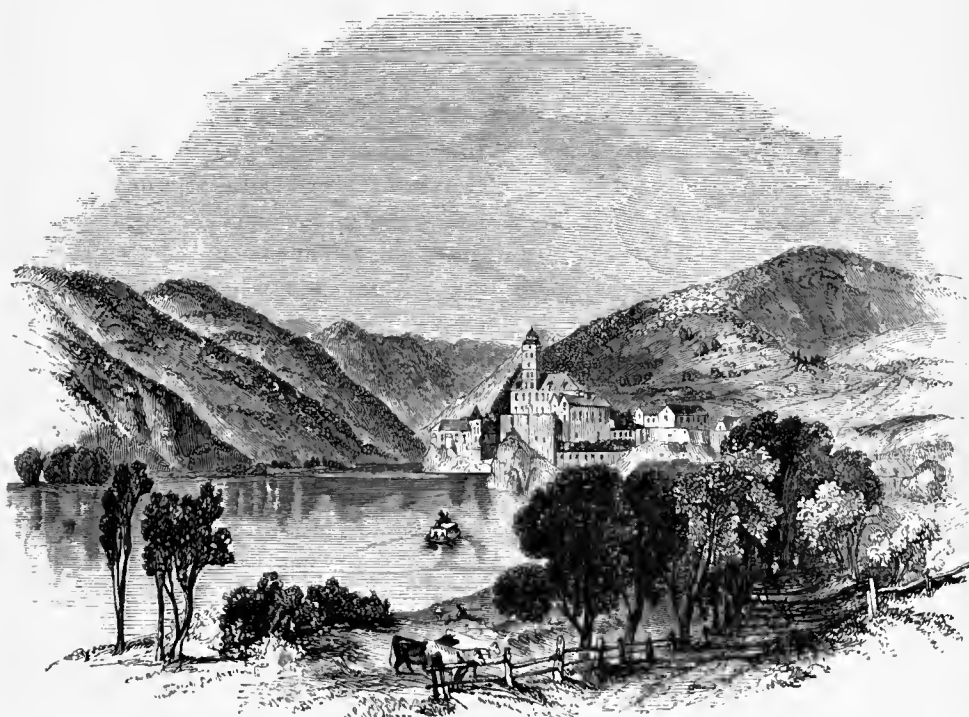
W. H. Bartlett.

Alamy

Castle Hildburghausen.



wooded rocks and lawns in the background. The castle, independently of its out-works, must have been a fortress of great strength in its original condition. Opposite the precipice is a small wooded island in the river, which has a pleasing effect. A



SCHÖNBUCHEL CASTLE.

square tower, rising from the roof of the main building and terminating in a pointed cupola, is a distinctive feature in this castle, which, for some crime perpetrated by one of its old 'unshriven' lords, is the nightly haunt of an accusing spirit, that, although seldom seen, makes itself often heard in the baron's hall, where—

The blood still reddens the mouldering oak,
 Where, clasping the blessèd rood,
 And bowing her neck to the headsman's stroke,
 Fair Cunigonda stood.
 "I know not the crime for which I die,
 My cruel lord," said she,
 "But my cause I leave to God on high—
 My untimely death to thee!"
 Down fell the axe—the life-blood streamed
 But long ere morning prime,
 Through the baron's hall a maniac screamed—
 "She was guiltless of the crime!"

Aggstein Castle, planted in stern defiance, on an almost inaccessible rock, and overlooking the valley with an air of dilapidated grandeur, is one of the most picturesque landmarks in this part of the Danube. It is a fortress of great antiquity, and with its barbican, outer and inner bayles, donjon, drawbridges, and flanking-towers, must have formed a retreat well calculated for opposing 'might to right,' and for securing temporal indemnity to its lawless chiefs. The last additions appear to have been made at the close of the fourteenth, or early in the fifteenth century; but the original tower is evidently three centuries older, and most probably contemporary with those already mentioned. Among its numerous chiefs the name of Schreckenwald stands prominently forward, as the most expert robber-knight of his day, and the terror of the neighbourhood. When not more actively engaged, says the tradition, he used to amuse himself by ordering the prisoners taken in one or other of his raids, to be brought into his presence, and precipitated through a trap-door into what he called his 'rose-garden.' This garden, however, was a dungeon, or, according to others, a ravine—from which there was no escape but through the portals of death; for if not killed by the fall, cold, famine, and foul air, by dooming his victims to a lingering death, were left to satiate the tyrant's revenge. Of the wretched prisoners thus disposed of by their ruthless captor, only one is said to have escaped. Having been dismounted in a skirmish with some of the tyrant's armed vassals, he was carried in triumph to their lord, who, recognising in his prisoner a young knight of singular prowess, a formidable rival, not only in the field but in bower—one who had lately supplanted him in the good graces of a lady who owned one of the castles opposite, resolved to accept no ransom, but ordered him to be hurled at once into the dungeon—an act which he witnessed in person, and accompanied with fiendlike exultation and mockery. The whole of that night was spent in riotous dissipation; for so overjoyed was the chief at the incident, that his retainers were allowed a more than ordinary indulgence, and another day passed off without once opening the castle-gates. Sentinels, however, trod the walls as usual; and, aware that he was lord of an impregnable castle, Schreckenwald and his brother knights protracted the feast, and drained the wassail-bowl till nearly midnight, when, having first projected a raid, to commence at daybreak, each retired to seek, in short repose, strength sufficient to wear his mail and wield his sword with address the following morning. But soon after the baron had laid his head on his pillow the clang of bugles and the clash of arms resounded through the hall; and before he had time to inquire the cause, the glare of torches discovered to his astounded sight the very prisoner whom, only two days before, he had consigned with so much indignation and ignominy to a miserable death in the 'rose-garden.' Thinking it an evil spirit come to take vengeance upon him, he stood for a moment petrified with horror; but suddenly recovering the natural courage, or rather ferocity of his character, he made a sudden spring forward, and striking desperately right and left—'Wert thou the arch-fiend himself,' he exclaimed wildly, 'Schreckenwald shall still be lord of Aggstein!' But this bravado saved neither him-



Appleton's

1840



self nor his retainers ; the latter were either stricken down or hurled from the battlements, while the ruthless tyrant, who had so long maintained his court by blood and rapine, was hastily disarmed and suspended, like a common felon, from a beam at his own entrance-hall. Those of his captives who still survived were immediately set at large, and for a time nothing was talked of but the young knight's escape from the 'rose-garden.'

Among the later incidents related in the history of this stronghold is the following:—One of its feudal chiefs, by following the example of his predatory ancestors, had become the terror of the whole province, and made himself at last peculiarly obnoxious to the Duke of Austria. But how to check his ruthless course, and bring him under obedience to the crown was a question of no common difficulty ; despising the laws, defying the sovereign, and surrounded by kinsmen and retainers as desperate as himself, he committed the most daring outrages with impunity, and scarce a day passed by without his boarding and plundering some of the trading barges on their way to Linz or Vienna. The public outcry becoming more and more loud and vehement, one of the merchants who had already suffered grievously by the hands of this river pirate, volunteered his services to the duke, which were at once accepted. Having matured his plan he repaired to Ratisbon, and there taking in (as it was reported) a cargo of valuable merchandise, with certain other stores, made preparations for descending the river to Vienna. Long before he had passed the Strudel, however, the welcome news of a very rich prize being on the water was told in the Castle of Aggstein ; and no sooner was the barge in sight, than the tower-bell, as usual, proclaimed the approach of booty. The baron, attended by a few choice vassals, pounced at once upon the expected prey, and was received on board with tokens of the most abject submission. "What is thy cargo, knave?" said he to the merchant. "Silk, brocade, and wine," answered the merchant—"with," but here he hesitated. "With what?" interposed the baron sternly ; "speak on thy life!" "With a cask or two of specie for the duke's treasury," said the merchant in a half whisper. "*Specie!*—the very thing we want," roared the baron. "Hand up the metal instantly." "The *metal* for the baron—instantly!" cried the merchant, and suddenly throwing back the canvass, thirty glittering lances were levelled at the baron's breast. "There is thy metal, herr Baron," said the skipper, pointing to the thirty mailed warriors who instantly surrounded him and his suite.—The surprise and consternation of the tyrant may be imagined, but cannot be described. He was immediately secured and committed to the hold ; and never did barge anchor under the walls of Vienna with more welcome news than when it was noised abroad that the Robber-chief, Hadmar of Aggstein, was a prisoner on board.

Dürrenstein is a locality upon which the genius of history and romance has affixed an indelible stamp. Of all the strongholds yet noticed in our passage from Ulm, it takes undisputed precedence ; and he who can pass with indifference the many feudal and monastic ruins which overlook the course of the Danube, will

pause with uplifted eye and awakened imagination, as the rock-built towers of Dürrenstein flash upon his view. Its massive walls, embattled precipices, and iron towers that survive the lapse of centuries, were of themselves amply sufficient to arrest attention and engage the stranger to pass a day within their gates; but when he recollects that yonder donjon tower was the prison of Cœur-de-Lion, a new chord is touched in his heart—more especially in that of the Englishman—and as he passes under its ponderous gateway and muses in its grass-grown and deserted courts, he feels as if acted upon by some mysterious influence—as if an invisible conductor beckoned him forward—as if the old kingly crusader himself accosted him with ‘Quhat tydings from England?’



DÜRRENSTEIN, WITH THE MAIN TOWER, OR KEEP.

the warlike seigneurs of Türnstein, and subsequently by the Ritters von Kuenring, one of whom was Hadmar, already mentioned as Lord of Aggstein.

This truly remarkable fortress occupies the crest of a rugged group of rocks, variously split and pinnacled into fantastic shapes, on the left or north bank of the river. The town, which it overlooks in all the pride of dilapidated strength and grandeur, is mentioned as early as the tenth and eleventh centuries. Its ancient ramparts and gates, the ruined nunnery of St. Clara, and the old domestic buildings, all demonstrate the antiquity of the place, and clearly exemplify the architecture of the middle ages. Of its history, however, little is known beyond what is found in connexion with its feudal superior—the superincumbent fortress, to which our observations are chiefly directed. Down to the close of the eleventh century, as we are informed by German writers, it was occupied by

In the year M.CCXCI., Duke Leopold of Babenberg, surnamed the Virtuous, undertook his second campaign against the Saracens; while the Emperor Frederick I. took the command of the third crusade, with which the bravest men in France and England, headed by their respective sovereigns, Philip and Richard, were speedily incorporated. In the last attack upon Ptolemais—Acre—Leopold with his knights was the first who mounted the walls, and there planted the standard of Austria. Fired with indignation at this success of his rival, Richard caused the standard to be hauled down and trampled in the dust. By the regulations of the Crusaders, which strictly prohibited personal conflict between leaders engaged in the same holy cause, Leopold passed over the insult; but, quitting the crusade, he repaired to the Emperor Henry, (Frederick having died in Palestine,) and obtained a promise that he should have redress on the first opportunity that offered. This was shortly after accomplished; for, in returning from the holy war, King Richard was driven by stress of weather and wrecked upon the coast near Aquileja. The king escaped with great difficulty, and wandered about for some time without discovery—for, aware that he was now in an enemy's country, he took all precautions in his power to insure his retreat to some of his friends. The secret, however, soon transpired; the duke's spies were on the alert; pursuit was commenced, and the capture of the unfortunate Cœur-de-Lion was effected in the village of Erdberg, near Vienna. He was placed under the charge of Hadmar von Kuenring, who carried him to his fortress of Dürrenstein, where he remained in durance for several months, and was then delivered up to the emperor at Spire, to whom the decision, as to the terms of his enlargement, was referred. He was then, by the imperial authority, confined in the castle of Trifels, where, in about two years, it was finally arranged that King Richard should be liberated, on condition of his giving hostages, and paying a ransom of one hundred thousand silver marks, to which were to be added sixty thousand more within seven months thereafter. The hostages were accordingly delivered up, and Richard was suffered to depart; but the *money*, says our German authority, was never paid—all that Leopold ever received was four thousand marks of silver, in compensation, probably, of the booty withheld from him at Ptolemais.—The above account, observes the same writer,¹ is taken from the “best contemporary sources, and sufficiently contradicts the invidious and spiteful versions of the story, as retailed by later historians. Several of our modern novelists also have actually misrepresented the case, and even Sir Walter Scott, we are assured, has grossly perverted it, for he has painted Richard, who though brave, was rude and immoral, as a pattern of knightly virtues; while he caricatures the excellent Duke Leopold as a fool and a heartless reveller, whereas he was, in reality, one of the most eminent princes of his age. This illusion has been ably exposed by Baron Hormayr of the Tyrol, formerly companion in arms with Hofer, and latterly Bavarian minister at the court of Hanover, in his ‘Archives,’ and ‘History of Vienna.’”

¹ See ‘Denkbuch des Oesterreichen Kaiserstaates,’ p. 81. Lepsig, 1841.—For the English account see Hollinshed, p. 136—8; also Speed, Grafton, and the elder historians.

The popular account, however, as related by our own chroniclers, in the History of King Richard, is too interesting and romantic to be overturned by all the modern evidence that can be brought against it. We shall therefore make no apology for introducing in this place a passage or two from the old version :—The information which, during his absence in the Holy Land, King Richard received of the intrigues of his brother John, and those of the King of France, made him sensible that his presence was necessary in Europe. But as he dared not pass through France he sailed for the Adriatic, and being shipwrecked, as before related, near Aquileja, he put on the disguise of a pilgrim, with the purpose of taking his journey secretly through Germany. Pursued by the Governor of Istria, he was forced out of the direct road to England, and obliged to pass by Vienna, where his habits and expenses betraying the monarch in the habit of the pilgrim, he was arrested by Duke Leopold in the manner already mentioned. This prince had served under Richard at the siege of Acre, but being disgusted, as above stated, by the insult offered to him by the haughty monarch, he was so ungenerous as to seize the present opportunity of gratifying at once his avarice and revenge, by throwing the king into prison. The Emperor, Henry VI., who also considered Richard an enemy—on account of the alliance contracted by him with Tancred, King of Sicily—despatched messengers to the Duke of Austria, requiring the royal captive to be delivered up to him, and stipulated a large sum of money as a reward for this service. Thus the King of England, who had filled the whole world with his renown, found himself, during the most critical state of his affairs, loaded with irons and confined a close prisoner in the dungeon fastness of Dürrenstein. The English council was astonished on receiving this fatal intelligence, and foresaw all the dangerous consequences which might arise from that event. The queen-dowager wrote reiterated letters to the Pope, exclaiming against the injury which her son had sustained; representing the impiety of detaining in prison the most illustrious prince that had yet carried the banners of Christ in the Holy Land; claiming the protection of the apostolic see, which was due even to the meanest of these adventurers. But this spirited remonstrance was lost on Pope Celestine. In the mean time the King of France being informed of Richard's imprisonment, was eager to take advantage of the incident, and reviving the calumny of Richard's assassinating the Marquess of Montferrat, made the largest offers to the emperor if he would deliver into his hands the royal prisoner, or at least detain him in perpetual captivity. But Richard's most inveterate enemy was his own brother, Prince John, whose unnatural conduct is familiar to every reader. "In the meantime," says his biographer, "the high spirit of Richard suffered in the prison towers of Dürrenstein every kind of insult and indignity. The French ambassadors, in their master's name, renounced him as a vassal to the crown of France, and declared all his fiefs to be forfeited to his liege lord. The emperor, that he might render him more impatient for the recovery of his liberty, and make him submit to the payment of a larger ransom, treated him with the greatest severity, and reduced him to a condition worse than the meanest

malefactor. He was even produced before the diet of the empire at Worms, and publicly accused by the emperor of many crimes and misdemeanors. But the spirit and eloquence of Richard made such an impression upon the German princes, that they exclaimed loudly against the conduct of the emperor; the pope threatened him with excommunication, and Henry, who had listened to the proposals of the King of France and Prince John, found it impossible that he could execute his and their base purposes, or detain the King of England any longer in captivity. He therefore concluded with him a treaty for his ransom, and agreed to restore him to his freedom for a sum of about three hundred thousand pounds of our present money, of which two-thirds were to be paid before he received his liberty, and sixty-seven hostages delivered for the remainder. The emperor, as if to gloss over the infamy of this transaction, made at the same time a present to Richard of the kingdom of Arles, comprehending Narbonne, Provence, Dauphiny, and others, to which the empire had some antiquated claims—a present which the king very wisely neglected. The captivity of the superior lord was one of the cases provided for by the feudal tenures; and all the vassals were in that event obliged to give an aid for his ransom. Twenty shillings were therefore levied on every knight's fee in England. But as this money came in slowly, and was not sufficient for the purpose intended, the voluntary zeal of the people readily supplied the deficiency. The churches and monasteries melted down their plate to the amount of thirty thousand marks; the bishops, abbots, and nobles paid a fourth of their yearly rent; the parochial clergy contributed a tenth of their tithes; and the requisite sum being thus collected, Queen Eleanor and Walter, Archbishop of Rouen, set out with it to Germany; paid the money to the emperor and the Duke of Austria at Metz; delivered them hostages for the remainder, and freed Richard from captivity. His escape was very critical. Henry had been detected in the assassination of the Bishop of Liege, and in an attempt of the like nature on the Duke of Louvaine; and finding himself extremely obnoxious to the German princes, on account of these odious practices, he had determined to seek support from an alliance with the King of France; to detain Richard, the enemy of that prince, in perpetual captivity; to keep in his hands the money which he had already received for his ransom; and to extort fresh sums from Philip and Prince John, who were very liberal in their offers to him. He therefore gave orders that Richard should be pursued and arrested; but the king, making all imaginable haste, had already embarked at the mouth of the Scheldt, and was out of sight of land when the messengers reached Antwerp.¹ He landed at Sandwich on the thirteenth of March, after an absence of more than four years, about fourteen months of which he had dragged out in the prison of Dürrenstein and other strongholds of the emperor. He was welcomed by his people with an honest and enthusiastic joy; and although he had been sorely fleeced, there was

¹ Hume. Rapin, I. 260—7.—Life of Cœur de Lion.

still, it appears, wealth enough left to give him a magnificent reception in London, at sight of which, one of the German barons who attended him, is said to have exclaimed, "Oh king! if our Cæsar had suspected this, you would not have been let off so lightly."¹

Forty years after Richard's captivity in Dürrenstein, the Kuenrings had become the most daring marauders in the whole country. Shint up in impregnable fastnesses they descended at pleasure, to plunder the merchant-vessels on the river, and subject the towns and villages to heavy contributions. For a time they acted in defiance of all authority, human or divine, and carried no small terror, even into the court of the sovereign. But at length Frederick von Babenberg, surnamed the 'Strenuous,' inflicted a severe chastisement upon them; and after having demolished their strongholds, compelled them to submit to whatever terms he was pleased to dictate. About the middle of the fourteenth century the family of the Kuenrings von Dürrenstein became extinct, when the castle reverted to the Seigneurs von Meissau, and then successively to those of Ebersdorfs, Enenkels, Zinzendorfs, and at last settled in the family of Stahremberg, in whose possession it still remains. During the last two centuries,—ever since it was demolished by the Swedes in M.DCXLV., it has continued in a ruinous condition, every successive year detracting something from its strength, and opening a wider scene of desolation; and before another century has passed away, the more remarkable features of Dürrenstein will have disappeared—so, probably, will most of the other castles which now line the banks of the Danube, and impart such deep and thrilling interest to the scene. And those historical landmarks of the Rhine or the Danube once obliterated, what remains! The natural scenery, striking and romantic as it is, may still arrest the eye, the river may still roll on its majestic volume, but the voice which, from those 'castled cliffs' had appealed so long and so forcibly to the imagination, will have become dumb for ever.

Having alluded to the tradition respecting Richard² and his minstrel, we annex the following account, as given in the History of the Troubadours. Not only the place of his confinement; if we may believe the history of the times, but even the circumstance of his captivity was carefully concealed by his vindictive enemies; and both might have remained unknown but for the grateful attachment of a Provençal bard, or minstrel, named Blondel, who had shared the prince's friendship and tasted his bounty. Having travelled over all the European continent to learn the destiny of his beloved patron, Blondel accidentally got intelligence of a certain castle in

¹ Hist. of England, (Civil and Military Transactions,) Book III. 510., on the authority of Brompton, Hemingford, and Hovedon.

² Richard's fame, however, was purely that of a warrior. When we have given him the praise of indomitable valour his panegyric is finished. "He has been compared," says Mackintosh, "to Achilles, but the greatest of poets chose to adorn his savage hero with sorrow for the fate of Patroclus—a sort of infirmity which cannot be imputed to Richard, who had, in every respect, the heart of a lion."



J. C. Pennington.

W. H. Pennington.

Castle of St. Philip, - Pennington.

Pennington, - St. Philip, - Pennington.



Germany, where a prisoner of distinction was confined and guarded with great vigilance. Persuaded by a secret impulse that this prisoner was the King of England, the minstrel repaired to the place; but the gates of the castle were shut against him, and he could obtain no satisfactory information as to the name and quality of the unhappy person it secured. In this extremity he bethought himself of an expedient for making the desired discovery. He chanted with a loud voice some verses of a song which had been composed partly by himself, partly by Richard; and to his unspeakable joy, on making a pause, he heard it re-echoed and continued by the royal captive.¹

"'Tis he! thy prince long sought, long lost,
The leader of the red-cross host!
'Tis he! to none thy joy betray,
Young troubadour, away—away!
Away to the Island of the brave;
The gem on the bosom of the wave;
Arouse the sons of the noble soil,
To win their Lion from the toil."

This legend of Cœur de Lion and Blondel de Nesle, is common in every history of his life and reign; but few of the authors, if any have given the *chanson* itself, which, in the original, ran as follows:—

Blondel.—Donna vostra beaumas,
Elas, bellas faissos,
Els bels oils amoros;
Els gens cors bèn taillats,
Don sieu empresenats,
De vostra amor que mi lia.

Cœur de Lion.—Si bel trop affansia,
Ta, de vos, non partrai
Que major honorai,
Sol, en votre deman,
Que sautra des beisan,
Pot ean de vos vobrai.

Translated.—Your beauty, lady fair,
None view without delight,
But still as cold as air,
No passion you excite;
Yet this I patient see,
While all are shunned like me.

No nymph my heart can wound,
If favours she divide,
And smile on all around,
Unwilling to decide;
I'd rather hatred bear,
Than love with others share.

ΝΥΚΟΝ.²

It is still a question, among writers on the subject of this interview, whether the recognition between the royal captive and his minstrel-knight took place in Dürrenstein, or in the castle of Trifels, to which he was afterwards transferred by the emperor's order. In the former, strangers are still shown the rugged cell, hollowed in the natural rock, in which Richard is said to have expiated the insult offered to the Duke at Acre; but although this can be only matter of conjecture, it is quite clear that Dürrenstein, and not Greiffenstein, was the actual scene of his captivity.

¹ See Russell's *Modern Europe*, Vol. I. p. 369. Also that beautiful poem by Mrs. Hemans, "The Troubadour and Richard Cœur de Lion." Vol. II. p. 130.

² V. Article in the *Graph*; and *Hist. Illustrator*, p. 220.

To the capture of Dürrenstein by the Swedish army we have already alluded. During the war of succession it was again threatened with a similar visitation, but the enemy's design was completely frustrated by an ingenious but ludicrous stratagem on the part of the citizens. A party of Austrian and Bavarian troops, having here crossed the Danube, intended to surprise the town; but the magistrates being



INTERIOR OF DURRENSTEIN, WITH KING RICHARD'S PRISON.

apprised of the movement barricaded the gates, arranged numerous ends of bored pump-trees, blackened, along the ramparts, in imitation of guns, and marched to and fro through the streets, blowing trumpets and beating drums, as if thousands of armed men were hurrying to the post of defence. Struck by this note of warlike

preparation, and fearing to risk an open conflict, the enemy wheeled round, and left the Dürrensteiners to enjoy without molestation, the success of their ingenious *ruse-de-guerre*.

On the small plain below the town, the French, under Marshal Mortier, were defeated on the eleventh of November, 1805, by the Austrians and Russians under Kutusof and Schmidt. Nearly the whole of the division called 'Gazon' was cut off, and the marechal himself wounded; but he escaped with the remnant of the troops by crossing the Danube in canoes. The victory was gained by turning round a French corps—a huntsman, well acquainted with the neighbouring passes, having led a division of the Russians across the mountain defile, so as to fall upon the rear of the French and thus place them between two fires.

The town of Dürrenstein is small, with a population of only five hundred souls; but its appearance from the water, owing to its handsome church, palace, and secularized convent, is very prepossessing. So much was the celebrated Denon struck with the ruins of the castle, that at the period of the second invasion by the French, he had a series of drawings made on the spot, to serve as appropriate decorations for the opera of "Richard Cœur-de-Lion," whose prison-tower—

"Amid bright sunshine hangs on high,
Like a thunder-cloud in a summer sky."

The town of **Stein**, which next demands a few passing words, is a place of considerable stir and animation, and contains upwards of four thousand inhabitants. The church of the Gray friars, now converted to secular purposes, and the town-hall, or rathaus, are severally buildings of noble design and execution. About half a league or less on the same side of the Danube is the town of Krems, with a population considerably more than that of Stein, and enjoying a fair proportion of trade. On the north side of the town is the well-known **monastery**¹ belonging to the

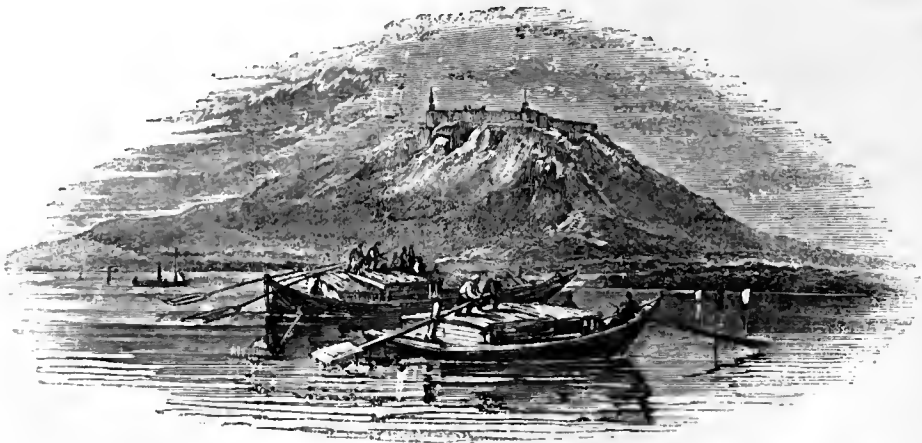
¹ "I cannot," says a distinguished author, speaking of this monastery, "I cannot dissemble the joy I felt on the first view of this striking and venerable edifice. It is situated upon a considerable eminence, and built, seemingly, on a foundation of rock. Its mosque-fashioned tower, the long range of its windows, and height of its walls, cannot fail to arrest the attention very forcibly. On entering the quadrangle in which the church is situated, we were surprised at its extent and the respectability of its architecture. We then made for the church, along the cloister, and found it nearly deserted,—vespers being ended. A few straggling supplicants, however, were left behind, ardent in prayer, upon their knees; but the florid style of the architecture of the interior of this church immediately caught our attention and admiration. The sides are covered with large oil-paintings, while at each corner of these pictures stands the large figure of a saint, boldly sculptured, as if to support the painting. Throwing your eye along this series of paintings and sculpture, on each side of the church, the whole has a grand and imposing effect; while the subjects of some of the paintings, describing the tortures of the damned, or the sufferings of the good, cannot fail, in the mind of an enthusiastic devotee, to produce a very powerful sensation.—The altars here, as usual in Germany, are profusely ornamented."—But for the very interesting account which follows of the library, from the windows of which there is a truly magnificent prospect, we must refer our bibliographical readers to the original, Vol. III. p. 373, Bibliographical, Picturesque, and Antiquarian Tour.

Benedictine order, a quadrangular edifice of great extent, and remarkable for its church, which is considered one of the best specimens of Gothic architecture in Germany. The whole of this district, including the towns mentioned, suffered much during the French invasion, and was the scene of various conflicts between the belligerent forces; while history and tradition, stretching far back through the vista of centuries, record many disastrous circumstances of war and persecution, by which these towns were severally oppressed—but to which the limited nature of this work does not permit us more particularly to advert.¹

From the number of monastic edifices—and these of the very first order—which diversify and adorn these banks of the Danube, the district is most distinctly marked as that of the Church; for no sooner has one splendid monastery faded from the eye, than another comes into view with equal, or even greater claims upon our admiration. Mölk, Krems, and Gottweih, are severally points of unrivalled interest in the landscape—if only considered as artificial monuments that variegate and enrich the picture; but when viewed in connexion with the intellectual treasures which they contain—as the sanctuaries of religion and learning—they awaken a much more powerful and lasting impression, and conciliate the best feelings of the heart.

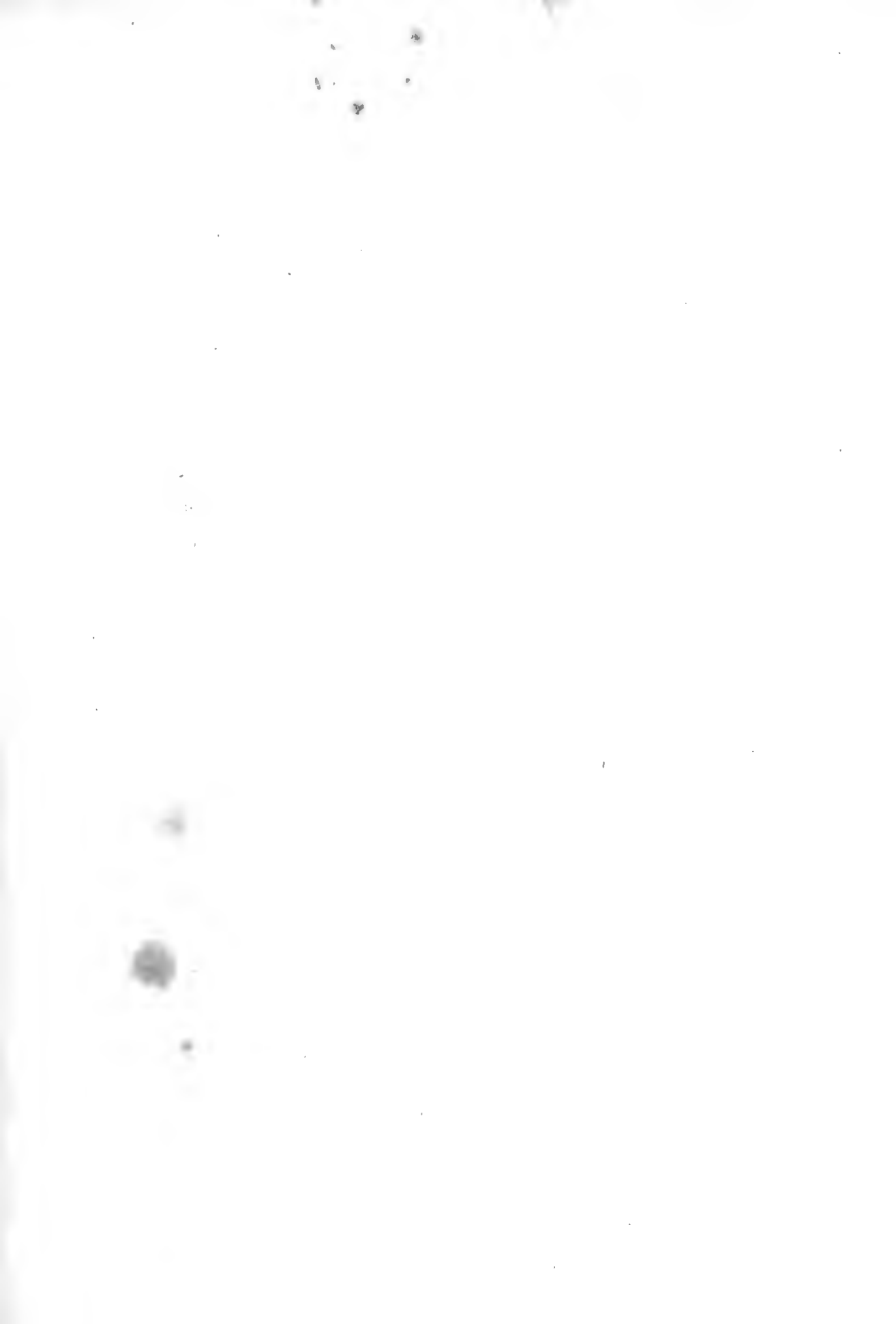
Sepius stulti ratione capti,
Simplicem, sanctem, nihili putabant;
Gloriæ vane quia non studebant
Incolæ cœli.

The monastery of **Gottweih**, crowning the summit of a round isolated hill, is distinctly visible from the Danube, and like those already mentioned, is built on a



GOTTWEIH FROM THE DANUBE.

¹ The reader, desirous of knowing more on the subject, may consult Planché, Duller, Schultes, and the Statistical Account of Austria, particularly that of the Upper Danube. In the "Bibliograph and Antiquarian Tour," also, several interesting facts are recorded.





G. K. Richardson.

W. H. W. 1849

Widdowbury

vast scale, with lofty towers at each of the four corners, and enclosed within a fortified wall. Seen in the distance, it has no background but the blue sky on which it seems to rest, with its outline of towers, and walls, and cupolas brightly and minutely defined. "On catching the first view of it," says the Rev. Dr. Dibdin, "my companion (himself a painter) could not restrain his admiration; and from the steepness of the ascent we thought it prudent to alight and walk to the monastery. From the gates—higher than the citadel of Salzburg—the view was both commanding and enchanting; the Danube was the grand feature in the landscape; while on its busy border, at the distance perhaps of three English miles, stood the town of Krems, already noticed. The opposite heights of the Danube were well covered with wood. The sun now shone in his meridian splendour, and every feature of the country seemed to be in a glow with his beams. The interior of the monastery is capacious and handsome, but of less architectural splendour than M^ölk, or even St. Florian." It is not so rich as that of Krems; for as the abbot observed, in answer to a question from our traveller, "Establishments like this, situated near a metropolis, are generally more severely visited than those in a retired and remote part of the kingdom. Our very situation," said he, 'is inviting to a foe, from its commanding the adjacent country. Look at the prospect around you—it is unbounded. On yonder wooded heights, on the opposite shore of the Danube, we all saw, from these very windows, the fire and smoke of the advanced guard of the French army, in contest with the Austrians in their first advance to Vienna. The Emperor Buonaparte himself took possession of this monastery. He slept here, and the next day we entertained him with the best *dejeuné à la fourchette* which we could afford. He seemed well satisfied with his reception—but I own that I was glad when he left us. Strangers to arms in this tranquil retreat, and visited only as you may now visit us, for the purpose of peaceful hospitality, it agitated us extremely to come in contact with warriors and chieftains. Observe yonder,' continued the abbot, pointing to an old castle on the left, 'that castle, so tradition reports, once held your Richard I., when detained prisoner by the Duke of Austria.' The more the abbot spoke the more I continued to gaze around, the more I fancied myself treading on faëry ground, and that the scene in which I was engaged partook of the illusion of romance."

The Austrian monasteries in general claim Charlemagne as their founder; and there is no doubt that during his reign, when religion and learning were eminently fostered and patronized, a great proportion of these ecclesiastical establishments was first called into existence; but with respect to that of Gottweih, the honour of its foundation is ascribed to Altmann, Bishop of Passau, who died A. D. M. XCI., about twenty years after the erection of the monastery. But after the lapse of so many centuries, it is still unfinished, much of the original plan being omitted, without any probability remaining of its ever being carried into effect. The monastery of Gottweih enjoyed of old great privileges and revenues: it had twenty-two parish churches, four towns, several villages, hamlets, &c., subject to its ecclesiastical

jurisdiction; and these parishes, together with the monastery itself, were not subject to the visitations of the diocesan Bishop of Passau, but of the pope himself.

Towards the middle of the seventeenth century, this monastery appears to have taken the noble form under which it is at present beheld. It has not, however, escaped from more than *one* severe visitation by the Turks. The views¹ of the Danube and the surrounding country, as seen from the windows of the monastery, are enchanting, and such as poet and painter delight to contemplate. Of the kindness and genuine hospitality of the abbot of Gottweih, Dr. Dibdin has given us an interesting account, but for which we must again refer our readers to his illustrated work on this subject, from which we have already quoted. As a place of pilgrimage, Gottweih is much frequented—vast numbers of the country people from all parts resorting annually to this shrine, as they do to that of Maria Täfel already mentioned.

In taking leave of this magnificent monastery²—this sanctuary of ages, revered for its learning and renowned for its hospitality—we cannot employ terms more feeling and appropriate than those made use of by a distinguished clergyman of the church of England in bidding farewell to its abbot and brotherhood—"And now I ask you, my dear friend," says he, "how is it possible for me ever to forget this 'day of joyance,' spent at the monastery of Gottweih,—Nulla dies unquam, etc."³

Below Krems and the subject just noticed, the scenery, though enriched by cultivation and highly productive, loses much of the interest which had hitherto been kept alive by those constantly recurring pictures of rocky defiles, mouldering fastnesses, and sweeping forests, through which the Danube, thus far, pours his majestic flood. The river is now so interspersed with numerous wooded islands,

¹ Stengelius speaks of the magnificent views seen from the summit of this monastery, on a clear day; but observes, that even in his time it was without springs or wells, and that it received the rain-water in leaden cisterns. The present abbot, in his interview with the Rev. Dr. Dibdin, adverts to the same inconvenience. "All our food," said he, "is brought from a considerable distance, and we are absolutely dependent upon our neighbours for water, as there are neither wells nor springs in the soil." "I wonder," replied the Doctor, "why such a spot should be chosen, except for its insulated and commanding situation, as water is the first requisite in every monastic establishment." "Do you then overlook the Danube?" resumed the Abbot. "We get our fish from thence; and, upon the whole, we feel our wants less than it might be supposed. Only it is expensive to be paying for the conveyance of such things."

² There is a spring shown at the foot of the mountain, where that turbulent prelate, the Bishop of Passau, who founded the monastery,—then only a student,—entered into compact with Adalbert, afterwards Bishop of Wurtzburg and Gebhard, afterwards Bishop of Salzburg, by which they bound themselves to rise against the Emperor, Henry IV. so soon as they should be appointed to their several sees, an extraordinary agreement which they religiously fulfilled; and, having succeeded in stirring up his own son to rebellion, they compelled the unfortunate monarch, after a desperate struggle, to resign his crown at Ratisbon. Altmann, however, was not permitted to witness the triumph of his party—the enraged emperor deprived him of his bishopric, and he died six years after in exile, at Zieselmaier."—DESCENT OF THE DANUBE, p. 262.

³ Bibl. Antiq. and Picturesque Tour, Vol. III. pp. 437, 445.





Admiral

W. J. Barber

Castle of Grogendun

as to form quite an archipelago ; while to right and left the mountains receding inland leave a wide province for the business of agriculture, which is here studied and exercised with manifest success and daily improvements. The plains under cultivation being without hedges, copse-wood, flocks or herds, present, as in most other districts of Germany, an air of tameness and monotony, which, to those descending the Danube, is still more particularly apparent. Villages, small towns, and churches, however, are scattered, although at wide intervals, over the plain ; and being generally encircled with trees, throw some degree of life and cheerfulness into the picture—but still it is a picture of still life. Among the few objects of art which relieve with a bolder feature the now almost uniform smoothness of the landscape, is the castle of **Hollenburg** crowning a steep acclivity, and overlooked on the same side by the chapel of Wetterkreuz,¹ which, from its isolated position, forms a striking object in the landscape. The castle, like most of its contemporaries, is now a complete ruin ; but during the latter part of the fifteenth century it was the stronghold of two robber-chiefs, named Wettau and Frohenauer, who, with the armed banditti under their command, greatly infested the river-trade, and lightened many a goodly barge of its cargo. At length, however, the hour of retribution having arrived, this nest of freebooters drew down upon itself an act of popular vengeance, which left it ‘chiefless and roofless,’ an example to all petty tyrants who might thenceforward dare to disturb the intercourse of free trade.

A barge floats down the Danube's flood,
 With costly merchandise—
 “ Now up and arm, my comrades good,
 That barge shall be our prize ! ”
 So spoke the robber Hollenburg,
 And, girding on his glaive,
 Swift through the glen, with his harnessed men,
 He rushed to the Danube's wave.
 “ To the shore ! to the shore ! thou skipper knave !
 For thy life and prize are mine ! ”
 “ Not so, proud knight ! for we bear this freight
 To the Lord of Greiffenstein.
 Look back ! ”—And looking back he saw
 His towers in a ruddy blaze,
 Where flashing aloof, through the crackling roof,
 The fiery vengeance plays.
 “ Now yield thee ! yield thee ! ” the skipper calls—
 For thy men we've a gallows-tree ;
 We have loyal hearts to fill thy halls —
 But an axe and block for thee ! ”

¹ Tulla. The Dreikönigs Kapelle, or Chapel of the Three Kings, now converted into a warehouse, is a very remarkable example of early Gothic, or Romanesque architecture. It was built A. D. M. XI. by the Emperor Henry II. It is circular in shape, and is the most beautiful monument of that style in Austria. In the plain around this small town John Sobieski, at the head of twelve thousand brave Poles, effected a junction with the Prince of Lorraine, and set out thence with an army of seventy thou-

Greiffenstein, another of those castles which overlook the Danube, in a state of similar dilapidation, has long disputed with Dürrenstein the honour of having been the prison of our English Richard. But to this distinction it has no just claim, as it has now been finally ascertained from historical documents, that the castle of Dürrenstein and Trifels are the only fortresses in Austria, to which was entrusted the safe custody of the chivalrous Plantagenet. Here, nevertheless, the ciceroné has been long accustomed to show to visitors a wooden-cage, in which they are told Richard Cœur-de-Lion was confined like a wild beast, and small pieces of which are sold to the credulous as precious relics. It is probable that this cage, according to the usage of feudal despots, was employed for securing criminals, prisoners of war, or other offenders against the will and pleasure of the lords of Greiffenstein.¹ The view from the massive square tower of Greiffenstein, commanding a magnificent panorama of mountains, forests, cultivated plains, interspersed with towns and villages, with the isle-bestudded Danube flowing in tranquil majesty under the windows, is one of the finest in Germany; and during the summer attracts numerous visitors from the capital. The castle is the property of Prince Lichtenstein, who, by his taste and liberality, has arrested the wasting hand of time, restored to it much of its ancient character, and thereby increased the attraction presented by its truly romantic position on one of the spurs, or out-posts of the Wienerwald. The origin of the name is said to be derived from the rock on which the castle is built having been the haunt of a griffin, the impression of whose talons is still pointed out on the rock as an argument every way calculated to put incredulity to the blush.²

sand strong, to rescue Vienna and the Emperor Leopold from the Turks in M.DCLXXXIII.—**HAND-BOOK**.—Route Linz to Vienna, p. 194—5. Der Historisch interessanteste Ort auf der ganzen Stromstrecke von Krems bis Klosterneuburg ist das Städtchen Tulln, &c. In Nibelungenliede wird Tulln als Stadt erwähnt:

Eine Stadt liegt an der Donau im Oestreicherland,
Die ist geheissen Tullna, &c. 22^{tes} Abentener.

¹ For an interesting tradition concerning this castle, we refer our readers to Planché's Danube, where the story of Sir Richard and his daughter Evelina is beautifully told.

² The following is the account given by a German writer:—Ob die sage ächt sei welche von der Entstehung des Namens *Greiffenstein* erzählt wird, wollen wir nicht verbürgen; wir theilen sie jedoch hier mit. Der Burgherr kam nach langer Abwesenheit von der Kreuzfahrt heim; im Schönste Fests-mucke, das üppege Haar in lange Flechten gebunden, cilte ihm seine Gattin freudig entgegen. Wie er sie so ihm Glanze ihrer Schönheit und ihres Putzes sah, erwachte ihm Eifersucht im Herzen und er hielt sich für überzeugt, dass nicht er, der Unerwartete, es gewesen, für den sie sich so festlich gesch-mücket. Ohne Verzug rief er den Burgpfaffen herbei, befragte ihn und da er keine genügende Auskunft erhielt, liess er ihn in die Tiefe des Turmes werfen, der Gattin aber schnitt er die schönen langen Flechten ab, und als sie um Gnade für den unschuldig Gefangenen flehte, schwur er, nicht eher wolle er denselben losgeben, als bis der Stein and der Treppe von den Berührungen der Auf- und Niedersteigenden so tief Gehöhlt sei, dass er die Flechten in die Höhlung Stecken könne. Da soll nun das Gesinde Jedem, der die Burg betrat, mitleidig zugerufen haben: *Greiff-an-den-Stein!* der Burgherr aber in der Folge die Treppe herabgestürzt sein und den Hals gebrochen haben, sein ruheloser Geist noch im schlosse wandeln, etc."



J. H. Bailey

W. H. Burdett

Strasbourg - Neuburg

STRASBURG - NEUBURG

The chief objects which next engage the stranger's attention, are Bisamberg¹ and Kornenburg on the left, and Klosterneuburg on the right bank of the Danube. Of these, the first is celebrated for its vineyards, the produce of which is held in some estimation by connoisseurs in wine; although the Austrian grape in general is far from recommending itself to the palate of strangers accustomed to the French and Rhenish vintages. But the soil and aspect of the vineyards around Bisamberg being peculiarly favourable to this department of rural industry, the wine is in much higher request, and consequently brings a better price than others on the Danube; so that the immediate environs are a source of considerable emolument. A castle and church, each a commanding object in size and situation, give additional interest to this locality, which has the special advantage of a river—the Donaugraben—connecting it with the Danube. Kornenburg, nearly opposite the Kloster, is a walled and rather well-built town, through which runs the public road to Bisamberg and Langenzersdorf. The principal object is the church, the square towers of which, with their cupolas and pinnales, form striking points in the landscape. With this town several historical recollections are associated. It was here that in M.CCCCLXII. the Bohemian monarch brought the resources of his kingdom to the relief of the Emperor Frederick IV., against whom his brother, the Duke of Austria, had risen in arms, and at that time invested the city of Vienna with an army. The sudden appearance of the Bohemians, however, compelled him to raise the siege; the emperor, who had been shut up in the citadel with a mere handful of men, and driven almost to extremity, was liberated and reinstated in his authority; while the rebel duke, compelled to restore whatever had fallen into his hands during this unnatural warfare, was condemned to pay an annual tribute for the emperor's permission to retain his ducal authority.

Klosterneuburg, situated on a gentle eminence, at the base of the Kahlenberg overlooking the Danube, presents a very imposing front to the water; but it is chiefly remarkable for the rich and spacious monastery of the Augustine order, which was partly rebuilt upwards of a century ago, and in which workmen are still employed in carrying out the original plan, so that when finished it will be a second Vatican. The foundation of the original church, like most of those already noticed, dates from a very remote period, and during the lapse of several centuries, has continued to be a favourite resort of devotees. The stillness and inactivity of the place, harmonizing with the religious duties and exercises of the brotherhood, present nothing that can distract their minds by the intrusion of secular passions and pursuits—the whole, by excluding the world, appears to favour a life of celestial contemplation. Nevertheless, as à Kempis, one of their own order has observed—"Non est parvum in monasteriis, vel in congregatione habitare, et inibi sine querela conversari, et usque ad mortem fidelis perseverare. Beatus, qui ibidem bene vixerit et feliciter

¹ Am Bisamberg floss in allen Zeiten die Donau Vorbei, daher sei der Name—*Ris am Berg*.

consummaverit." The motto is—"Si vis debitè stare et proficere, teneas te tanquam exulem peregrinum super terram."



The church contains several objects of curiosity, the principal of which is the altar of Verdun, covered with metal plates, on which are etched numerous scriptural subjects, in the style called *niello*, soon after the middle of the twelfth century, and consequently among the very earliest specimens of the art which have descended to modern times. They are understood to have been executed by Prior Werner, who flourished about a century and a half before the time of Finiguerra—the celebrated sculptor and goldsmith of Florence, to whom is inscribed the invention of copper-plate printing. He practised also the above art called ‘niello,’ which consisted in enehasing dark metallic substances into cavities worked on gold and silver, and fixing them by fusion; but of this it would appear, by the evidence of these plates—amounting to several hundreds—that Werner was the inventor. The library contains above twenty-five thousand volumes in all

languages, with a numerous collection of MSS., several of which are of great value. There is besides, a cabinet of painting and natural history. The treasury is said to be very rich in plate and jewels, the gifts of sovereigns, princes, and pilgrims, who have craved an interest in the prayers of the fraternity. In front of the church is a richly-carved Gothic pillar, called the ‘Everlasting Light,’ on account of the votive lamp which was kept burning before it for many ages. It was raised to commemorate the great pestilence which devastated the valley of the Danube in the fourteenth century, and called forth from the survivors so many acts of voluntary penance and pilgrimage. But to the faithful, the chief object of veneration is the chapel of St. Leopold—the tutelary Saint of Austria,—in which the canonized bones of that godly founder are most religiously preserved. The tradition connecting this prince with the origin of the Kloster, is thus preserved, in the annals of the place:—The Margrave, Leopold the Fourth, having erected a new family fortress, on the summit of Mons Cetius, where its ruins are still to be traced, was sitting one evening at the window of his hall, musing on the passing events of his time—on the fate of the old emperor, whom he had abandoned—and visited, perhaps, with compunctious feelings, as he bethought him of his own sinful course. At his side sate his beloved spouse, the Margravine Agnes; and while they were talking over the religious topics of the day—the endowment of monasteries, the purchase of masses, and the powerful efficacy of good works in quieting the upbraidings of conscience, Leopold expressed an earnest desire to promote the glory of God, by raising a sumptuous altar, and surrounding it by holy men, who should there serve Him night and day. But among the number of inviting spots which there met the eye, he could not decide which





View from the Sieboldsburg
(Lüding to Kloster Neuburg)

was the most eligible for the building in contemplation. Thus perplexed in his choice, he appealed to his wife; and just as she leant forward to take a more minute survey of the subjacent country, a gentle breeze suddenly rising, fluttered for an instant amidst her flowing ringlets, and then lifting her veil carried it away—no one knew whither. For some days subsequent to this incident, strict search was made for the veil, but without effect. It could neither be recovered by threats of punishment nor promises of reward.—During the three months ensuing, affairs of state diverted the mind of Leopold from his pious purpose. But one day, while engaged in his favourite pastime of boar-hunting, he entered a thicket of alder-trees on the verge of the river, and there, to his astonishment, his steed would not take one step further, but, defying both whip and spur, dropped upon his haunches, and lastly falling upon his knees, brought his noble rider to the ground. Starting to his feet in a princely passion, and winding the small horn that hung at his belt, Leopold would have dealt very summarily with the obstinate quadruped; but, turning round to address his retainers, who now rushed forward to their chief, he suddenly observed the identical *veil* of his wife, which had been so mysteriously carried off three months before! Leopold had always been a very piously-given prince—but now that the finger of Providence was so clearly manifested, his devotion became intense; and the same day it was determined that the tree on which the veil had been deposited by angelic hands, should be inclosed in a magnificent temple. Faithful to his vow, a spacious area was soon cleared, and in the course of three years, the monastery and monks of Klosterneuburg became the admiration of architects, and the theme of pious exultation among all the faithful. The alder-tree, which had preserved the mysterious veil, was cased in gold and consigned to precious immortality; and in their religious processions, branches of that sacred tree were usually carried in triumph, or woven into trophies, and suspended over the altar. The fair Margravine, not to be outdone even by her husband in acts of piety, founded a nunnery at a commodious distance from the monastery, so that, by occasional intercourse, these holy friars and maidens might, without scandal or inconvenience, promote each other's spiritual welfare, and leave a bright example of mortification and self-denial—'under the Veil.' Peace to their ashes! The weary pilgrim, as he regales himself with a glass of the old Klosterneuburger grape, will long bless their memory for the pleasant stories which here give fresh zest to that princely beverage.

The colossal ducal bonnet of St. Leopold in bronze, ornaments one of the gilded domes of the monastery, as observed in the accompanying engraving, and recalls the memory of his good deeds.

The vineyards of the monastery, on the produce of which its revenues chiefly depend, are extensive, and much famed for the superior quality of the wine. In the cellars is a vat which in shape and dimensions rivals the great 'ton of Heidelberg,' and is an object of no small interest among those who are curious in such matters.—Klosterneuburg has a building-yard, and a flotilla station.



Leopoldsberg, the next object for illustration in these pages, is the most prominent station in the environs of the capital; and, during the fine season, attracts daily crowds to its summit, which commands a full view of Vienna, with all the minor features entering into that magnificent panorama. On the left is the isle-bedstudded Danube—here spanned by long wooden bridges, sprinkled with rafts like floating islands; and there ploughed by steamers, whose decks are crowded with passengers and tourists, who make this magnificent stream the grand channel of their commercial speculation or pastime. Directly in front spreads the Austrian capital, interspersed with numerous spires and domes; in the centre of which, crowned with its lofty spire, the cathedral of St. Stephen's takes precedence of the enchanting scene—a scene which has inspired many distinguished poets and painters, by the truly remarkable combination of features which it presents.

Nussdorf, the port of Vienna, is situated at the point of union between the Danube and that branch of it which passes through Vienna, and then rejoins the main body. Here passengers and travellers are required to produce their passports and submit to such examination as the douaniers may think necessary for the protection of the revenue. Strangers bound to Vienna, and arriving by the steam-boat which puts in here, will find every facility for reaching the capital—about a league distant—by one or other of the public carriages, which may be hired for a mere trifle. This village has been greatly improved by the introduction of steam-navigation on the Danube; and in its elegant Café which is finely situated, presents a very agreeable contrast to those who have just quitted the deck of the steamer.

In concluding this stage of the journey, and before entering upon those subjects chosen as illustrations of the Austrian Capital, we have briefly to notice the view of **Spitz-Arendorf**,¹ inserted in a previous portion of the 'Descent' from Linz.—Regarding the early history of this bourg and castle, the old chroniclers are very sparing in their details. But that the castle was built for the same purposes, and inhabited by the same class of warlike despots as its contemporaries among these frowning cliffs, is obvious to every observer; and now that its walls are dismantled and the terror with which they were once approached is completely dissipated, it is hardly possible to look on a more picturesque scene, even on the Danube.

But now, along that roofless—chiefless hall
Oblivion throws the impenetrable pall;
And listlessly, beneath th' embattled rock,
The goat-herd winds his horn, and feeds his flock.

¹ See the engraving, page 124.



View from the Leopoldshöhe.

Looking N. W.





Vienna

Looking across the Danube

VIENNA TO PESTH.



Vienna, the capital of this vast empire, is a city which presents innumerable attractions to all whose grand objects in travelling are pleasure and improvement. The number of its public institutions, all calculated to advance the best interests of humanity, place it on a rival footing with those of London, Paris, and Berlin. Institutions for the advancement of science, for the cultivation of the fine arts, for the support and encouragement of national industry, are numerous and flourishing, and, compared

with the amount of population, reflect the highest credit on the government, which exercises the greatest care in superintending a system that has been already crowned with the happiest results, and which are fully exemplified in the increased prosperity of the country. Schools have been multiplied; commercial intercourse is becoming more and more facilitated; agriculture is daily improving; the native manufactures have reached a high state of perfection; and, above all, the general appearance of the inhabitants, not only of Vienna, but of the provinces, is a gratifying proof that the blessings of independence and contentment are felt and enjoyed in no common measure by the subjects of the Austrian monarchy.

Vienna, as a popular writer has aptly observed,¹ is "the least part of itself. The stadt, or centre of this elegant city, is surrounded by fortifications, which form

¹ Mrs. Trollope.

probably the most beautiful town-promenade in the world. The elevation of the wall which supports this glorious terrace is from fifty to seventy feet, following the inequalities of the ground; and the walk is varied by many bastions, several plantations of ornamental trees, and, in one or two points by public gardens, through which the passage is never impeded. Some of the pleasantest mansions in the town have their principal windows looking out upon the Bastey, (as this beautiful promenade is generally called) and their entrance in the streets; while others have their entrance from the Bastey; at which points a carriage-approach is arranged from the street below, but always in such a manner as not to interfere either with the beauty or convenience of the gravelled terrace. Outside this magnificent wall runs a fosse, now converted into drives and walks of great beauty and enjoyment, and always affording on one side or other of the town, the most perfect shelter from the winds, with which its neighbouring mountains are apt to visit it. Rising on the exterior of the fosse is the Glacis, also devoted to the health and pleasure of the population, planted in many parts with trees, and everywhere intersected with well-kept walks, and drives. Next comes the Vorstadten, or outer town, forming, except where the Danube cuts through it, a complete circle of faubourg round the city." The dwellings of the faubourg, as stated by the same writer, "amount to five times the number of those in the city," and hence it becomes apparent that Vienna is literally "the least part of itself." One reason why the singular arrangement of this town is so delightful, is that the view from many points of the walks and drives is highly beautiful, having the fine range of the Kahlenberg mountains on one side as a background, and a multitude of objects, full of interest and beauty, presenting themselves in succession near the eye, while making the circular progress.¹ "But there is another reason still, and that of infinitely greater importance to its enjoyment, which is the perfect freedom from filth or external annoyance of any kind. Neither in the streets of the city, or its noble and widely-spreading ramparts beneath its walls, in its deep wide fosse, or its extended Glacis, is any sight or scent to be met with that can either offend the senses or shock the feelings in any way."² Such is the testimony of an accomplished English lady in favour of Vienna, and the compliment is well merited. But as enlarging on this topic would lead us away from the principal object in illustrated works of this class, we proceed to notice the several *views* selected by the artist, as best calculated to afford the reader a correct and comprehensive notion of the Austrian capital; and the first of the series, is that of

St. Stephen's Cathedral. This truly majestic and imposing structure, founded by Henry of Babenberg,³ in the year M.CXLIV., has continued through the lapse of centuries, the rise and fall of states, the accession and demise of sovereigns,

¹ Vienna and the Austrians. London.—vol ii. 281-2.

² Ibid.—Also Vienne, dans son état

actuel, par Schmidt.

³ First Duke of Austria—surnamed Jasomirgot.

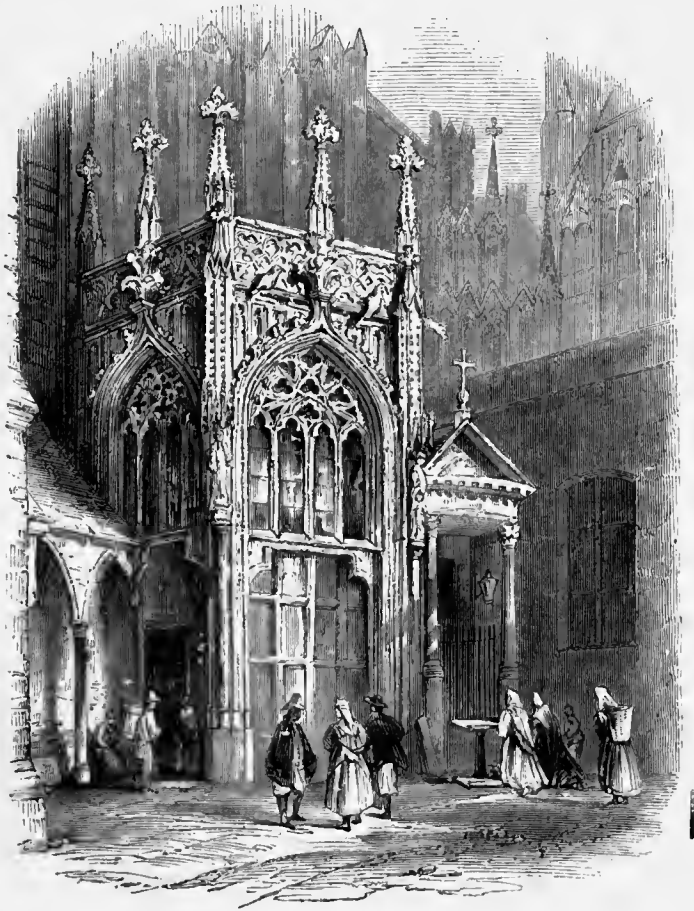


St. Stephen's Cathedral

1871

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the perils of war from without, and of insurrection from within, to be the glory of the capital, and the object of pious solicitude among all classes of inhabitants. Every successive emperor has felt it to be his duty to contribute something to its repairs, its progress towards completion, or its embellishments; but to FRANCIS I. is to be ascribed the honour of having disengaged this stupendous edifice from the confused mass of shops, houses, and hovels which at that time disfigured and concealed it on every side. Returning from the ceremony of his coronation, this truly patriotic sovereign directed that all the money which was to have been spent in the erection of triumphal arches, in token of public loyalty, should be applied to the purchase of all those buildings that for ages had been accumulating round the base of the cathedral, so that they might be swept away, and leave that clear space from which the sacred structure is now seen to the greatest advantage. It is built in the usual form of a cross. The roof within the last few years was completely repaired and covered with coloured tiles. The eastern front, called the **Riesenthor**, with the



colossal doorway as the principal entrance, and the two octagonal towers, called **Weidenthürmer**, are all coeval with the time of the founder. The southern façade, with the finished tower, presents all that is necessary to convey a distinct idea of the edifice, such as it would have been when constructed on the plan of Rudolph III., founder of Neubau, in M.CCCLIX. The magnificence, taste, and elegance of the superb rosasses in the windows; the perfection of the two 'centre-forts,' and that of the stupendous tower itself, make the spectator feel what the entire edifice would have necessarily become when finished. Externally the walls are ornamented with several monuments of the middle ages—some possessing historical interest; others, as illustrating the state of the arts at that remote period. This tower, from the first hour of its completion became the object of universal admiration, and is the only one in Europe constructed on such colossal dimensions. Its enormous mass, however, is ingeniously concealed by groups of pyramids and small turrets, which give admirable relief to the whole. Its height is five hundred feet.¹ The ascending staircase consists of five hundred and fifty three stone steps, and two hundred in wood; and lastly, by a series of ladders, the visitor arrives at the top, where the magnificent panorama which it commands amply compensates for all the fatigue he may have endured in the ascent.²

In the interior of this church—one of the noblest monuments ever raised for the celebration of Christian worship—the architecture is equally grand and impressive. The height of the nave and the side-aisles, the lofty and massive pillars, twelve in number, boldly constructed and ornamented with more than a hundred statues, take the spectator by surprise, and leave an impression on his mind never to be effaced. Unhappily for the taste, however, with which it has been recently decorated, the contrast between this and the Gothic architecture, so magnificently displayed in the principal masses, is too remarkable not to tell greatly to the disadvantage of the former. It is not without propriety that coloured squares have been introduced into the windows of the choir; but the high-altar of white and black marble, by Böck, the cofre of this altar, by his brother, and the great number of side-altars, are thereby only the more out of place. The stalls in the presbytery, and in the under choir, executed about a hundred and fifty years ago, are beautiful and elaborate specimens of wood-carving. In the nave, the superb pulpit with the bust of Pilgram—probably that of Puchsbaum, the architect already named—are

¹ Wenzla de Klosterneuburg superintended its construction to within the third of its completion, and Hans Puchsbaum carried it to its present elevation in 1433. The siege of Stahrenberg took place in 1683; the great bell, weighing three hundred and fifty-four quintals, was cast in 1711, from cannon taken from the Turks.

² The upper part of St. Stephen's tower inclines visibly towards the north, with a deviation of more than three feet. The cause has been variously ascribed to the great fire, to the bombardment, and to the shock of an earthquake—but the question, we understand, is still undecided. During the bombardment of 1809, it sustained considerable injury.



The interior of the Cathedral of Seville







well deserving of attention. The celebrated tomb of FREDERICK IV., in the choir of the 'Passion,' or chapel of the Holy Cross, is of red marble, and ornamented by upwards of three hundred figures and heraldic subjects, elaborately sculptured. Above it is the great painting of our Saviour's Passion, by Sandrart. In addition to these—for our limits will not allow us to indulge in particulars—are the tombs of Prince Eugène of Savoy and Cuspinian; of Rudolph IV., founder of the church; of the metropolitan cardinals, Klesel, Callonitsch, and Trantson—also the baptistery with its chapel called Eligius on account of its primitive form,—the magnificent windows—and the grand organ, all of which are highly interesting to strangers. Under the church are thirty large vaults, in which are deposited thousands of human bodies, many of which are so dried and shrivelled up by some peculiarity of the air, as to present the appearance of mummies.¹ Here RUDOLPH founded a sepulchre for the reigning house, in which are urns of copper, containing part of the remains—*i. e.* the intestines—of the imperial family, from the time of Ferdinand II. downwards.

Church of the Capuchins. The style of this church is simple, but chaste and impressive, and forms the prominent feature in the square called Neumarkt. It was founded, along with the convent to which it belongs, by the Emperor Matthias, and his consort Anne, but was only finished by the Emperor Ferdinand II. It contains several altar-pieces by Norbert, a brother of the order; and in the chapel, founded by the empress, is the treasury, which at one period contained much that was curious and valuable in gold and silver utensils. Its last embellishments were conferred by the taste and piety of Maria Theresa, whose hands were liberally opened at every call of the church, whether the supplicant for aid were a simple monk, or a cardinal-metropolitan. But the grand object of attraction in this church is the imperial sepulchre, formed out of that used by the ancient Romans, and discovered about thirty years ago. The vault is a large subterranean excavation, illumined by a single lamp, under the dim light of which are seen the sarcophagi of princes who, while living, filled the world with their fame. The first personages consigned to rest in this sepulchre, were the imperial founder and his consort; and since their time the number has been greatly augmented by the succeeding emperors, and other members of that dynasty. The most remarkable are the sarcophagi of Leopold I. and his empress Eleonora; that of Joseph I., of Charles VI., of the

¹ From some peculiarity of atmosphere, probably its singular and very remarkable deficiency of moisture, the decomposition which usually follows death has not taken place here; but instead of this the skin is dried to the substance of thick leather, while the form, and in a multitude of cases, the features also, remain sufficiently unchanged in shape to make their grinning likeness to ourselves the most striking and the most appalling possible. The varied postures, and the different expression of each ghastly head, made them all seem to live in death, and I trembled as I looked at them lest, as Juliet says—I might go distraught—

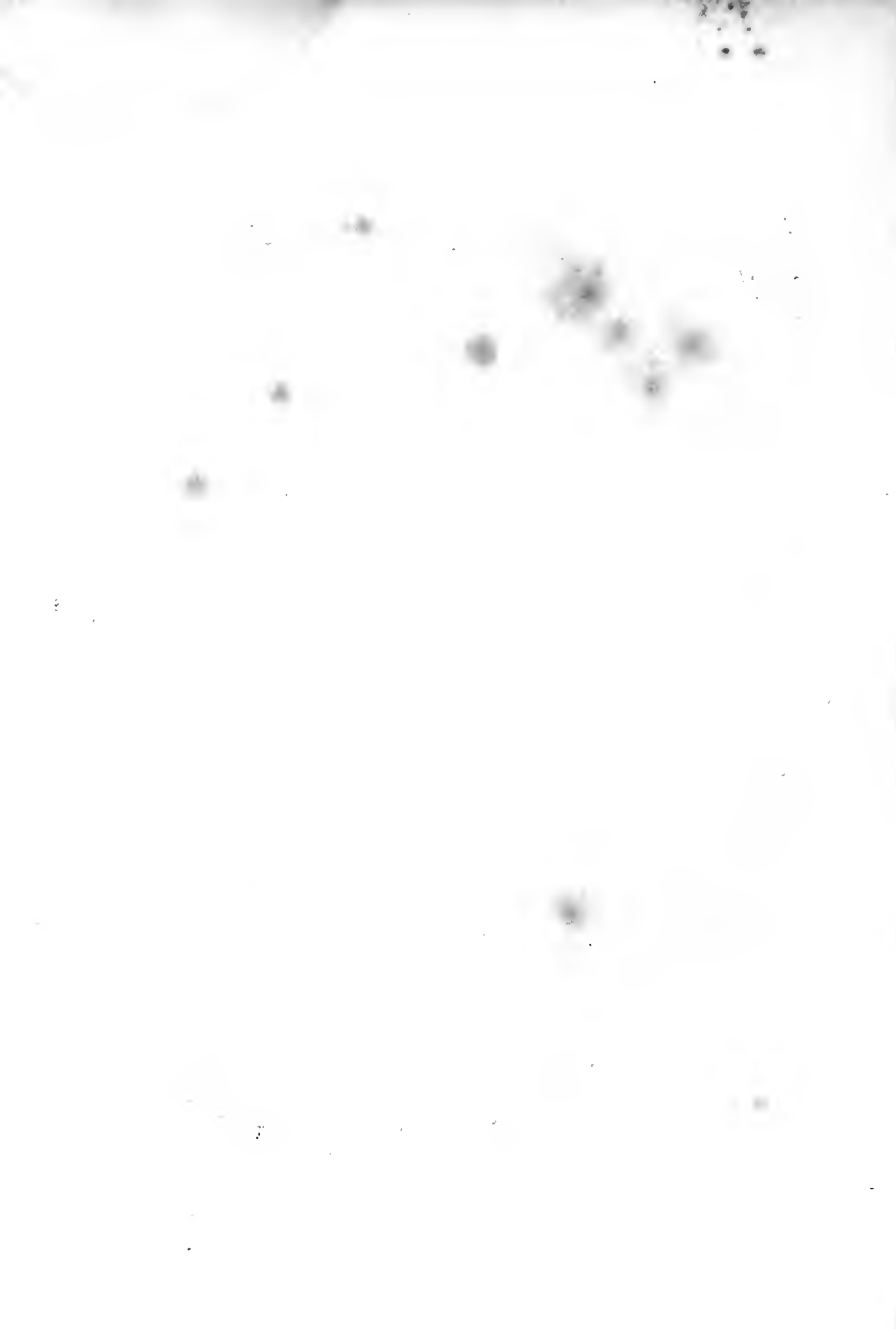
Environed with all those hideous sights,
And madly play with those long-buried bones.—MRS. TROLLOPE.

Empress Maria Theresa, with that of her husband Francis I., which she caused to be erected in her lifetime; that of the Emperor Joseph II., and lastly those of the late Emperor Francis, and his grandson, the son of Napoleon.¹ Of his visit to this last retreat of earthly greatness, Mr. Willis, in his account of Vienna, has given the following highly graphic account:—"A monk answered our pull at the cloister-bell, and a valet translated my request into German. He opened the gate with a guttural *yaw*, and lighting a wax-candle at a lamp burning before an image of the Virgin, unlocked a massive brazen door at the end of the corridor, and led the way into the vault. The capuchin was pale as marble, quite bald, though young, and with features that expressed, as I thought, the subdued fierceness of an evil spirit. He impatiently waved away the officious interpreter, after a minute or two, and asked me if I understood Latin. Nothing could be more striking than the whole scene. The immense bronze sarcophagi lay in long aisles, behind railings and gates of iron; and as the long-robed monk strode on with his lamp through the darkness, pronouncing the name and title of each, as he unlocked the door, and struck it with his heavy key, he seemed to me, with his solemn pronounciation, like some mysterious being, calling forth the imperial tenants to judgment. He appeared to have something of scorn in his manner, as he looked on the splendid workmanship of the vast coffin, and pronounced the sounding titles of the ashes within. At that of the celebrated Empress Maria Theresa alone, he stopped to make a comment. It was a simple tribute to her virtues, and he uttered it slowly, as if he were merely musing to himself. He passed on to her husband Francis I., and then proceeded uninterruptedly till he came to a new upper coffin. It lay in a niche beneath a tall dim window; and the monk, merely pointing to the inscription, set down his lamp, and began to pace up and down the damp floor, with his head on his breast, as if it was a matter of course that here I was to be left awhile to my thoughts.—It was certainly the spot, if there be one in the world, to feel emotion. In the narrow enclosure on which my finger rested, lay the last hopes of Napoleon. The heart of the master-spirit of the world was bound up in these ashes. He was beautiful, accomplished, generous, brave. He was loved, with a sort of idolatry, by the nation with which he had passed his childhood. He had won all hearts: his death seemed impossible; there was a universal prayer that he might live—his inheritance of glory was so incalculable—I read his epitaph; it was that of a private individual. It gave his name and his father's and mother's, and then enumerated his virtues with a common-place regret for his early death. . . . The monk took up the lamp, and reascended to the cloister in silence. He shut the convent-door behind me, and the busy street seemed to

¹ The sarcophagi seen in the engraving are as follows:—that in the distance, with two figures reclining, and a statue of Fame alighting behind, contains the ashes of Maria Theresa; that on the right, within the arch, and bearing the imperial crown and sceptre, is the tomb of the Emperor Francis; that on the left, bearing a simple cross and inscription, over which the capuchin's torch throws a fitful light, is the resting-place of the young Duke of Reichstadt—'King of Rome.'



Remnant of the Imperial Family



me profane. But how short a time does the most moving event interrupt the common current of life!"¹ With this brief notice of St. Stephen's and the Capuchin Church with its imperial catacomb, we will now direct the attention of our readers to the sunnier side of the picture, by introducing a view of

Schönbrunn, taken from the Gloriette, which, independently of the animated scene around us, commands a very striking prospect of the capital. This château, the principal and favourite residence of the imperial family, lies at a short distance to the south-west of the city, and with its gardens, that might rival those of Armida, is by universal consent allowed to be one of the 'Elysian scenes' in Europe.—The old hunting-lodge with its surrounding park was pillaged by the Turks in M.DCLXXXIII.; but in less than ten years after measures were taken for its restoration; and here Leopold I. erected his country-house, and laid out a series of gardens, at great expense and with unprecedented taste. These the Empress Maria Theresa greatly extended, embellished, and improved; while the Emperor Francis I. enriched the demesne with a botanic-garden, to which great additions were made by Joseph II., and also by the late Emperor Francis, who, as already mentioned in our notice of Persenbeug, took particular delight in the study of botany, and in every department of rural economy set a noble example to his subjects. The grand entrance to the Palace of Schönbrunn is closed by an iron gate, at the sides of which are two granite obelisks, surmounted by gilt eagles. In the spacious court are two magnificent fountains, adorned by statues and various allegorical subjects in sculpture. The palace itself consists of three stories—the first of which opens upon a spacious balcony which runs along both sides of the building, and is approached by flights of marble steps. In the hall, open to the ground-floor, are two ancient statues of Hercules in bronze. The interior of the palace is remarkable for the beauty of its staircases, and the lofty and spacious dimensions of its chambers—all finished with great taste, and furnished with classic elegance. But in others of the imperial suite of rooms there is more display; tapestry, china, pier-glasses, crystal lustres, rich satin hangings, mosaics, gilded and or-molu furniture, interspersed with the most precious objects of art, produce a gorgeous and captivating effect upon the stranger, and powerfully arrest his attention at every step. Not the least interesting of the objects before him is the series of family portraits—many of them strictly historical, and reminding him of personages and events, which have been long chronicled in the history of Europe. But, for a particular description of these, and of the countless objects of vertu which so profusely adorn this gorgeous mansion, we must refer our reader to works more expressly devoted to the subject.²

The Gardens of Schönbrunn occupy three sides of the palace. On the right

¹ Pencillings by the Way. Art. Vienna, p. 141.

² In the "Vienna Guide," a German and French Manual, and in "Austria and the Austrians"—a work of great vivacity—and "Murray's Handbook."

and left are plantations of shrubs, flowers, and choice fruits, with an orangery; but these are exclusively reserved for the imperial family. The large garden, which is open to the public throughout the year, lies behind the château. The centre consists of a parterre richly planted with flowers, and relieved by thirty-two white marble statues, representing historical and mythological subjects. At the extremity of this parterre is a large basin, ornamented with a classic group of marine divinities; and around it are fountains, bowers, terraces, fish-ponds, a pheasant-walk, and a labyrinth—all bordered or interspersed with statues from the chisels of Beyere and Hägenauer.

The Gloriette, from which the accompanying view of Schönbrunn was taken only a few months ago, occupies a rising ground in the rear of the château. It is richly decorated on both sides with Roman trophies, and has in the centre a spacious room for the reception of visitors. From the flat roof, as well as from the terrace in front, the city with its ever-predominant feature of St. Stephen's, and its numerous churches, castles and convents in the distance, are seen to the greatest advantage. The other points of attraction in these 'Elysian fields' are the ruins, the fountain, the obelisk, the monument of Queen Caroline of Naples, the grand orangery, the menagerie, and the botanic garden, with its nurseries and greenhouses, all of which, according to the tastes and associations of the visitors, are objects of unceasing curiosity and amusement.—Historically considered, the palace of Schönbrunn is remarkable as having been the residence of Napoleon when he signed the treaty to which it gives name, and also of his son, the Duc de Reichstadt, who occupied the same apartments, and died in the same bed, in which, twenty-three years before, his father, crowned with victory, had indulged the visionary dreams of universal empire. It was here, also, in one of the avenues of the garden, that the life of Napoleon was attempted by a fanatical student, named Stapps, who was shortly after apprehended, but disdaining to sue for mercy to one whom he considered the enemy and oppressor of his country; he was shot and buried in the spot where he fell. Another of the celebrated stations in the environs, which commands a most striking view of the city and suburbs of Vienna, is

The Spinnerinn-Kreuz. This is a point much frequented during the fine season by strangers and pleasure-parties. It stands close to the road across the Wienerberg, and were the islands and windings of the Danube included in the landscape, the picture would be one of almost unrivalled beauty. It was erected about three hundred years ago, as a votive monument by Crispinus Poëllitzer, and adorned with statues of saints. As a specimen of Gothic taste it is interesting to strangers; but the fine carved work, with which the niches and clustered pinnacles were originally ornamented, is much effaced by the effects of the weather, to which, by its unsheltered station, it is more particularly exposed. It is, however, on a small scale, one of the finest artificial landmarks in the environs, while the hill on which it stands has an additional hold on the popular mind, by means of the following tradition.—In



C. A. M. 1885

W. H. Bartlett

View from the Terrace at St. Andrew

THE ST. ANDREW SOCIETY, NEW YORK, 1885

the days of crusading, when all who were servants of the true faith sought military distinction in conflict with the Saracen, a young Viennois, named Heidenhammer, resolved to espouse the good cause, and do credit to his hereditary fame—the only fortune that had descended to him through a long line of ancestry, whose prowess had only been equalled by their piety. But what may be supposed to have accelerated his departure, was the opposition he had met with from the haughty Baron Rothmeyer, whose beautiful sister Adelheide had given her affections to him, in preference to many powerful nobles who were suitors for her hand. The objections stated by the lady's brother were, that Heidenhammer had not yet distinguished himself sufficiently in the field to aspire to such an alliance, which in fact could be only conditional. Fired with ambition, to which his ardent affection for the young Adelheide gave the noblest direction, he resolved to join the new flotilla, and was received with acclamation by the veteran crusaders, who formed the armament then moving down the majestic stream of the Danube, in their way to the Holy Land. But as a day intervened for some additional preparations, this afforded him the means of a last interview with the lady of his love; and Heidenhammer, as had been previously agreed, flew to the trysting-spot near the rising ground where the cross now stands—but then partly covered with wood, through which opened a long vista of St. Stephen's church and the capital. Attended by two frauenzimmers and a page, the beautiful Adelheide repaired to the rendezvous; and while the former plied the distaff¹ after the primitive custom of that early day, the young knight and his betrothed, sauntering arm-in-arm along the green sward, indulged in those delicious dreams of that approaching union and happiness which, as they firmly hoped, would at last atone for the cruel but unavoidable separation to which they must now submit. The interview was brief; the pinnacles of St. Stephen's shone ruddy in the setting sun; the outline of the Kahlenberg seemed traced in fire; while the call to vespers, stealing sweetly on the ear, warned the lady home to her bower, and the knight to his bark! Some moments passed in deep silence; when at last, presenting a rose to her young warrior, the timid and tearful Adelheide attempted to address him in these parting words, (recently set to music,) which were sweetly taken up in a plaintive recitative by her fair and deeply sympathising companions:

“Take the flower! Let the heart's first bequeathing
Be the pledge of true faith on thy plume;
When its perfume no longer is breathing—
Remember the rose in its bloom!
For beauty will fade, like its blossom,
Should the blight of false love interpose;
When the canker creeps into the bosom,
Then farewell the heart and the rose.

¹ Spinnerinn-Kreuz, or the Spinster's Cross, is thought to have derived its appellation from this circumstance.

Of the heart and the hopes of the giver,
Fit emblem this rose-bud shall be—
Henceforth they are blighted for ever—
Or blossom till gathered by thee."

And 'were they blighted?' some gentle reader may ask. Yes indeed, fair lady, they were sadly blighted! Heidenhammer fell shortly after, in a desperate rencontre with the Saracens, in which he gained a signal triumph. But the tidings had so withering an effect upon the gentle Adelheide, that from that hour, during the few months she survived the shock, her memory and intellect were completely shattered and obscured. The only circumstance she could remember was the 'trysting-spot' where she had last parted with her lover; and here, with the attendants who had witnessed that melancholy scene, she would sit for hours in the full persuasion that he was on his way to meet her, and that she could already discern his victorious plume in the distance. But, alas! the sun that daily rose in joyful anticipations, set in uniform gloom and disappointment; until, worn to a shadow, she was for the last time carried in the arms of her attendants to the scene here represented. Next day, after her reason had miraculously returned for some hours, she was informed of the full extent of her bereavement, and after confession, and the expression of an assured hope of soon meeting him in a better world, she expired with her lover's name on her lips.

The Prater—the grand resort of gaiety and fashion, is the Champs Elysées of Vienna. Here, as in Hyde Park, during the season, the stranger will observe all that is most distinguished among the noble and celebrated personages connected with the various departments of court and state. He will not fail to remark, however, that, brilliant in dress and equipage as the company undoubtedly is, the carriages are by no means either so numerous, so elegant, or so well appointed as those that frequent the Ring in Hyde Park. This fashionable drive is only about two hundred paces from the suburb called Laegerzeile, and is situated on the same island of the Danube as the Leopoldstadt and Augarten. It is interspersed with meadows and richly wooded, with a pheasant-walk, which till the time of Joseph II. was well stocked with deer and wild boar. To that munificent sovereign this park is indebted for its principal embellishments: he caused an arm of the Danube, which flowed between the suburb and the Prater, to be closed, and a number of wells to be dug along the side of the course, or broad walk, so that during the summer months there might be an ample supply of water to keep it cool and free from dust. Outside the Laegerzeile is a beautiful semicircular plain, and beyond are the four grand avenues leading to the Prater; the two on the left side are little frequented; the third leads to the palace, where the fireworks are exhibited, and to the *guinguettes*. The latter, established between this walk and the fourth, consist of neat wooden houses, surrounded by three or four smaller ones, with tables under the trees, where persons may dine and indulge in any of the popular games or amusements going on



Yinnel

(from the Southerly Kre)

THE END OF THE WORLD



around him. These houses are the general resort of the citizens and lower orders on Sundays and fête days, when they repair thither with their friends and families, to dine and take an 'afternoon's pleasure.' The fourth avenue, on the right, is the rendezvous of the *beau-monde*, consisting of a carriage-drive, a bridle-path, and a third walk for pedestrians.¹ Near this are several cafés, with numerous chairs placed under the trees, as in the Tuileries gardens at Paris, for the accommodation of company to view the splendid cavalcade as it pours along. On Sundays and festivals, the Prater is generally crowded, but more particularly in April and May, and again in September and October—these being the two epochs in fashionable life, when the nobility are just preparing to leave town, or have returned from their country-seats. But the most particular day in the year on which the Prater is seen in all its brilliancy is Easter Monday; and then the line of carriages, commencing at the Graben, proceeds slowly to the small hunting-box, called the *Just-haus*, and in that procession is to be seen all that wealth and titles can display to fix upon the stranger's mind a lasting impression of Austrian magnificence.

The Belvedere Palace, erected by the celebrated Eugene of Savoy, and latterly his favourite residence, consists of two distinct buildings, divided by a public garden, which is beautifully laid out, and much frequented on fête days. It commands a fine view of the metropolis, from the higher ground, where the air is considered highly salubrious to invalids. Adjoining the Belvedere is the garden of Prince Schwarzenberg, which is also open to the public at stated times, and in its arbours, alleys, and odoriferous parterres, presents a delightful variety in shade and produce. Another palace and garden, belonging to one of the principal grandees, are those of the Lichtenstein family. The palace is a noble and spacious building, containing numerous treasures of ancient and modern art, among which is its well-known gallery of pictures by the old masters. The garden, though not extensive, is tastefully laid out, and enriched with a numerous collection of exotics. All these gardens, the private property of illustrious families, are daily thrown open to the public—a circumstance which reflects the highest credit on the liberality of their noble owners.

The Augarten, another delightful scene of popular resort and recreation, com-

¹ In size the Prater is so magnificent, says a fair author, already quoted, that our three parks and Kensington Gardens to boot "might be placed within it, and leave space enough between them to prevent their quarrelling for room. A branch of the Danube passes through it; while the innumerable drives in all directions are excellent, the trees abundant, and many of them peculiarly magnificent in growth—and the numerous herds of deer that seek shelter under them are so tame, that every sentimental Jacques may enjoy the pleasure of gazing at a group of fifty together, without fearing that his step or his voice would startle them. In addition to all this may be found, for the seeking, abundance of agreeable cafés, restaurants, and guinguettes, where all sorts of refreshments may be obtained at the same prices as in the town, and where, every evening during the season, those strains of music may be heard, which seem as necessary a part of the Austrian's existence as the air he breathes or the bread he eats."

municates with the Prater by two fine avenues, and forms nearly a regular square. It was first planted by the Emperor Ferdinand III., enlarged under Leopold I., and lastly, under that patriotic and popular monarch Joseph II., it was appropriated to the health and amusement of the public. It is much less frequented than its great rival the Prater; but every May-day it comes in for its full share of all the gaiety and animation of the capital. During the reign of the last-named emperor, its avenues were often enlivened by court-parties of ministers, generals, and ladies of the palace, with the monarch at their head, and followed by a crowd of applauding citizens, who always found ready access to the presence of a sovereign, who never consulted his own happiness but in promoting theirs.

Brigettenau, or meadow of St. Bridget, nearly adjoining the Augarten, is a place of general resort on the festival of that saint, (the Sunday immediately preceding or following the thirteenth of July,) on which occasion not only the citizens, but crowds from the neighbouring towns and villages people its shady walks, and by carrying on, at the same time, an extensive fair, make this public expression of respect for the saint subservient to private gain and wholesome recreation.¹ The absence of fête-days in England has not increased that feeling of veneration for the sabbath which it is so desirable to inculcate. After six days' labour, the temptation to recreation and indulgence on the seventh is too strong to be effectually resisted by the million. But here, as indeed in most other parts of the continent, the recurrence of these festivals, by bringing the populace together, and providing for their amusement, promotes general harmony, facilitates friendly intercourse, and blunts the edge of political irritation.²

In addition to the ecclesiastical buildings already noticed, the church of **Maria-Stiegen** enjoys a well-merited distinction. It is the first example of the renovation of a Gothic church, undertaken with a thorough love and comprehension of the art. Very little of the original structure remains; and nearly all the varieties of style and workmanship are exemplifications of the art as it flourished in the best part of the fourteenth century. The paintings on glass by Mohn are objects particularly deserving of the stranger's attention. It is much to be regretted that the situation occupied by this church is so little favourable to the advantageous development of its several parts and proportions. The tower, a richly ornamented structure

¹ On such occasions, "as far as the eye can reach, under the trees and over the green sward appears one great encampment of sutler's berths and huts. The smoke is constantly ascending from these rustic kitchens, while long rows of tables and benches, never empty of guests or bare of beer-jugs and wine-bottles, are spread under the shade. Shows and theatres, mountebanks, jugglers, punchinellos, rope-dancing, swings and skittles, are the allurements which entice the holiday-folks on every side. But in order to form any tolerable notion of the scene, the laughter, joviality, songs, and dances—the perpetual strains of music playing to the restless measure of the waltz, must be duly taken into consideration." *Handbook of Southern Germany*.

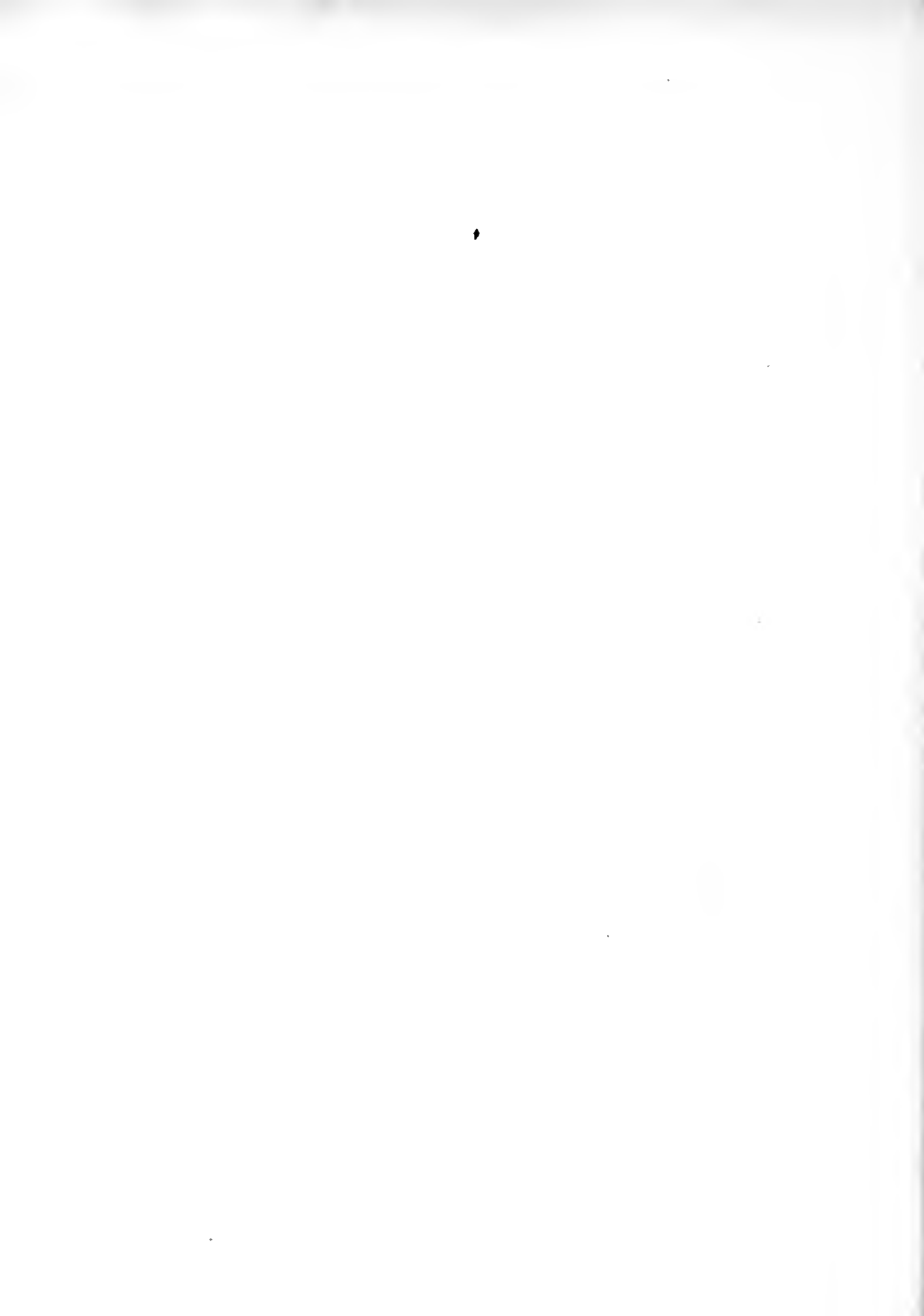
² Over the principal gate, on the S. E. side, is a German inscription describing it as—"A place of amusement appropriated to all men, by Him who esteems them."



R. Waite

W. H. Bartlett

Capitoline



of about two hundred feet in height, is remarkable for its peculiar termination in a sculptured chalice, or flower-basket, from the centre of which rises a light and elegant cross.



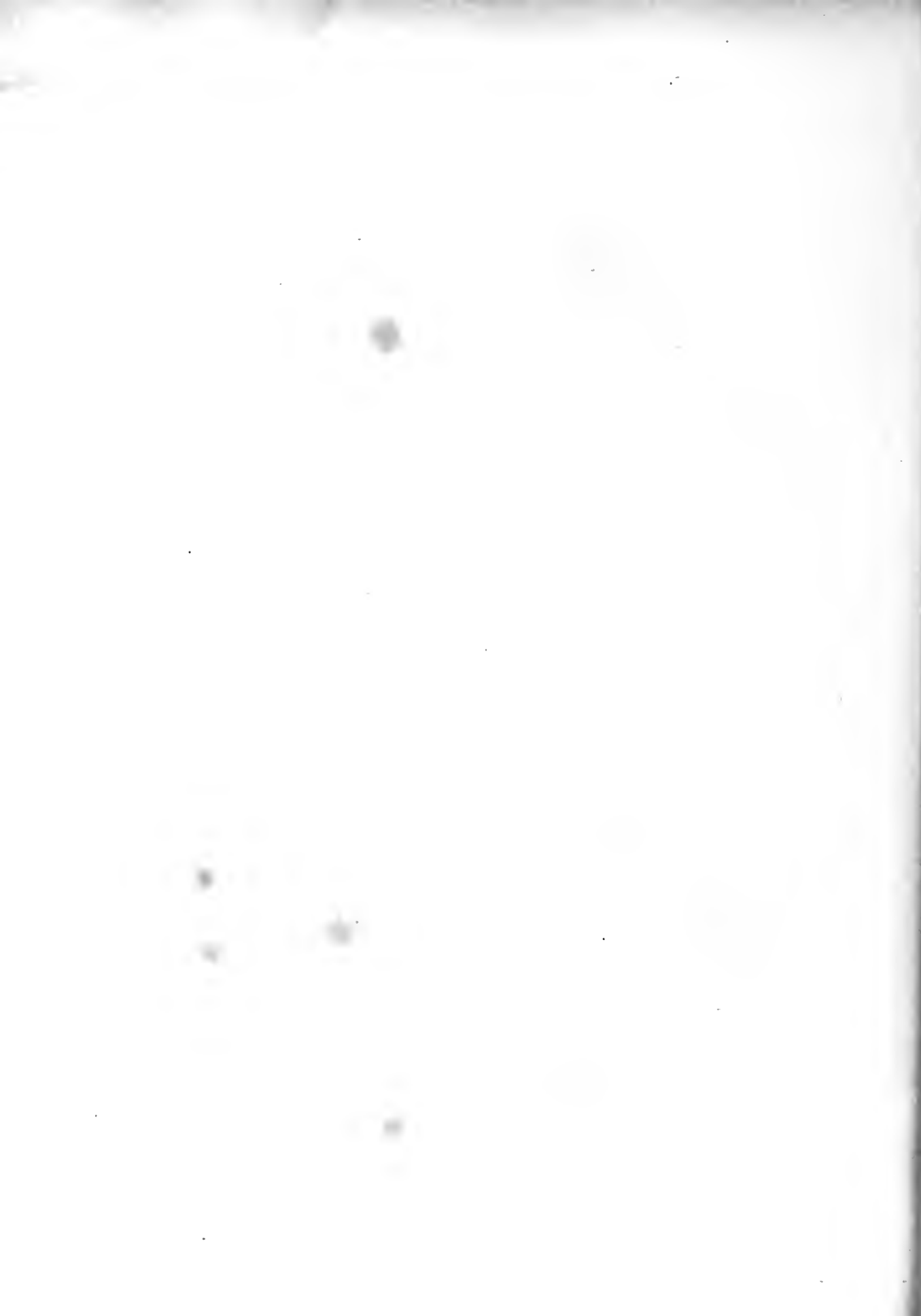
CHURCH OF MARIA-STIEGEN.

The Environs of Vienna, or those points best deserving of attention as regards the substrata, extend in the form of a basin, from east to west, along the side of the Alps, the soil of which is of the tertiary formation, with the Danube spreading its broad waters to the north. The higher and lower grounds, skirting the right bank of the river, are richly covered with wood, which gives a fresh and charming variety to the landscape. The heights of the Kahlenberg mountains extend to the south-

ward; while the Leopoldsberg, already mentioned, sweeping boldly to the water's edge, forms a prominent feature in the picture. The Kahlenberg range consists of freestone of a bluish grey colour, intermixed with beds of a calcarious substance, and layers of slate and marly clay. This formation is called Carpathian freestone, or Vienna stone, on account of its not being classified among the formations already known and described by geologists. It is clear that the passage of the Danube, between the opposite shores of the Leopoldsberg and Bisamberg, must have originated in a sudden disruption of the mountain, in one or other of those primeval convulsions which have here left their effects so strongly impressed on the soil. A higher range of calcarious mountains, uniting near Kalksberg with that of the Kahlengebirge, consists also of a nondescript formation, known by the distinctive appellation of 'Alpine limestone.'—The last branches of the centre chain of the Alps unite, on the south-east of the basin, with transition, and on the south with primitive rocks. The plain enclosed by these mountains is of a marine character; the rocks are covered with layers of sand and flint containing much water. To these succeeds a thick bed of tertiary formation, containing organic remains, sea-shells, fossils, bituminous wood, and other substances, mixed with masses of sand, flint, marl, &c. The third layer consists of sand and flint. The sand found beneath the beds of flint contains a great quantity of antediluvian shells—the latter enclosing earth and fresh-water formations, peculiar to that period. The lime called in the country 'Leithakalk'—the richness of which is observed in fossils of the antediluvian epoch—constitutes the surface of the tertiary formation. The potter's earth, mixed with sand—which forms the covering of the earth in which the remains of elephants are usually to be met with—is here found in great quantity, and has been formed only by the fresh-water beds, which accounts for there being no marine minerals found in it.—The natural consequence of the preceding facts in respect to soil is this, that the Flora of these environs is exceedingly rich, and the gardens, some of which we have already noticed, are well deserving of the attention of botanists, and all who delight in the study and cultivation of rare plants and flowers. At the head of these stand the imperial gardens, with their colossal green-houses of palm and orange-trees; Brazilian, Alpine, and parasitic plants; those of New Holland; the great fruit-garden, &c., the whole occupying a space of not less than sixteen hundred thousand square yards. Next to these are the gardens of Baron Pronay, at Hetzendorf—of Baron Hügel at Hietzing—of Baron Löhr, and those of Luxembourg, where there is a fine collection of exotics, an extensive nursery, after the English plan, and the emperor's fruit-garden. Besides, at Penzing there are the gardens of the aulic counsellor, M. de Kleyle, remarkable for its collection of roses and Alpine plants; that of Baron Barbier, famous for its rose parterres, and another belonging to M. Tr. Seidl—where the camellia Japonica is seen in the greatest beauty—with several others to which strangers are admitted with great liberality and courtesy on the part of the owners.



Wickhampton Castle



The next objects in these environs which more particularly interest the antiquary and artist, are the ancient parish church of Baden; the Weilbourg, a magnificent summer palace of the Archduke Charles; the Sauerhof; the ancient church at Brunn-am-Gebirge, with its cemetery, in which are buried the astronomer Hell, and the poet Zaccharius Werner: the church of Heiligenstadt, with the chapel of St. James, built at the close of the thirteenth century: Hetzendorf, a rural palace of the emperor, with its hall and superb frescos by Gran, and ceiling of the chapel by Widon;—Kalksburg, a beautiful village church; Klosterneuburg, already described: Lachsenburg, another of the imperial palaces, and Franzensbourg, which presents a faithful picture of a castle, such as it appeared when occupied by a powerful prince of the fifteenth century. It contains a choice collection of antiquities illustrative of the olden time. Among the objects of sculpture in the château, is a Meleager, a group in marble by Beyer; and in the church is a fine painting by Van Dyck. At Mödling, the ancient church of the hospital is magnificent; the old parish-church has been several times restored; and the chapel of St. Pantaleon is built in the primitive Saxon style. In the cemetery, in the direction of Neudorf, is the fine painting of Scheffer: at Penzing, the old church of St. James, with the sepulchral monument of President Rottmann, by Finella, is well worth attention. At Petersdorf there is a fine old church of the fourteenth century, with an under crypt of much higher antiquity: the tower, the cemetery with the tomb of Popovich, the funeral vault of the family of Lipp, and the beautiful Madonna, by Klieber, are deserving of particular notice. Schönbrunn, already described, and which the Emperor Matthias caused to be erected on account of the excellent quality of the water furnished by the fountain called **Schönenbrunnens**, was reconstructed on a scale of great magnificence by Fischer of Erlach, and completed, as it now appears, under the auspices of Maria Theresa. Here is still to be seen the private closet of that princess, furnished in the Spanish taste; and the fountain, ornamented with a statue of the nymph Egeria, has still the honour of furnishing the imperial table with all that is required of that indispensable element. At Sivering, is a church of the thirteenth century; and beyond the barrier, on the way to Baden, is the Spinnerin-Kreuz, already described.



Its great public institutions, private establishments, treasures of science, collections of art, and polished society, secure to the Austrian capital a continued influx of strangers from all parts of the civilized world. Among the concourse that thus enlivens its squares, market-places, streets, theatres, and parks, and particularly on festive occasions—the national complexion and costume of east and west, north, and south, are to be seen in all their picturesque varieties from the swarthy Mede to the fair-haired Muscovite; while

those of its own extensive provinces, each possessing some marked peculiarity

—throw additional animation into the picture, which after a few days becomes fixed in the stranger's memory. The resources of the capital are so liberally thrown open to foreigners, that in these, and in the hospitality of the inhabitants, there is an inexhaustible fund of edification and amusement. The environs, too, have so strong a claim to our admiration, that weeks may be spent in their survey, without any fear of sameness or diminution of interest. To the principal objects of attraction some brief allusion has been already made; and within our prescribed limits, it would be hardly possible to do more—but we may here make a few observations on the manner in which the inhabitants of Vienna combine the sweets of recreation with the engagements of business and industry. The numerous facilities which are now, at the expense of a few kreuzers, presented to every one, for excursions in all directions have produced a great change in the population of Vienna. The luxury of a country residence is no longer confined to opulent and titled families, but is very generally appreciated and enjoyed by the industrious classes, who, by means of that prime conciliatory vehicle the 'omnibus,' (*gesellschaftswägen*,) can leave the counter or cabinet at such hours as to enable them to spend a goodly portion of each day in the bosom of their families. But these, indeed, are only results which are equally familiar to the eye in Paris and London, where, by the still increasing facilities of intercourse with the adjacent country, the health has, and let us hope the morals of the people also have, been decidedly promoted. So much indeed is this locomotive passion fostered in Vienna at present, that the lady of a bourgeois would think herself justly entitled to complain, were she not permitted to enjoy her summers in the country. Hence it is that every village in the environs of Vienna, from being so regularly frequented by visitors—who take up their residence in it not for days only, but for weeks and months together—has so much of the air and style of the capital, and is regaled with continued strains of music from morning till night. The places most patronized by families of the higher class, and where many of them have their fixed summer residences, are Hietzing, Penzing, and Hütteldorf; for, as the imperial residence is Schönbrunn, these are convenient for the grandees, ministers, and others, who are required to be in daily attendance at court. The most fashionable promenades in this quarter, are the avenue of Hietzing, the road to Lainz, and the park at Penzig, near the same gentle acclivity as that of the imperial demesne.



A succession of other localities equally frequented, and situated in a country which assumes a still more imposing character, is connected on the south with the above-named villages. Here commences the range of calcareous mountains, lofty masses of which soar in isolated precipices through the dense forests with which they are shaded. The facilities for visiting this interesting region being much less frequent,





Castle Wildenstein

W. H. Bartlett

it is by no means so well known as it deserves to be; but a succession of charming country-houses, each with its ornamental grounds contiguous, and the declivity to the south richly mantled with vineyards, give a charming variety to the landscape. Of this district, the chief points for observation are Auf-der-Mauer, Kalksburg, Rodaun, Kaltenleutgeben, Petersdorf, Brunn-am-Gebirge, and Enzersdorf. The stranger who finds himself in the valley of Kaltenleutgeben, in the midst of its fine peasantry, (a lime-burning race,) or with the woodcutters of Hochrotherd will readily imagine himself at a distance of several days' journey from the capital. Next to Enzersdorf is Mödling, the ancient ducal residence of a line collateral with the Babenberg family. It stands at the entrance of the Briel—a romantic valley which nature and art have conspired to render the most delightful imaginable. Here are abundant proofs of the taste displayed by Prince John of Lichtenstein, who well knew how to avail himself of the beauties of nature, and to whose liberality the whole country is an imperishable monument. Notwithstanding its distance from the capital, this valley is much frequented during the season, when it is usual to see the square of Mödling crowded with vehicles of every description, and swarming with visitors. Lachsenburg, situated in the plain, and in nearly the same direction as Mödling, is highly deserving of attention; for it is very seldom, indeed, that a traveller finds the treasures of nature and art united in such profusion as here. It owes its origin to the Empress Maria Theresa, who took great pleasure in directing and suggesting its embellishments, which were completed by her successor, the Emperor Francis, with so much taste and judgment, as to render the place quite unique in its kind. But of all the environs named, nothing in the eyes of the Viennese can be placed in competition with

Baden. This charming town has enjoyed a hereditary fame and popularity which have stood the test of a century, and which other watering-places, springing into sudden notoriety, have never been able to shake or diminish. But of the multitude who daily resort hither, during the season, not more, probably, than one half do so on account of the baths—the grand attraction for the others being its society and scenery. Baden, properly speaking, is but the frontier or line of demarcation between the immediate environs, and that more picturesque and striking series which merges into the snow-crowned Alps. Here the antiquary will find an extensive field of research and speculation: on the south-east of the town he will observe at least fifty ancient castles, more or less ruinous, but all belonging to the feudal period, and illustrating in palpable colours the lives and habits of their warlike founders. Among these, Neustadt presents the greatest number of historical records and associations. The number of those who resort annually to Baden for the use of its waters, has amounted at times to more than five thousand; while those who come merely to spend a day may be estimated—particularly on holidays—at ten or twelve thousand. The emperor, and several of the chief nobility have châteaux here; and nothing is omitted that can render the place a fascinating residence, either

for the invalid or the professed novelty-hunter. But let him who would preserve his purse and his peace of mind unendangered, carefully avoid the seductions of the gaming-table.

The Warm Springs of Baden,¹ "loaded with sulphur, and strongly impregnated with carbonic acid gas, issue from beneath a low eminence of limestone, which a few years ago was only bare rock, but is now clothed with artificial groves, and hewn into romantic walks. Not a few who, although in perfect health, take a strange pleasure in being in such a crowd, use the bath together, males and females, mixed promiscuously, and sit or move slowly about, for an hour or two, up to the neck in the steaming water. The ladies enter and depart by one side, and the gentlemen by another; but in the bath itself there is no separation; nay, politeness requires that a gentleman, when he sees a lady moving, or attempting to move alone, shall offer himself as her supporter during the aquatic promenade. There is no silence or dulness, continues our author; every thing is talk and joke. There is a gallery above, for the convenience of those who choose to be only spectators of the motley crowd; but it is impossible to hold out long against the heat."²

Returning to the capital, numerous objects will still engage the stranger's attention and invite his stay; but among the brief notices already given of the churches of Vienna we must not omit that of the Barnabites, or church of St. Michael, were it only that in its vault repose the ashes of the poet Metastasio.³ This edifice stands in the square opposite the imperial château, and was built by Leopold, the seventh of the Dukes of Babenberg, early in the thirteenth century. Its antique Gothic vaults, supported by massive pillars of corresponding taste, contrast singularly with the altars and ornamented sculpture, which have been executed in the modern style.

¹ Russell.

² The scene here described is not peculiar to Baden, but might have been witnessed at no distant period, and in daily practice, at Bath, the Baden of England. At Liebenzell, in the Black Forest, the ladies immerse themselves in distinct baths, each with a lid like 'a saucepan,' through which are holes for the head and arms, so that while undergoing the process of soaking they may continue their knitting and sewing, and indulge the pleasures of society. To this the writer has more particularly alluded in his *Residence at "the Courts of Germany, during a professional attendance upon their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Clarence."* (William IV. and Queen Adelaide.)

³ Metastasio, then at the age of thirty-one, was first invited to Vienna by Charles VI., in 1729, and appointed by that sovereign to the laureateship, with a pension of four thousand guilders a year. From this time forward no gala took place at court which was not graced by the poet's effusions. From the Empress Maria Theresa, as well as from Ferdinand VI. of Spain, Metastasio received magnificent presents; and thus honoured and beloved, his life, during half a century, presented a calm uniformity. Retaining the favour of the imperial family undiminished, his extraordinary talents were admirably seconded by the calm tenor of his private character, and by his punctual observance of the conventional proprieties of high life. He composed no less than twenty-six operas, and eight sacred dramas, besides innumerable minor pieces, all more or less remarkable for sweetness, correctness, purity, gentle pathos, and elevated sentiment. He died in 1782, at the advanced age of eighty-four, crowned with years and honours, and 'eulogised' by every kindred muse.—For further particulars of his life and writings the reader may consult the 'Biography of the Poets.'

The superb paintings by Schnorr, however, compensate in some degree for these and similar inconsistencies. While Mathielly's group of St. Michael; a portrait of the Virgin Mary, in the Byzantine style; the rich bas-reliefs of the great altar, with the objects in cast-metal behind it are all more or less interesting, as specimens of ancient and modern art.

With respect to the amusements of this great and gay city, a few observations may suffice; for as Vienna forms only a stage, and not a subject for lengthened detail, in our voyage down the Danube, we can only select such topics as have an immediate, and not a remote connexion with the illustrations. The Viennese, as a late resident has observed, are undoubtedly "the most musical people in the world. To the lovers of music, waltzing, and good eating, Vienna is a terrestrial paradise, where every man whose circumstances are above mediocrity plays the piano; where all waltz à merveille, and are unanimous in their respect '*pour la cuisine*,' which although open to epicurean criticism, is here extremely well understood. In winter the amusements of the Viennese consist chiefly of theatrical exhibitions, besides which nightly concerts are given as secondary to the favourite waltz—so quick in its movements as to form a singular contrast with the general character of the people, and yet so peculiar as to become identified with all those who live within the sphere of the 'paternal government.' During these giddy circumvolutions, the gentlemen take their station in the middle of the saloon, leaving a large space between them and the boxes, which are filled with spectators, and in that space, the waltzers continuing to whirl round with wonderful rapidity, exhibit no inapt resemblance to the rotatory motions of their own 'Wirbel'—the whirlpool already described. There are five theatres,¹ three of which are minor or suburban establishments. The entertainments begin between six and seven, and terminate shortly after nine o'clock.

Each quarter of the city has its saloons, not less remarkable for their elegance than their capacity for accommodating the crowds, who nightly resort thither. Into these no other introduction is necessary than the payment of from one to two shillings. Here nothing can exceed the decorum and propriety observed by all—from the '*dame de la cour*,' to the '*blanchisseuse*.' Some of them are continually joining in the mazes of the waltz, while others look on, and enjoy the enchanting



UPPER AUSTRIA.

¹ The legitimate drama is best performed at the Hof, or Burg Theatre. The Kärnthner Thor Theatre, close to the Corinthian Gate, is the Opera-house of Vienna, where ballets and operas are got up in a style proverbial for its taste and elegance. The largest theatre is called Der Wien, much celebrated for its melo-dramas and spectacles. The Leopoldstadt Theatre is that frequented by the bulk of the people, where satirical pieces, extravaganzas, &c., suitable to the taste of the audience, are regularly played.

music conducted by one or other of their far-famed leaders—Strauss, Larnier, or Morelly. Galleries and side-wings are set apart for suppers, which are served hot—and at prices noted down in the lists distributed to the guests. The moderation of these prices will astonish the inexperienced traveller. One of the dancing saloons alone has rooms where a thousand persons may dance at the same time.¹ In summer, and at an early hour every morning—

The Glacis, as seen in the accompanying engraving, becomes thronged with company, the object being to partake of a mineral-spring before breakfast, and a promenade under the refreshing shade of groves which extend in all directions. Music is continued throughout the whole of the time thus employed, one band ceasing only that another may have an opportunity for display. For the after part of the day, the favourite resort is the Prater, already described; but to give even an outline of the popular amusements daily thrown open to the people, would far exceed the limits of this work. Let it not be supposed, however, that the moral dissipation of Vienna is in proportion to the number and gaiety of its public amusements. This impression, as the writer already quoted has justly observed, “has been much exaggerated: the habitual gaiety has the effect of refreshing the industrious after their toil; and it prevents those lamentable consequences of idleness and intemperance of which the instances are so many and so melancholy in our own country. An English gentleman, he adds, who lately travelled through various countries, including the whole of Germany, under the direction of the British Government, for the purpose of inquiring into the condition and management of the poor, declares that he never was in any country that evidenced “so much sobriety, so little discontentment, and so completely the absence of indigence as Austria.” In the “public walks and gardens of Vienna,” says another popular writer on this subject, “every one seems more merry than another; and the individual who can mingle with the crowds of pretty faces that smile upon him in the Esplanade, or can gaze upon the fairy forms that flit through the brightly illuminated Volks Garten, in the evening, and who does not catch the spirit of universal happiness, which prevails, must be a stoic indeed.”—To such high testimony in favour of Vienna, we shall merely add that there is “no city in Europe where an Englishman or a stranger can amuse and occupy his time better or where he can find himself so quickly at home, as in the Austrian capital. Among the upper classes of its gay, open-hearted, friendly, and hospitable inhabitants, he experiences none of that stiffness and reserve that meet him in North Germany; and he is gratified and surprised when he stirs abroad by the comfortable condition, and happy and contented air of the lower orders—among whom poverty scarcely appears in any shape, and where beggary, if it exists at all, is at least kept



PROVINCIAL COSTUME.





K. Wally

W. H. Barber

Vienna.
(From the Eastons.)

in the background." There is none of that "open display of vice, which disgraces the capitals of France and England. The streets may be traversed at all hours, by night and day, without encountering annoyance or disturbance of any kind; and yet the public police-force is neither numerous nor obtrusive. Breaches of the peace are rare, cases of intoxication seldom occur, gaming-houses are unknown, and a corps of only *seven hundred* men constitute the whole force of the guardians of the peace, in the city and suburbs of Vienna."¹—We shall now, before resuming our course along the Danube, advert to a few of those historical events and incidents with which the ancient Vindobona is more particularly identified. The history of the capital, like that of most other cities of the German empire, is involved in much obscurity. During the reign of Vespasian and the latter part of the first century of our era, Vindobona served as a military station for four of the Roman legions, which were also liberally distributed among the other garrisons, by which they took good care to strengthen their position. Early in the fourth century, the light of Christianity began to dispel the shades of heathen darkness, and thus introduced the grand era in its moral destinies. In the reign of Charlemagne, the country became united with France; and under the auspices of that enlightened and powerful monarch great progress was effected in all that gives stability to the throne and prosperity to the people. The arts were revived, science was encouraged, and commerce, the grand source of national prosperity, bartered commodities in every province and part of the empire. Early in the fourteenth century, the revival and progress of learning were liberally secured by the foundation of a university, which shed a benign and humanizing lustre over the country, and gave full scope for the patriotic exercise of mind and intellect. Shortly after, Soliman the Magnificent ascended the vale of the Danube, with a force of three hundred thousand men, but was driven from the walls of Vienna, with a loss of at least forty thousand of his turbanned host. The seventeenth century was remarkable for the expulsion of the Jews from Vienna, and for that awful visitation of the plague, to which one hundred and twenty thousand of the inhabitants fell a sacrifice. Six years later, the Turks, under Kara Mustapha, having made another invasion of the Austrian territory, were completely overthrown under the walls of the city, by Sobieski, King of Poland, to whose energies on that occasion, allusion has been already made. The last attempt on the city by the Ottoman power was made a few years afterwards, but with no better result;² and from that day the army of the crescent was confined within its own gra-

¹ The above testimony in favour of Vienna is given on the authority of the latest writers on the subject who have resided in the capital.

² Of the Duke Charles Lorraine, who commanded a corps of the imperial force on this occasion, a French historian mentions the following anecdote:—The Grand Visir, Kara Mustapha, having first encamped at Belgrade, thence directed his march on Weissembourg, with an army of fifty thousand Janissaries, thirty thousand cavalry, and two hundred thousand troops, drawn from various garrisons, which spread themselves over eight leagues of country, and inspired the utmost consternation in the minds of the peasantry. Duke Charles, being compelled to retreat before this overwhelming force, the

dually diminished limits. The close of the eighteenth century was marked by events to which it were superfluous to do more than simply to advert—the war with the revolutionary arms of France, and the reception of Bernadotte as the republican ambassador. Nor is it necessary to particularize the great political storms which soon followed, the changes which ensued, or the vast expenditure of blood and treasure which it required to accomplish the independence and consolidation of the Austrian monarchy.¹

Taking leave of the Austrian capital, the traveller has the choice of proceeding to Hungary, either by land or water. By the latter conveyance he will obtain an interesting view of those localities, on which so indelible a stamp has been affixed by the events of the late war, and to which the stranger's attention is especially directed. By land, and following the great post-road, some little variety is offered in the landscape, but in neither case is the scenery bold or striking. The plain through which the Danube flows is here flat and wooded, but fertile, generally well peopled, and hemmed in on one hand by the Kahlenberg, and on the other by the mountains of Hungary. But the chief scenes to which attention is directed between the two capitals of Austria and Hungary, are the battle-fields of Essling, Aspern, and Wagram, on the left bank of the river, each of which was the arena on which contending armies met, struggled, and bled—and the very mention of which recalls that series of disasters or victories, which more immediately preceded the late pacification of Europe. The numerous channels into which the Danube is ramified, with its green wooded islands, give a soft silvan character to the landscape; but the shifting sandbanks with which these are constantly beset,² renders the navigation so intricate and dangerous, that accidents and delays are by no means unfrequent. And as these are disadvantages against which it is impossible to guard, the majority of tourists who cross the Hungarian frontier will most likely adopt the old plan of trusting to the post-relays, which are always well supplied. In departing from Vienna, as in approaching it, the cathedral of St. Stephens, is still the predominating

Turks attacked the corps of guards under Count Taaf, (at that moment supporting the regiment of Montecuculli,) and threw the whole into disorder. The Duke, anxiously observing the movement, flew to the post of greatest danger, and eagerly, but in vain, attempted to rally his forces. A panic had seized them, and the imperial troops betook themselves to flight. Determined to make one last effort, the Duke dismounted, placed himself in front of the fugitives, and exclaimed, "What! are you men—are you soldiers, who thus abandon your arms, and break your oath to the emperor? Is it possible that Turkish canaille can thus intimidate the heroic hearts of Austria? No! Return—advance! Follow me—support me, and you shall see them fly like chaff before the hurricane!" Confounded and astonished, the Imperials halted, wheeled round, and with a volley and a shout, turning on their pursuers, drove them back, and crowned the day with a brilliant victory.

¹ The two occupations of Vienna by the French—the marriage of the Arch-duchess Maria Louisa with Napoleon—and the congress of Vienna are subjects familiarly known to our readers.

² While this page is going to press, we have heard with much regret that the fine steamer, the 'Vienna,' which sailed regularly between the capital and Presburg, has been lost on one of the numerous sandbanks.

feature in the landscape, and to this the traveller's eye will be often turned, while he recalls the splendour of its interior, its shrines and sepulchres, and the gorgeous festivals celebrated within its hallowed walls. — But passing over less interesting objects, we proceed at once to the ruins of

The Castle of Theben.

The first appearance of this dilapidated fortress of the olden time, completely relieves the monotony of the landscape through which we have just passed, and it is justly considered one of the most remarkable of its kind in the whole course of the Danube. Crowning the rocky precipice to which it still clings with an air of grandeur, but with all the symptoms of total neglect and decay, it is a monument that will long arrest attention, as we pass the Magyar line, and afford scope for the pen and pencil of future travellers. From its mouldering towers and battlements the eye wanders over a charming landscape —



SHRINE IN ST. STEPHEN'S CATHEDRAL.

truly Hungarian—where fruitful plains and vine-covered acclivities seem to invite us to partake of their abundance—and whose warlike inhabitants appear to justify all that German historians and poets have asserted in their praise. The market-town of Theben, overshadowed by a wooded acclivity, is situated close to the influx of the sluggish March into the Danube, with a population of about twelve hundred, who carry on a trade in the fruits and wine of the neighbourhood. The cucumbers and liquorice-wood of Theben are in high request, and a source of considerable profit. Here is an office for the better expedition of steam and oar navigation on the Danube, with other objects of public utility. But the grand object is the Castle, which overhangs the cliff a little to the westward of the town, and to that we shall confine our observations. The rock on which it stands is of chalk formation, a ridge of which here crosses the river; but close to this there is also primitive rock, forming what is called in the country small *Karpathes*, on the granite masses of which stands the

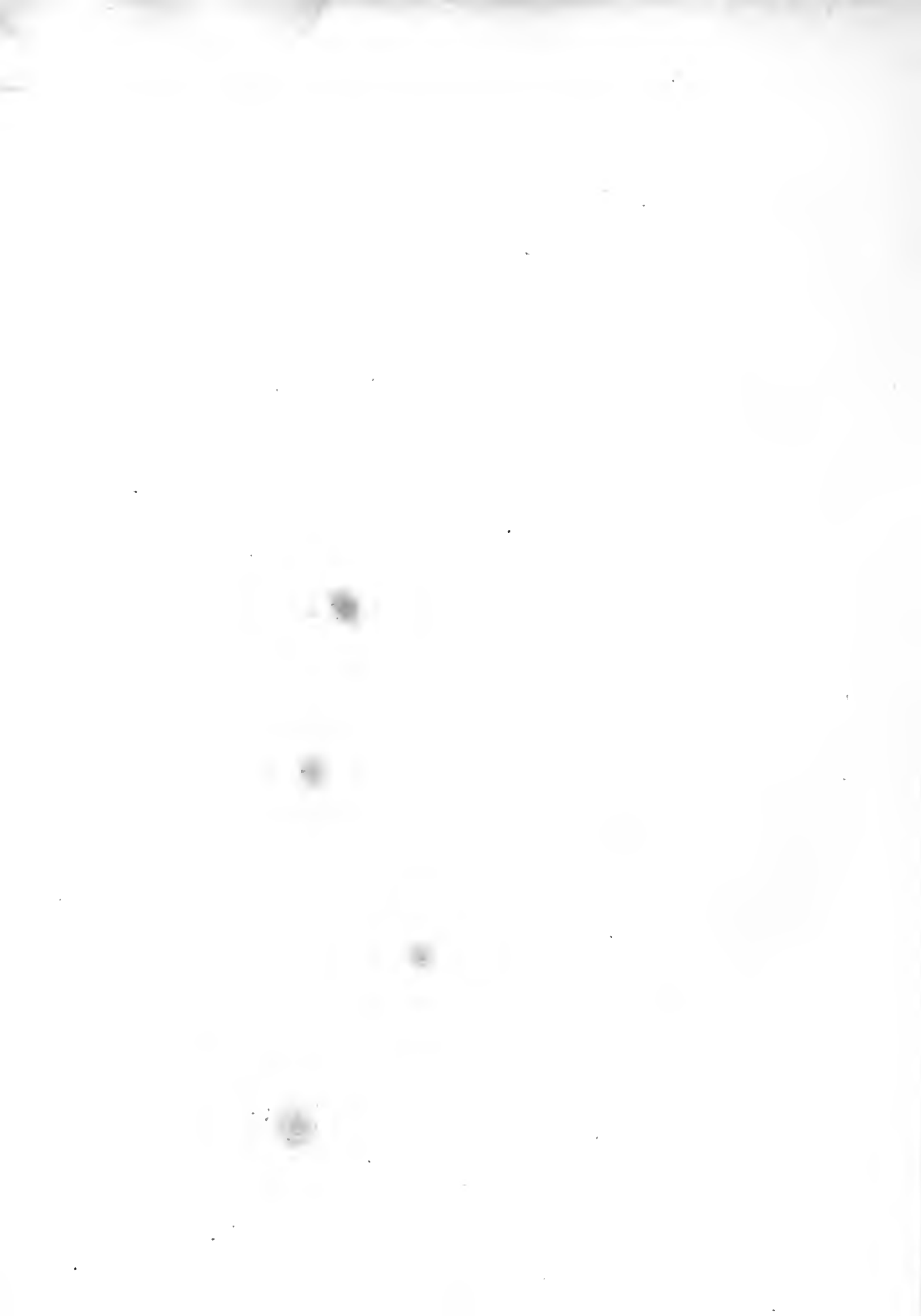
Castle of Presburg. The rock of Theben is much rent, opening here and there into wide fissures, gradually descending towards the north, but precipitous, and almost inaccessible on the south, east, and west. Situated in the immediate vicinity of the spot where the Emperor Marcus Aurelian expired, it has been traditionally considered that Theben was of Roman origin, and that its rock was crowned with a garrison and post of observation. But there is no existing evidence that the Romans ever transgressed the old boundary of the Ister, at this place, or ever held lands or erected fortresses on the point where the town and Castle of Theben now stand. But there can be little doubt that one or other of the barbarous nations who checked the Roman conquest at this part, had a fastness on these heights, as the Sclavonian name, *Dévén*, or *Theben*, would seem to impart. Among that ancient race *Dewoyna* or *Dovina* was the name of a goddess, who was worshipped with honours similar to those offered to the Roman *Venus*; and as this country was inhabited by Sclavonians till the sixth century, it is probable that the Castle of Theben was enlarged by them, and so named in compliment to their goddess. The tradition is, that *Swatopolk*, the founder of the great Moravian empire, and his brother *Ratislaw*, who is supposed to have built Presburg, resided in the Castle of Theben, in the ninth century; and that under the latter it sustained a siege from the forces of King *Louis-the-German*. At the close of that century, when the Magyars made war on the Moravian monarch, Theben was already one of its strongest fortresses, and was surrendered, a few years later, together with the territory lying between the rivers *March* and *Waag*, to the Hungarians; and like Presburg has remained in their possession ever since. In *M.CCXXXIII*. Theben was laid siege to by the forces of *Frederick-the-Strenuous*, but it successfully resisted all his efforts to reduce it. Fifty years later, however, it surrendered to *Ottokar*, King of Bohemia; and was subsequently bestowed on the noble families of *St. Georgen* and *Pösing*, as appears in the records of *Matthias Corvinus*. After the extinction of these families, it passed into that of *Zapolya*, then to the family of *Bathory*, who styled themselves Constables of Castle *Dévén*; but afterwards it went to that of the *Keglewitz*. Early in the seventeenth century, when this important border-fastness fell into the hands of a strong body of insurgents, it was stormed, and taken possession of by Count *Buquoy*. In *M.DCL.*, the Emperor, *Ferdinand III.*, made a present of it to one of his favourites, a Count *Palatine*, *Paul Palfy*; by whose testamentary deed, duly confirmed by the royal authority, it forms one of the hereditary seigniories of the *Palfy* family, of which public notice was given in *M.DCCXXVI*. But the line of the founder becoming extinct, this venerable fortress with its dependencies reverted to the line of primogeniture, and now continues in the possession of the elder branch, which early in the present century was elevated to the rank and dignity of princes.

In the Ottoman invasion of 1683, already noticed, the Turks made a strong effort to surprise and seize upon the Castle of Theben; but so vigilant was the small gar-



Table of Contents

186



rison left for its defence, that the attempt entirely failed, and the turbaned host proceeded to encamp under the walls of Vienna. But the fortress that had withstood for centuries, unscathed, the combined efforts of war and tempest; and that still presented a most formidable bulwark, it was reserved for the French troops, in M.DCCCIX., utterly to demolish.¹

In its present condition, Castle Theben is a mere chaos, so to speak, of picturesque fragments—each bearing the impress of faded grandeur, and pointing forcibly to those times when such buildings were considered indispensable for the maintenance of peace and good order. One of the old watch-towers, called the “Nun’s Tower,” and shown in the engraving, still occupies its original site on the point of an isolated and now nearly inaccessible rock, and forms a striking feature in the picture. Like other fortresses of its class and period, that of Theben consisted originally of an upper and lower castle, with a wide and capacious area between them. The higher of these was deserted by its owners, at an early age; but the lower continued to be inhabited down to the time of its final demolition by the French. Until then, the outworks were strong; and with respect to the interior, every lover of picturesque antiquities viewed with interest its fine central tower, its two gates, state apartments, its deep draw-well, prison-vaults, cellars, and subterraneous passage, all of which were fashioned and constructed after the best models of feudal architecture. Most of these, however, are now so much mutilated and disfigured by the ‘miner’s blast,’ and in so tottering and shattered a state, that a complete survey cannot be effected without danger from the fragments of masonry that hang in such critical suspense over the visitor’s head. From the principal rampart, however, the stranger may enjoy one of the most delicious views imaginable. In every direction objects of remarkable beauty or historical interest invite his attention, and furnish abundance of materials for thought and reflection. Turning to the north, the rich plain of the March expands before him, through which the river, drawing its glittering source from the Moravian hills, pours its tide of freshness and fertility. On its right bank he will not fail to observe Schloss-hof, or Castle-court, once a favourite villa of Prince Eugene, where that celebrated captain of his day is said to have matured many of the plans of his subsequent victories. Further on, towards the north, are seen the walls of Marchegg, with the Castle of Salm-hof, where Nicholas von Salm, the heroic defender of Vienna against the Turks, closed in peace his eventful career. To the west extends the celebrated plain on which, five hundred years ago, the haughty Ottakar of Bohemia resigned his life and sceptre to Rudolph of Hapsburg; and where, in modern times, the legions of Napoleon were met and discomfited by his descendants. Looking eastward, the view

¹ In the Hungarian periodical, ‘Tudományos Gyűtemeny,’ for the year 1820, Baron Mednyansky has given a representation of Castle Theben, such as it stood previous to its devastation by the French, and then, indeed, it must have been a very imposing structure.

is bounded by the lower Carpathian range, which forms a striking contrast with the vast plain stretching forward to the north and west, and exhibits a striking interchange of rocky cliffs, beetling precipices, and shadowy forests. Under the spectator's feet are the houses of Theben, the inhabitants of which, as they cross its street, appear as if diminished to the size of pigmies, and not what "learned Thebans" ought to be. Turning again to the south, the eye rests with delight on the broad bosom of the Danube, animated at short intervals with rafts and steamers, gaily adorned, and exhibiting in its downward course the first striking display of Hungarian scenery— islands, farms, vineyards, hamlets, and villas. But one of the finest features in the landscape, as seen from these ramparts, is the ancient Castle of Haimburg,¹ which



CASTLE OF HAIMBURG

crowns a neighbouring hill. and commands an uninterrupted view over the whole country.

With this locality important associations are connected. It was here that Peter-the-Cruel took measures for his concealment; and here also lived Margaret, Princess of the house of Babenberg, until the disastrous suit of Ottakar, King of Bohemia, brought her again upon the theatre of a world, whose pleasures she was never again permitted to taste. These remarkable sites have been celebrated in the

¹ Haimburg is a "town of four thousand inhabitants, a fourth of whom find employment in the Imperial Tobacco Manufactory. The town is entered by two antique castellated gateways, planted at the two extremities of the principal street."—'Der Begleiter,' &c. and 'Handbook.'





W. Moerman.

W. H. 1874.

The Castle of Hohenlaurensberg.

LA TOUR DE LA NONNE, CHÂTEAU DE THIERSTEIN.

'Niebelungenlied,' and appear to have attracted much partial attention, even from the time of the first Roman occupation of the country. Here were the harbour and station of the Roman flotilla on the Danube: in Altenburg was quartered the fourteenth Roman legion; here stood the imperial palacé; here were the warm springs, known as the *Aquæ Pannonicæ*; and here many antiquities, illustrative of Roman genius or luxury, have from time to time been turned up by the plough, the spade, and the pick-axe. It was here also that Marcus Aurelian composed his *Philosophical Memoirs*; and here that Septimius Severus was proclaimed emperor. The whole neighbourhood of Theben is, in fact, richly diversified with objects that will detain every intelligent and inquiring traveller, and may be justly considered one of the most interesting districts of the Austrian monarchy.¹ Before taking leave of the castle, however, we must not omit the **Legend** connected with the isolated Nun's Tower, already named, and which the artist has so faithfully represented in the engraved view:—In a warlike excursion into Carinthia, one of the lords of Theben, it is said, was captivated by the charms of a noble lady of that province, and pressed his suit and siege so manfully, that both the fortress and the fair owner surrendered on honourable terms. Preparations were accordingly made on a scale of becoming splendour, for the celebration of the marriage, as well as the victory. But one unlucky evening, while the count was returning from the chase, he was met by one of his hussars, who told him, in few and hurried words, that, taking advantage of his absence, the lovely Bertha had been carried off from her bower by a warlike abbot, and was at this very moment entering the forest, to which he pointed, and in the centre of which stood the well-known Convent of Isenberg. The count asked no further questions, but wheeling round, and calling his men to follow, shouted, "To the rescue!" and dashed off in the direction of the forest. The pursuit was kept up for two hours—the spoilers were overtaken—a terrible rencounter ensued, in which the count and his gallant supporters proving victorious, the lady was rescued, and at sun-rise found herself safe in the territory of her betrothed husband.—One day's repose, and the castle chapel became the scene of a nuptial solemnity. Before the altar stood the young lord of Theben and his Carinthian bride; but just as the benediction had been pronounced, the clash of arms was heard in the court, and a breathless messenger rushed in with the startling news that the enemy was within the walls; that in the joy of this occasion the postern gate had been left open; and that pouring through this unsuspected avenue, the lady's uncle and his retainers were cutting their way to the very chapel door. Surprise led to a panic—the small garrison of Theben was either overpowered or cast headlong from the walls. One prospect of

¹ For several of the above particulars, the editor is indebted to the author of the *Denkbuch*, in German, containing much valuable matter in the history and statistics of the Austrian monarchy, Part VI., 139.—Vienna. Also to "Der Begleiter auf der Donaufahrt." Of the same subject Miss Pardoe has given a spirited description in her popular work—"The City of the Magyar."—Virtue, London.

escape only remained—namely, a subterranean tunnel leading to the river, and to that the distracted bridegroom hurried his trembling and newly-acquired treasure. What was his despair, however, to find it bristling with spears! The next thought was the iron-tower—or as it has since been called, the Nun's Tower—and here, having gained an entrance, followed by a handful of resolute adherents, he found a sanctuary for his bride. Then, hastily exchanging his gala robes for the steel accoutrements of war, the count took his station at the small gate; while, at one moment tenderly consoling his bride, at another sternly repulsing the assailants, he maintained a critical existence till about midnight. Then, however, it became too apparent that the last ray of hope was nearly spent. The thick oaken door was piled round with blazing faggots, and the solid stone thus suddenly converted into lime, the hinges and bolts dropped out, and the iron grating fell in with an ominous crash. Under this, too, lay the mangled form of his last retainer! The count and the lady now retiring to the battlement which, at an immense depth overlooks the Danube, appeared for a moment in impassioned conversation. But her uncle, the Abbot of Isenberg—who loved the casque better than the cowl, was already on the stair. She soon heard and recognized his voice, which at every step gave vent to expressions of deadly revenge against her husband. She rushed to the entrance, where only a frail wicket was interposed between her and the infuriated monk, “Spare him!” she cried; “spare my husband!” and for an instant the tones of that voice on which he had so lately doted, arrested the abbot. He paused for an instant. She repeated the adjuration. “Never!” exclaimed the abbot, and with his armed followers, dashed the wicket aside. At the same moment she started back, sprang into the arms of her husband, and mounting the parapet stood in critical suspense on the extreme verge of this dreadful precipice. “Come back!” said the abbot, suppressing his rage.—“Never, till thou hast given thy solemn pledge.”—“Pledge!” interrupted the abbot, and rushed violently towards the count—but he grasped only the empty air! The brave and the beautiful forms that there stood locked in each other's arms, had vanished from his sight; and when he looked over the frightful precipice it was only to behold the flash and ripple of the wave, as it received and closed over his victims—Albert of Theben and his devoted bride.

Presburg, till the close of the last century the capital of Hungary, had undergone few changes in size or features, but remained in much the same condition as that described by most of our old travellers on the Danube: nor indeed have the events of the last half century materially affected either the architectural appearance or civic population of Presburg. The former is by no means striking; but in the latter there is much, notwithstanding the Austrian frontier, to excite a pleasing conviction in the tourist's mind that he is in Hungary. The town occupies a spacious and beautiful plain, and is surrounded by fortifications, consisting of a wall and ditch. The suburbs are built, for the most part, on an eminence, and on a rather steep and commanding hill stands the royal citadel, or palace, of a quadrangular form, with a

strong tower at each corner. Originally it was richly ornamented internally with paintings by eminent masters, illustrating the life and character of Ferdiand II.; and in every subject selected for the canvass, was seen an exact resemblance of the emperor's face.¹ In one of the towers were kept the ancient crown and regalia of Hungary: the entrance to the citadel was through three iron doors; and between the two first of these were posted the guards, who could then see every one who approached the royal entrance. Of its present situation and appearance the accomplished author of the 'City of the Magyar' has thus commemorated her first impressions:²—"The first view of Presburg was charming: the sky of a summer night was above us, 'darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,' gemmed with stars, and radiant with moonlight. The rapid current of the river was rushing down past the bridge, in its wild hurry, making the reflection of the line of lamps along the shore dance like meteors upon the ripple! The heavy outline of the ruined palace, upon a height above the town, stood out white and sharp, against the rich purple of the atmosphere; and the dark trees, which fringe the opposite bank of the stream, cast a mass of gloom far and wide; but the streets were silent as we entered them, for the night was almost spent, and the sharp bark of a watch-dog alone welcomed us to the city of the Diet. Presburg is not a fine city; its commercial quarter is narrow and closely crowded together; its squares, or platz, though numerous, are small, and its public buildings singularly unpicturesque. Even the Landhaus, in the Michael's Strasse, in which the Diet is held, and which was occupied by the Arch-duke Palatine, during his sojourn in the city, is perfectly unpretending in appearance; the only edifice of any 'mark or likelihood' being the Archiepiscopal Palace—the occasional residence of the Prince Primate, and the '*pied-a-terre*' of the emperor, during his unfrequent visits to Presburg. The more open portions of the town have rather the effect of rows of houses built along the sides of a road, than of regular streets, no attempt having been made to pave them; and in addition to the two inches of dust or mud, according to the season, through which your carriage has to press its way, there is the extreme inconvenience of the drains which traverse them, and which are built of brick, and form tunnels, heaving themselves up abruptly in your path. But despite this drawback, the streets of Presburg, during the sitting of the Diet, present a constant scene of amusement. The well-packed britzscha, with its Austrian postillion, gorgeous in orange cotton lace and soiled feathers, its dusty travellers and sleepy horses, is succeeded by the light calèche from Pesth, drawn by the Bauern, or 'peasants' post,' where the wild, wiry, eager animals, sometimes four abreast, and always rather tied than harnessed to the carriage, come rattling along the uneven streets,—only to make way for the wicker waggons of the country people, laden with fruit or corn, or other agricultural produce, and driven by a sturdy hind, whose broad flapped hat of black felt is girdled by a

¹ Keysler.² Vol. i. p. 3.—See also the 'German Statistics of Hungary.'

wreath of worsted flowers, or adorned with a black feather, or a sun-flower, or a bunch of marigold. Women with gay-coloured cotton handkerchiefs, bound tightly about their heads, and frequently bare-footed, carrying wooden panniers at their backs, filled with melons or vegetables, pass every moment: smart grisettes, with sandalled shoes, and their carefully arranged hair shining like satin in the sun, thread their way among them; horsemen gallop in every direction; fiacres filled with pretty faces dart round the corners; monks with robes of black serge and priests in cocked hats elbow ladies in lace shawls and British muslins; and amidst the crowd whirl along the coronetted 'four-in-hands' of the magnates, filled with noble dames and gay with their plumed chasseurs." Such are a few of the more prominent features so gracefully touched by Miss Pardoe, during her late visit to the Hungarian capital, and to her interesting work on the subject we have again much pleasure in referring our readers.¹

Into the political history and connexions of Presburg it is not our province to enter; but there is one historical anecdote, of which Maria Theresa was the heroine, and which, were it only for its picturesque effect, is well entitled to insertion in these pages. It is as follows:—In M.DCCXLI., whilst the King of Prussia was carrying his arms into Silesia, the Elector of Bavaria, who also disputed with Maria Theresa the succession of the Emperor Charles, took possession of Passau and Lintz, and threatened to continue his march to the very walls of Vienna. Alarmed at this serious aspect of her affairs, Maria Theresa appealed to the well-known character of the Hungarians, and summoned the various orders of the state, to meet her in assembly at Presburg. Here, attended by a solemn retinue of the ladies and officers of her household, and holding in her arms her infant son, she addressed them in Latin to the following effect:—"Deserted by my friends,² persecuted by my enemies, attacked by my nearest relations, my last resource is in your loyalty, your courage, and in my own unshrinking constancy. The time has arrived when the faithful hearts and hereditary prowess of Hungary are to bear testimony before the eyes of the world. A crisis is at hand, when the sword must either be drawn in defence of your sovereign, or in support of her insulting enemies. But in the hearts of brave men, I have a

¹ The subject chosen for the illustration of Presburg, is a view taken from the gardens on the opposite shore of the Danube, near the old picturesque wooden bridge. Forming a continuous line along the right bank, and partly covering the rising-ground, or Schlossberg, the houses extend right and left—crowned in the centre by the lofty square citadel already mentioned, flanked by the cathedral, and variegated with two or three small spires. In the river are seen specimens of the old passage-boats, which, in despite of steam, are still patronized by the Presburghers in their river-traffic.

² Of the disposition of England, however, towards the Arch-duchess, we learn the following:—"Toute la nation Anglaise s'anime à la vue des malheurs qui accablent la Reine Marie-Thérèse. Quelques particuliers ouvrent une souscription, pour lui faire un don gratuit. La Duchesse de Marlborough, veuve de cet implacable ennemi de Louis XIV., se joint aux principales dames de Londres pour fournir cent mille livres sterling: elle en depose quarante mille; mais l'heroïne de l'Allemagne a la grandeur d'âme de refuser argent effert avec tant de générosité."—An. German, C98.



W. H. Bartlett

Phoenicia



resource in the worst emergencies; I have therefore chosen this hour to place in your hands the son and daughter of your sovereign, who in their extremity look to you for protection." These few words were addressed with such effect—with so much dignity, and confidence in the national character, that the Palatines were moved even to tears, and drawing their well-tried sabres, exclaimed with one voice,—"Moriatur pro rege nostro Maria Theresa!" "Let us die for our *king*! Maria Theresa."

The Arch-duchess evinced the greatest firmness during this enthusiastic display; but, on retiring to the privacy of her own chamber, she was quite overcome, and gave vent to a flood of tears. The result of this day was beyond what could have been anticipated, even by the most patriotic Magyar; while Maria Theresa was informed that a spirit of ardent devotion to her cause had diffused itself throughout the whole country, and that every hour brought supplies to her treasury, and fresh troops to her standard. The effect of this turn of affairs upon her mind may be easily imagined—particularly when we remember that it was on the very eve of this change that she wrote to the Duchess of Lorraine, in these desponding words—"J'ignore encore s'il me restera une ville pour y faire mes couches."

In the Cathedral of Presburg, a Gothic structure of great antiquity, the Kings of Hungary are crowned with much solemnity.² The new king is then conducted on horseback to an artificial mound on the left bank of the Danube; and there, ascending the eminence, and drawing the sword of St. Stephen, he makes the sign of the cross—east, west, north, and south—thereby pledging himself to defend his faithful subjects, at whatever point danger may threaten. The Hungarian Dict, so familiar to every reader, consists of "four states or orders, namely, the bishops and abbots; secondly, the magistrates or great nobles, who are called magnates; thirdly, the knights; and finally, the free citizens. Of this assemblage the two former orders appear in person, and constitute what is called a magnate-table; but the two latter, which form what is called the state-table appear by their representatives. The understanding is that they are to assemble every third year, but this depends upon the royal pleasure." Until within the last few years, all parliamentary debates were generally conducted in Latin; but the more natural language now introduced is the Hungarian, into which several of our most approved English classics have been lately translated, and which is now cultivated with success by the mass of the people, and by native writers of genius and distinction. This form of national assembly has existed upwards of seven centuries.

¹ Thereby alluding to the patriotic and heroic bearing—worthy of a king—which she had manifested on this perilous and trying occasion.

² The Emperors of Austria have been crowned Kings of Hungary during the last two centuries.

The population of Presburg is stated at upwards of thirty-five thousand, divided into Roman Catholics and Protestants, from whom the magistrates are chosen, in equal numbers. The Jews are numerous in Hungary, which is open to every religious persuasion.



PRESBURG FROM THE CASTLE-GATE

About a quarter of a league below Presburg the Danube, to the right and left, throws off two branches, one of which encloses the large fertile island of Schütt, or Csallóköz, as it is called by the natives, which comprises an extent of country twelve German miles in length, by seven in breadth. It is well fitted, in point of soil, for the production of wheat and fruit; it abounds in game and, besides its little capital of Bischdorf, contains about a hundred villages interspersed over its surface. On the right or opposite bank is a smaller island of the same name, and possessing nearly the same qualities of soil and produce; but both are in a great degree rough and uncultivated, and present little but a dull, lifeless expanse of vegetation as far as Rabnitz, where the Raab pours its tribute into the Danube. But on arriving at Gönyö, or Guinee, as it is pronounced, the monotony of the scene is slightly relieved. From this small town it has been proposed to construct a railway to Vienna, so as to obviate the necessity of disembarking passengers and cargoes, as hitherto, when the river is low, and to forward both by this new and rapid conveyance. The country is here so level that a great work of this kind might be accomplished at comparatively little expense, and prove a lasting advantage to all who are either engaged in trade or travel for pleasure. At the eastern extremity of the larger Schütt-Insel, and the junction of the river Waag with the Danube, is seen the royal free town of Komorn. This city enjoys a high reputation in the history of the country

as an impregnable fortress, from the gates of which the assailants have often retired in shame and discomfiture. It contains a population of nearly eleven thousand, with a College of Benedictines, an academy, five Roman Catholic churches, one Lutheran, one reformed, and one Greek church. At the south-east angle of the island, already named, and at the very point of junction between the Danube and its two tributaries, the Waag and Neutra, stands the ancient fortress, which, during the lapse of many centuries, has proved the safeguard of the inhabitants, and one of the chief Austrian bulwarks on the Danube. The fortifications have been considerably extended and improved within these few years, and nothing has been left undone that could be likely to peril its ancient reputation as a virgin-fortress. There is a saying that when summoned to capitulate the usual answer from the battlements was "Komme-morgen"! (Kom-morn) thus giving an expressive answer by a play upon the name Comorn¹—hence the following rhyme.

"The walls are manned, the gates are strong,
Advance, ye sons of plunder."—
They come!—The siege is fierce and long,
And loud the rival thunder!
"Yield!" cries the foe—but still in scorn,
Though seemingly in sorrow,—
Their answer was—"Who wins Comorn
Must call again to-morrow!"

On the opposite side, with which it communicates by means of a flying-bridge, is the small town of Szöny, where the remains of walls, an aqueduct, and other antiquities, point clearly to its early colonization by the Romans. By others it is described as the ancient Begeration, and founded by a colony of Greeks. The number of mills, which here project half across the Danube, forms a striking feature in the picture; and if ever 'the miller and his men' are idle, it must be for want of grist, and not of water. On the left bank, the small towns of Path, Möcs, Karva, and Parthany follow in quick succession; and opposite to these are Almas, Nessmühl, and Süttoe; and further to the right, the town of Dotis—with a gymnasium, manufactures, warm-baths, and several antiquities of Roman origin. The right bank of the Danube now rises into gentle acclivities, on which the grape is cultivated with great success. The Nessmühler wine, produced from the same ground, is in high repute among connoisseurs, and much care has been taken by the proprietors—the Counts Zichy and Esterhazy—to improve its qualities by cultivation.

Shortly after passing Nessmühl,² we quit the Comorn frontier; and in approaching

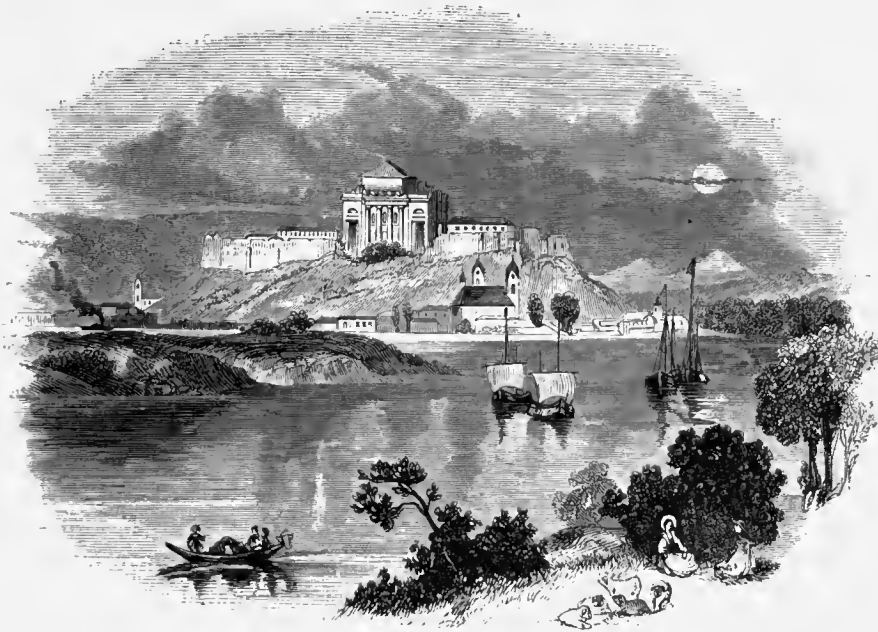
¹ A figure of a female is pointed out in one of the streets, with the inscription supposed to be addressed to an enemy—Kom-morn, (come to-morrow,) a play upon the name of the place.—Handbook.

² Nessmühl is the place where Albert II. died in 1439, from eating too heartily of melons, after a successful expedition against the Turks; and from which his remains were conveyed with great cere-

Gran the landscape continues to improve—swelling into gentle hills, and presenting scenes of much pastoral beauty and cultivation. Karva, on the left bank, is a place of some importance, having a castle, a church, and the convenience of a ferry. Half a league further down is Mocs, in the archbishopric of Gran, with extensive magazines and storehouses, belonging to the government. Süttoe, on the right bank of the Danube, is a pleasant village, with a bridge of red and white marble, a church, and ferry across the river.—But the only object likely to arrest particular attention in this portion of the Danube is the ancient Strigonium, or

City of Gran, the seat of an archbishop, primate of Hungary, with a population of about twelve thousand. The grand feature, as regards its early history, is the castled height overlooking the town, and presenting a vast circumference of dilapidated walls, towers, and bastions, which, during the troublous times of the empire, overawed assailants, and threw its protecting arms round the city. From the earliest period of its native history, Gran was the favourite residence of the Hungarian monarchs, namely, from the first incursion of the Tartars, in 1241, till the entire destruction of the fortress. It consists of a royal free town, or freistadt, close to the Danube, with two towers, a Roman Catholic church, and the church of St. Anne, with several Greek chapels. In the town are various public buildings of note, and among these are the Town-house, the Hall of Justice, the College of Benedictines, the National School, and the Hospital. In the lower town and the market-place, near the chapels of St. George and St. Thomas, as well as in several other places, are sources of medicinal waters, the quality of which is similar to that of our Epsom, and from which magnesia and sulphate of magnesia are manufactured in considerable quantities. There are also warm baths near the base of the hill on which the fortress stands, which are said to possess very salubrious qualities and are consequently much patronized by the citizens and country people. The archiepiscopal seat which had been established in Gran as early as the eleventh century, having been transferred, on the invasion of the Turks in 1543, to Tyrnau, the late Archbishop, Alexander von Rudnay, resolved to re-establish the primacy within the precincts of Gran, its ancient site, and with this view to erect a cathedral at his own cost, which should rival even that of St. Peter's at Rome. He lived to see the greater part of his pious resolution carried into effect; and by extensive loans, and devoting his own princely income, little short of a hundred thousand

mony, and buried in the vault of Albe-royale. Historians, however, are by no means agreed as to the place of Albert's death. Æneas Sylvius, Dubravius, Lambecius, and Fugger call the village Longa; and the last imputes the suddenness of the emperor's death not so much to the melon, as to some poison slyly conveyed into it. [*v. An. Germ.*] A century has not elapsed since this town was the scene of revolting barbarities.—“It is but a few days ago,” says an old and distinguished traveller, “that three women and a man were burnt, on an accusation brought against them for witchcraft, and making compacts with the devil; and three other supposed delinquents of this kind are still kept in prison. . . . Last year the judge of the place, with his wife and thirty-four other persons, were burnt at Seged.”—See further particulars in Keysler, vol. iv. p. 245.



GRAN.

pounds per annum, to the work of piety, a building has been newly finished, which, as a specimen of ecclesiastical architecture is unequalled by any thing that has been attempted in Germany, within the last two centuries. He did not live, however, to witness its completion, and it is doubtful whether the colossal plan, on which it was commenced, will ever be brought to a successful termination. Rudnay was in all respects to Hungary what Gundulph was to England—but Gundulph was well supported in his architectural enterprises, while the successor of von Rudnay is not. The palace of the archbishop is built in a style corresponding with the cathedral—fit for the reception of the first prince of the empire, while the Domherrenhäuser, the public schools, and other establishments are on a scale of elegance and liberality which reflects the highest credit on the venerable primate. In the construction and embellishment of these works the archbishop had the good taste to employ native artists—and there is no dearth of talent in Hungary;—but his lavish expenditure has produced a languor and apathy which in his successors it will require many years to overcome.

Around the base of the castle-hill, extends the Wasserstadt, which communicates, by means of a floating bridge, with the village of Parkany, on the opposite shore; and a short space below this the river Gran falls into the Danube. The river now makes a sudden sweep towards the north, so as to form nearly a half circle between Gran and Dömös, and is bounded on either shore by the chain of porphyry mountains

which border the valley of the Gran. The scenery becomes now more picturesque, and is enlivened by frequent villages, with every appearance of industry and contentment. Dömös, situated close upon the river, has a prepossessing appearance, as seen from the water; but with the exception of some monastic ruins, it has nothing to tempt the stranger's curiosity. In a beautiful valley, at no great distance from the town, is an alum manufactory. The next place of more than common interest, is the Kronflecken, or royal borough of

Wissegrad, which was formerly one of the largest and most flourishing towns in Hungary. The ruined castle which crests the lofty hill overlooking the Danube, was once a favourite summer residence of the old Magyar kings, who had magnificent gardens here, and took their pleasure on those vine-clad heights of the Danube in right sovereign style. But like all royal palaces of that day it contained also a prison; and here, at the beginning of the twelfth century, King Salomon was held, like another Cœur-de-Lion, in durance-vile by his 'affectionate cousin' Ladislaus.—The tower, seen on the left of the accompanying wood-cut, was the fastness to which the royal captive was consigned, and is still a lofty and substantial prison, with an outlook to the river, which must have been very refreshing to the captive monarch, as he felt the cool free air on his fevered cheek, and meditated some new plan for escape. The sovereign, who is said to have expended most money on the castle, and who spent most time within its walls, was Matthias Corvinus, whose style of living, and the taste he displayed in its embellishment, were the theme of constant admiration among the ambassadors and strangers who frequented his court. But at the invasion of the Turks, under Sultan Solyman, the royal Castle of Wissegrad, was doomed to plunder; and being afterwards dismantled in its works of defence and defaced in all its embellishments by the Emperor Leopold, it has continued from that day to be a deserted and crumbling ruin—a monument of that destiny which, sooner or later, throws prostrate the loftiest works of man; or, in seeming derision of his pride, invests them with a mantle of noxious weeds. But in the present instance, the fortress would have presented a noble front for many generations to come, had not the security of the empire demanded the sacrifice, and rendered its destruction as necessary, perhaps, as its first erection. But whatever regret may intrude itself into his thoughts, as the traveller now casts his eye over its stately ruins, it will be infinitely lessened when he reflects that, in proportion as these frowning citadels have been diminished, the peace and prosperity of the country have increased; and that, upon the whole, these ramparts look quite as picturesque when fringed with trees and weeds, as when they bristled with cannon, and echoed to the tramp of armed warriors.

How still, how lonely,—not a sound
Disturbs the deep repose
That wraps, within one dreary mound,
The Magyar and his foes.—



Castle of Maybrunn.

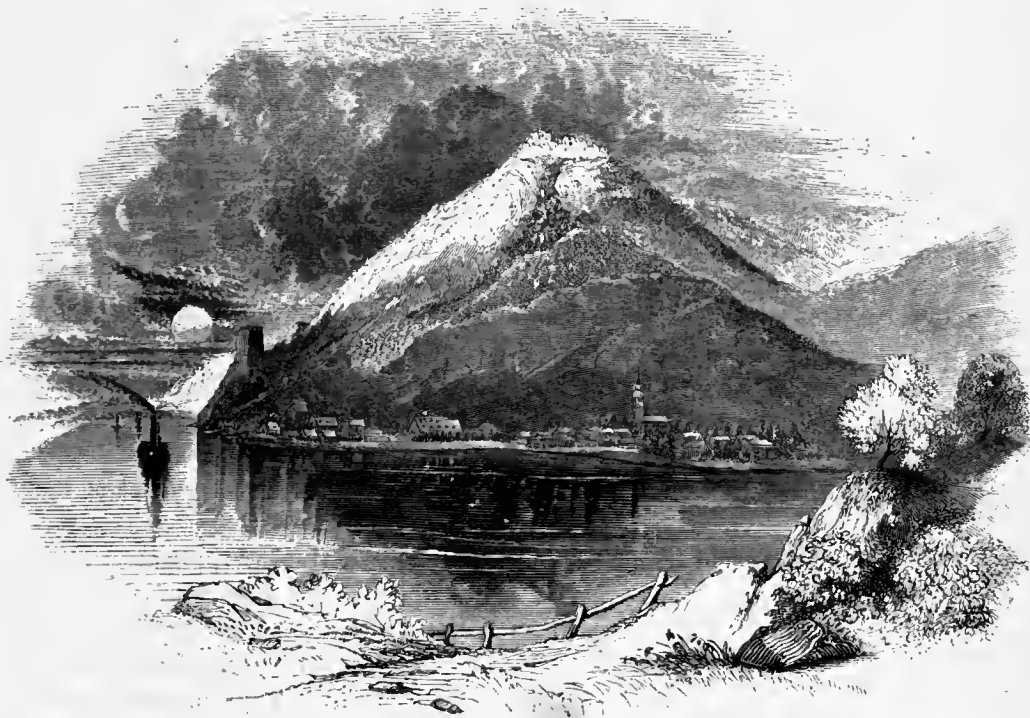
BRUNNEN, 1864. 12. 4. 1864. 1864.



J. J. Hachliff.

W. H. Barlow.

Here sabres clashed and banners flashed,
 And high the crescent flew,
 As through the gap the Moslem dashed
 With shouts of—"Allah-hu!" &c.



WISSEGRAD.

Dividing near Wissegrad into two nearly equal arms, the Danube encloses in its embrace the island of St. Andrä, of a shape very nearly resembling that of an old cocked hat, with the point towards Waitzen. The island is about five leagues in length, a flat but fertile tract with rich gardens and villages, and terminating a short way above the old city of Ofen. Waitzen, or Vátz, is a town of some importance, with a population of nearly twelve thousand, a bishop's see, a cathedral built by Cardinal Migazzi in the Italian style, and remarkable for its dome and portico; a military academy, a college, and several other public institutions. The episcopal palace, erected by the same cardinal, is a still more imposing edifice, in which there has evidently been expended much treasure, but with a strict observance of classic taste and a liberal encouragement of the arts. This edifice was just commenced at the time of Keysler's visit, in which it is noticed with well-merited praise. The park-like grounds by which it is surrounded are much in the English style, and the scenery adjacent no lover of nature can view with indifference. The environs are highly picturesque; and in the nearer approach to Ofen, they acquire a deeper and

more historical interest. Surrounded by vine-clad hills, and with an air of much local prosperity in its inhabitants, the town of St. Andrä is the next object of interest, and is rendered conspicuous in the distance by its seven or eight towers. Its mineral springs are in considerable repute; and, with a population little short of nine thousand, it carries on a spirited trade in the native produce of the country, which consists chiefly of corn and wine. Having now proceeded for some miles into the district of Pesth, we arrive at Alt-Ofen, or the old city of Ofen. This town, which has long since dwindled into an insignificant village, was well known to the ancients under the name of Aquincum. Here the Roman colony, planted on the shores of the Danube, founded most of those public structures which were sure to spring up wherever they effected a permanent settlement; and among these were a spacious amphitheatre, extensive baths, an aqueduct, and other buildings of public utility, considerable portions of which are still to be seen, and will repay the trouble of investigation. At the present time, the population amounts to little more than seven thousand, including Roman Catholics, Protestants, Greeks, Turks, and Jews, each of whom enjoys the free exercise of his religious opinions, with a distinct church, mosque, or synagogue, for the celebration of his peculiar rites. Like its more powerful rivals, it carries on a brisk trade in wine, the staple produce of the country.

Buda, or Ofen, the old Hauptstadt, or capital of Lower Hungary, presents itself to the stranger under a very interesting and novel aspect. It differs greatly in many respects from the other cities, which he may have visited in his descent of the Danube, and exhibits, both in its outward appearance and internal arrangements, much that is strictly oriental in character and association. The population, according to the last return, amounted to twenty-nine thousand.¹ It is the residence of the Prince Palatine, or Viceroy, the seat of the Supreme Courts of Hungary, of the civil and military tribunals, the head-quarters of the army, the residence of the Governor-general, and of several others holding the principal offices in the state. It has also two bishops of the Greek church; an archigymnasium, the university library, an observatory, an arsenal, and a large theatre. The town is divided into six departments; namely, the upper town, or fortress, and the lower town; then into four suburbs, consisting of the Landstrasse, Neustift, Raitzenstadt, and Christina-Stadt. The sulphur-baths of Ofen have maintained their reputation during the lapse of many ages; while the vineyards crowning the adjoining promontory—the Eugenischen Vorgebirge—produce that well-flavoured red wine,² which among numerous

¹ Begleiter auf der Donaufahrt.

² The wine of this part of Hungary is of a very superior quality. The red wine of Buda, like that of Agria and Sixar, much resembles French wine; but that of the Rascian villages approaches the Rhenish, not only in flavour, but keeps better than the common Hungarian wines. After the emperor had extended his conquests in Servia, a kind of red wine was introduced from Bethune, or Widdin, which by many persons was preferred to all the Italian wines. The racy flavour and strong body of this wine

others for which Hungary is so celebrated, holds a distinguished place as the 'Oferwein.' On the Festungsberge, or Hill of the Fortress, stands the royal Schloss, the Prince Palatine's residence.

In the chapel attached to the palace are preserved the ancient regalia of Hungary ; namely, the crown, ball and sceptre, mantle, gloves, shoes, and sword of St. Stephen, with a silver crosier—relics which are guarded with extreme vigilance—for it was long believed that with their safe custody the prosperity of the kingdom was indissolubly connected. The approach to "the Palatine Palace is very precipitous, the height on which it is built being inferior only to that of the Blocksberg, the highest rock near Buda. The road is truly regal, being of great width, well planted with chestnut-trees, and admirably kept ; and while on the right hand the noble timber of the palace-garden is perceptible above the ancient and war-battered wall, you look from the left across an extensive vineyard, upon a wide stretch of the time-honoured city of Buda, rising amphitheatrically against the side of the Blocksberg, and stretching far away over the valley. An old Turkish round-tower, of that peculiar construction which widens towards the base, has been suffered to remain as a buttress to the exterior entrance ; and its dark and solid mass of discoloured stone contrasts forcibly with the modern masonry of the capacious arch. Hence, constantly ascending, we arrived at an outer court, or platform, surrounded by stabling and offices ; and then, turning abruptly to the right, passed under a second fine archway, above which, on the inner side, a marble cannon-ball—also a relic of the moslem—has been built into the brickwork ; and, having crested the rock, we found ourselves in a wide area, enclosed on three sides by the lofty walls of the palace. The edifice is of immense size, and in the Italian taste ; and the stone staircase by which the principal corridor is approached, with its tall sentinels both above and below, is extremely handsome." "But to me," continues the fair authoress, "the great charm of the Buda Palace, was the splendid view from its windows. I could scarcely tear myself away from the balcony to look at the gilded bed of the emperor, or even to follow the 'grande maîtresse' to the gardens. The archduke is an enthusiastic horticulturist, possessing both taste and knowledge of the science ; and thus his hanging-terraces, clinging to the side of the rock, offer a succession of beauty."¹

makes it a kind of cordial or dram ; and yet it may be purchased at an easier rate, than the extravagant price paid for the 'Ausbruche,' or virgin wine, made of the spontaneous droppings of the grape, but it will not bear long keeping, and consequently is not fit for exportation. Since these observations by Keyser, vast improvements have been made in the management of the Hungarian vineyards. The introduction of choice vines, their more diligent and scientific culture, the proper adaptation of the soil to its peculiar produce—and, above all, the increased demand and more extensive appreciation of Hungarian wines, which are now a source of steady revenue to the state as well as to the wine-growers, who within the last twenty years have made the subject their study—all these have combined to enhance the value and improve the quality and flavour of nearly all the Hungarian wines.

¹ "Without being actually spacious these gardens, at each descent, present a totally different scene : to the Dutch parterre, formal and flower-laden, where the bees, whose very motion is music, hum their perpetual song, succeeds a stretch of shrubbery, where light and shadow play pleasantly through

This palace, which is a modern structure, occupies the site of the original stronghold of King Corvinus; but a few of the mutilated bastions, and walls and fragments of outworks still suffice to stamp the spot with the seal of antiquity, and to awaken a thousand associations of siege and storm, capture and defeat. During the long space of three centuries, or more, it was alternately lost and won—alternately cannonaded, pillaged, burnt, and rebuilt by Christian and Turk, to whom its possession was an object of the greatest ambition. As the seat of a powerful garrison, it secured to the one an extensive province, rich in natural produce, and with an amenity of scene and climate which were peculiarly agreeable to their ideas of oriental luxury. To the other, it formed the strongest barrier against the Moslem power—and checking or controlling those hostile incursions, which were continually aiming at the subversion of the Austrian empire and the subjugation of Christianity. The possession, therefore, was hotly contested by both parties; and after a fearful carnage; Buda was surrendered to the Turks,¹ who held possession of it for nearly a century and a half. The consequences were, the introduction of all the habits manners, customs, and ceremonies of Mahomedan life, and the acquisition of a territory which, pouring its tribute into his coffers and new life into his army, appeared to confer unlimited power, and to justify the most extravagant views on the part of the Moslem emperor. The old Gothic churches, founded during the crusades, were soon fashioned into Turkish mosques; every thing that bespoke Christians or Christian worship was obliterated; and with its baths, cafés, bazaars, seraglios, and the crescent glimmering on all its high-places, Buda became the luxurious residence of the Mussulman and an impregnable frontier bulwark to his new empire. During this period of its history, it might have been considered in many respects the Alhambra of the Danube; but, like that too, its glory was destined to pass away. Vizier after vizier, each with his twenty pachas to wring the tribute from three parts of Hungary, took up his residence in this palace, and as they looked down upon the Danube covered with barges, the town swarming with merchants, the walls lined with troops, the heights covered with towers, and an armed flotilla

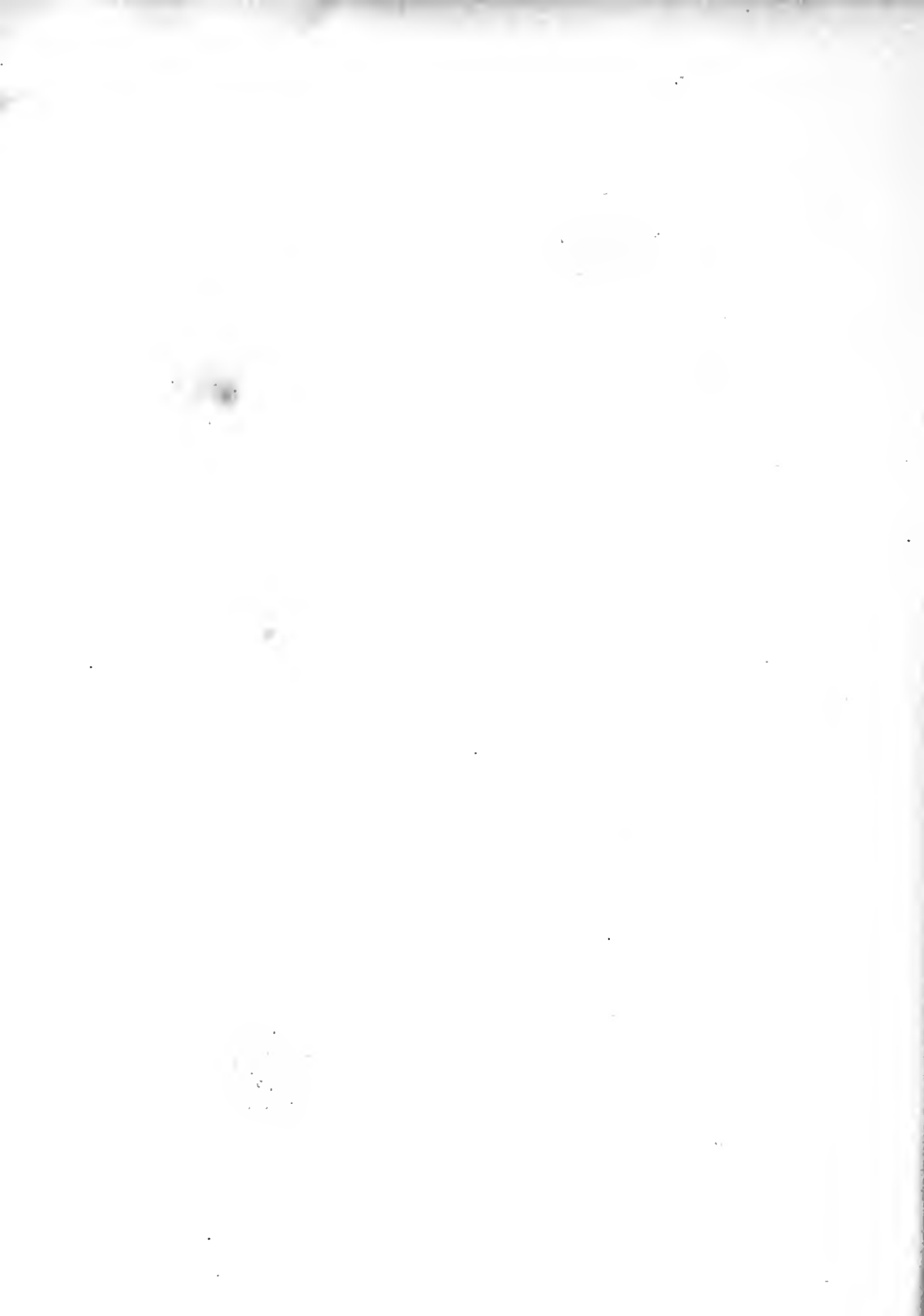
leaves and blossoms; then again comes a French plateau, with ranges of hot-house plants, seeming to keep guard over a marble basin, where a score of tortoises are sunning themselves on the surface of an artificial rock—and, lastly, the 'Jardin Anglais,' with its smooth lawn, its shadowy walks, its scattered flower-beds, and its magnificent magnolias. And all this open to the Danube, save where the luxuriance of the ornamental and exotic timber forms an occasional screen, and framed in on the other side by the hoary wall which concealed from curious eyes the fair wives of Solyman the Magnificent, and which still bears the impress of many an Austrian ball, perceptible even amidst its decay. Nor is this the only relic of the Turk in the Palatine Gardens, for, in the thickness of one of its walls, a flight of steps still exists, leading down to the very edge of the river; by which hidden way it is supposed that numbers of the Moslems must have escaped, when the fortress, on whose site the present palace was built, was reconquered for the last time by the Christians.—Such in part is the graphic sketch given us of this palace by Miss Pardoe, in her recent visit to the "City of the Magyar," a work in which the reader will find much interesting and original matter.

¹ A. D. 1541.



View of Geneva, 1790

VILLE DE GENÈVE, OU OFFER, EN ÉCRITURE, VUE GÉNÉRALE, & DÉTAIL, D'UN VUEUR



riding at anchor in the distance, they little imagined that the moment was approaching when the desecrated symbol of Christianity would again float on its citadel and churches, and the Turkish power be finally extinguished in this delightful region. The event to which we allude took place¹ under the united skill and generalship of the Duke of Lorraine and the Margrave of Baden. Pressed on all sides by the Austrian force, the Turks now craved a suspension of arms, and sent an aga to wait upon Lorraine for that purpose. But the Duke coolly replied, "I have but one duty to perform; namely, to conduct the war, now declared against the Sultan, your master; I will therefore make it my business to attack your general wherever I can meet him. In the mean time, I will dispatch your letter to the emperor, who will acquaint you with his pleasure." Surprised at this answer, the aga employed every means to shake the Duke's resolution, and endeavoured to make interest with the officers of his staff. But the only reply was—"Such is the Duke's pleasure, and his mind once made up, no power on earth can turn him aside."² Carrying back to the vizier this stern and uncompromising answer, the aga re-entered the fortress of Buda. A scene of hurried preparation and fearful suspense ensued. The storm was gathering fast around the devoted fortress, and the thunder at last bursting with redoubled fury on its walls, a breach was speedily effected³—the Turks fought with desperation; and retreating from bastion to bastion, poured their deadly shot into the serried ranks of the besiegers. But imitating the example of their intrepid commanders, the Christian host surmounted every danger. Before sunset they took possession of those castled heights, where we now stand, and hoisted the Austrian banner on the tower of the old Gothic church, which still consecrates the spot, and points to the fearful scene of massacre which followed. Many of the Turks, however, surviving the horrors of the day, are supposed to have escaped by either lowering themselves from the ramparts, or by descending through hidden passages⁴ leading to the river. Driven from this, their Hungarian Elysium, their despondence was like that of the Moors when driven from Spain; and, among those who escaped, the happiness of reaching Stamboul was long embittered by the remembrance of Buda.⁵

¹ A. D. 1686.² Anec. German.

³ It was the east side of Buda against which the Elector of Bavaria, during this siege, carried on his attack from the opposite mountains. In that part General Regal had begun to build a new palace for the governor: but the building, which would have been a noble structure, was discontinued at the death of that generous nobleman. It was afterwards completed, however, in the style already noticed.

⁴ About fifty years ago a wide subterranean passage was discovered, leading from the citadel to the edge of the Danube, with which it is probable the Turks were well acquainted, and duly availed themselves of it on critical occasions:—to this we have already alluded, p. 178.

⁵ The air of Buda, or Ofen, being pure and dry, is deemed to be peculiarly salubrious. Computations which have been made, show that they have here on an average but eighty-three rainy, and twenty-six snowy days in the course of the year; whilst in Paris [Dulwer] they have not had an average of more than a hundred and twenty-six fine days annually, during the last twenty years. [Claridge.] The name *Ofen* literally signifies a stove or *oven*.

The old Turkish bath, already alluded to, is well deserving of a visit—for of all the strange scenes to be met with, between Ulm and Sulina, this presents one of the strangest. At your first entrance you are apt to start back, or at least to advance with a very hesitating step—for the first impression on your mind is that you are about to plunge into the water, and it is some time before you can distinguish the lip of the bath from the surrounding pavement, which is moist and slippery with the vapour. But as soon as the eye is accustomed, and can accommodate itself to the gloom, a huge basin is observable in the centre of the apartment, surrounded by Turkish arches, with a dome overhead, and one or two orifices to admit the light. In this steaming basin, or reservoir, groups of both sexes—the “fair and the false,” as one of their own number expressed it—were luxuriously indulging in the pleasures of hot water—screaming, hallooing, pushing, jostling, jumping on one another’s shoulders, and making the old arches re-echo to their boisterous mirth. In the mean time, a coterie of old crones, encircling the fount, where the hot liquid sulphur gushes out to supply the bath, were diligently presenting their half-bald sconces, and long gray matted hair, to the purifying influence of the warm cascade—fondly hoping, as we imagined, that each successive *jet-d’eau* would sweep off some little colony of intruders. Looking round us we observed that those who had already undergone the steaming process were reposing themselves on the smooth, cool, marble floor; cracking their jokes upon those who were still in the ordeal, extolling the virtues of the water, or breaking forth, with a sort of cracked melody, into snatches of some old Hungarian song.—The vapour rises in clouds from the water, which is of a rather high temperature, so that in a few minutes we were undergoing the process of a very free transpiration.—But such a scene was cheaply purchased at the expense of a little weight; and, if sulphur was any compensation, we carried off on our garments so liberal an exchange, that we had no cause to complain. We would advise all visitors, fond of grotesque figures, scenes, and groupings, to visit, if only once, the old Sulphur Baths of Buda—but we will not counsel them to remain beyond ten minutes or a quarter of an hour.¹

Pesth. This city, like the new town of Edinburgh, is of modern date, and nothing can be more striking than the contrast it presents to that of Buda, whose antiquated

¹ The warm baths were called the Kaiser’s Bath, the General’s Bath, and the Raizen Bath, or that which we have noticed as peculiarly the ‘Popular Bath.’ “Near the emperor’s bath,” says Keysler, “is a mill, which like that of Arquato, is put in motion by hot water. It being first collected into a pond, where no fish can live, although Wernher, ‘*De admirandis Hungariæ Aquis*,’ and others affirm the contrary. But below the mill, where the water grows cold by degrees, but never freezes, fishes are often seen, which, however, on being put into the Danube soon expire. The same thing happens when they are taken out of the Danube and put into this water.” [Wernher’s account would lead to the supposition that fishes taken out of this hot water are naturally half-cooked, and almost fit for table. But as he writes *de admirandis*, &c., some little hesitation may be excused on the part of his readers.] These baths, which are much frequented in summer, are said to have been erected by Solymán the Magnificent, after the battle of Mohács, hereafter to be noticed.

features, and primitive character we have just attempted to sketch. Connected with the old capital by a magnificent suspension-bridge—by far the finest object on the Danube—Pesth, in style and appearance, has a very imposing aspect; and although it does not carry the mind back beyond a century, it certainly presents to the eye one of the most splendid creations of modern enterprise. It combines in its public buildings some of the best specimens of Italian architecture; and, in its spacious well-built rectilinear streets, presents models of excellent design, which the founders of modern cities would do well to study and imitate. The quay bordering the Danube for upwards of a mile is unique; the public offices, churches, and private houses, which front that scene of bustle and commercial activity, are all on a scale befitting the capital of an empire; while their position, on the verge of a magnificent river, gives admirable effect to the whole, and leaves an impression never to be effaced. It would be difficult to imagine a scene, the result of human genius and industry, more extraordinary than the city of Pesth; but the effect is doubly striking when viewed from the heights of Buda, or more particularly the Blocksberg—the natural watch-tower of the place. The foundation of this city, the ‘new Buda,’ dates from no remoter period than the reign of Maria Theresa and her son, the Emperor Joseph, whose short life and reign were devoted to the welfare of his subjects—to the reformation of abuses—the strict administration of the laws—and to the liberal encouragement of the arts and sciences. In looking at Pesth, as the result of his patronage, we may use the well-known epitaph, so concisely applied to one of our own great men—‘*Monumentum si quæris, circumspice!*’¹

Pesth, nevertheless, is a place of great antiquity; and although modern in the sense of a great commercial city, its position was too advantageous ever to have been lost sight of, either by those who held or by those who attacked the old capital of Hungary, with which for centuries it has been connected by a bridge of boats, and upon which, owing to its low situation, it was mainly dependent for its safety. The name is said to have been derived from a brother of Attila, who made the heights of **Buda** his residence, and added to its strength and embellishments. Down to almost the close of the seventeenth century, however, its history is little else than a series of attacks, defences, and hostile occupations. From the Turks, by whom it was four times taken and plundered, it was only wrested by the Margrave of Baden, at the siege already mentioned, when it reverted to its legitimate sovereign, and commenced a new era of peace and prosperity. It is now the chief commercial city of Hungary, and, with the vast facilities which it enjoys from the introduction of steam-navigation, the sale of its native produce and manufactures has received an

¹ Speaking of this monarch, Voltaire thus expresses himself:—“Joseph is such an emperor as Germany has not had for a long time. Educated in splendour, his habits are simple; grown up amidst flattery, he is still modest; inflamed with a love of glory, he yet sacrifices his ambition to his duty;”—and so far his character was faithfully drawn.

impetus, which will shortly impart a most beneficial influence to every other station on the Danube.



CASTLE OF OFEN, OR BUDA.

The public buildings of Pesth consist of one or two principal churches; the university, the national theatre and Casino, the museum, the public library, and several other edifices of minor importance, though generally combining good taste with elegance and substantial workmanship. The churches belong to numerous classes of dissenters, all of whom have the service in their own language, and after their own ritual; and towards each other evince a laudable spirit of toleration in points of faith. Roman Catholics, Calvinists, Lutherans, Græco-Catholics, Unionists, Separatists, and Jews, have all the free and uninterrupted exercise of their religions; and from the number of tongues in which their worship is celebrated, we are reminded of the great miracle on the day of Pentecost—for here are assembled men of all nations, and each in his own tongue proclaiming the tidings of peace and reconciliation. The theatre, which forms a prominent feature in the great street facing the Danube, is a spacious and classic structure, and only finished within the last two years. It is intended for the encouragement and performance of pieces in

the Hungarian language, with the patriotic view of inculcating a taste for the native drama, and of thus calling into operation those talents and genius, which otherwise might never have benefited either their possessor or his country. The object and motive are truly noble ; and now that the language of Hungary' is assiduously cultivated, the results cannot fail to become more and more gratifying to all who have the interests of her literature at heart.

The University, founded by Cardinal Pazman, first established at Tyrnau, then removed to Buda, and subsequently to Pesth, is the only institution of the kind in Hungary. It has a splendid hall, and affords a gratuitous college education to upwards of fourteen hundred students. It was endowed by Maria Theresa, and settled in its present locale by Joseph II. For the use of the professors and students, there is an extensive library in every department of science, with a printing-press, a botanic garden, and an observatory on the opposite side of the Danube. The museum, when finished, promises to be one of the finest in Germany. With the contributions from various noblemen who, in imitation of its patriotic founder, have felt the want of such a resource, and endeavoured to supply that want by liberally seconding the grand object of their illustrious countryman, the museum of Pesth must ultimately become a chief point of attraction. It has only been forty years in existence ; but, with the library bestowed upon it by the founder, it has a large collection of antiquities, medals, and coins, relics connected with the national history, fossils and minerals, and a gallery of natural history. The Comitats-haus, which has been very lately rebuilt, and is still unfinished, is a structure at once spacious in dimensions and patrician in its style and character. It is used for the election of the county magistrates every third year. But the most extraordinary building in Pesth, is the **Neugebäude**, now the royal ordnance barracks, which, for the space it encloses, the height to which the walls are carried, and the vast suites of its compartments under ground, is sufficient to arrest attention, and to provoke many questions from the stranger. This colossal structure was built by command of Joseph II., but for what purpose—whether as a barrack or a bastile—is still a mystery. “It is supposed,” says one writer, “that it was intended for the residence of a number of poor families, upon a plan similar to that laid down by Mr. Owen at New Lanark.” “But,” says another, “the Hungarians hint darkly at the extent of the underground apartments, which, say they, are far too numerous to be of use as cellars ; and they conclude, from the chains and rings with which these dungeons were provided, that it was the emperor’s design to have provided accommodation in them for a large portion of the Hungarian nobility.” We shall, therefore, in imitation of our predecessors, leave the question to the decision of posterity.³

¹ We have just seen a specimen of Shakspeare in Hungarian, the translation of which is pronounced, by competent judges, to be a spirited and faithful transcript of our immortal poet.

² There are also the town-house, the hospital, the magazines and store-houses, with several glazed passages, like those of Paris.

From the windows of the hotel overlooking the quay, the view of the opposite shore is bold and striking; while that more immediately under the eye presents a picture of bustle and commercial activity—mixed up with individual groupings of scenes and characters—which is irresistibly amusing to the newly-arrived tourist. The broad quay, as far as the eye can reach, is lined with pedlars' stalls, strewn with bales of merchandise, just landed from the long, unwieldy, primitive boats, and ready to be embarked in the steamers; groups of Hungarian peasants, lazily reclining under the shadow of the waggons or stalls, and wrapt in their shaggy sheepskin coats—Greek, Jew, Servian, and Wallachian, with deputies from every province of the Upper and Lower Danube—merchants, 'militaires,' pedlars, priests, and players—all enter into the 'dramatis personæ' on the quay at Pesth, and give a faithful but motley picture of human life. With the odour from tobacco too, the whole atmosphere is impregnated; but in the open air it is by no means unpleasant—on the contrary, it is more like an aromatic perfume, than the incense of that 'noxious weed' so emphatically denounced by 'good King James.' The boats passing and repassing—each with a log-house inside, and some of its company smoking on the roof, while one or two others, with long unwieldy oars, are guiding the clumsy and grotesque bark towards the shore, are striking features in the amusing picture. Then of a sudden comes the dashing equipage of some Hungarian noble, with its feathered chasseurs, some detachment of artillery, or hussars, some procession of pilgrims, or religious festival, to change the scene, and waken a new train of associations. Nothing can be more striking, indeed, than the contrast presented by this and the opposite bank of the river. On the Buda side all is of an antiquated, primitive, and stately character—speaking only of the prowess of ancient kings, the intrepid bearing of Magyar chiefs, the glories of St. Stephen, and the stern grandeur of crusading days: while on this side, nothing is heard but the light gossip of the day, the state of trade, the crops, the vintage, the health of the emperor, opening of the chain-bridge, and the launch of the new steamer. The buildings too, contrasted with the Gothic church, the dilapidated mosque, the old Moorish baths, and Saracenic arches, that speak so audibly across the river—have a look of gaiety, cheerfulness, and prosperity, and withal an air so Italian in its character, that the one resembles some old stern and venerable warrior, watching, with looks of mixed pity and amazement, the corrupting effects of long-continued peace and modern refinements.

But before proceeding to the other subjects selected as illustrations of Pesth, (the Blocksberg, and the new suspension-bridge,) we shall here introduce a few particulars respecting the recent Inundation, which for some time threatened the very existence of the city, and left such fearful evidence of its destructive visitation:¹—

¹ This interesting account is taken, with the Publisher's permission, from the "City of the Magyar," by Miss Pardoe, founded on the authority of a Hungarian physician, viz. "The Inundation of Pesth, with an Account of its moral and physical Effects, by Dr. Augustus Schoepff."



C. 1840

W. H. Burdett.

The Wharves

THE WHARVES, LONDON.



“ At the beginning of January 1838, the Danube had already attained an unusual and somewhat alarming height, and the water flooded all the drains, and subterraneous passages in its immediate neighbourhood, whence it was obliged to be drawn off; after which, débouchures of all these underground inlets were carefully closed. I mention this circumstance because it became ultimately evident that the stoppage of these subterranean passages was one main agent in the destruction of property, which afterwards ensued; and as it proves, moreover, that when the Danube received its first coat of frost, it was unusually high; while, at the same time, at Soroksar, a couple of leagues below the city, a branch of the river having been choked with ice, caused the overflow to which I have alluded. The Danube was entirely frozen over, and firmly closed between the 5th and 6th of January; and a continuance of snow and extreme cold so severely operated upon it, that the ice gradually increased to upwards of three feet in thickness. During the 8th and 9th of March, the stupendous mass began to yield; but after flooding the lower part of Buda, it again settled. It was considered, however, to wear so menacing an appearance, that a dyke six feet high was flung up the whole length of the city, between the houses and the river; when the authorities and inhabitants of Pesth, satisfied with this precaution, and the stoppage of the drains where they communicated with the Danube, and remembering that, during the inundation of 1775, the water had never risen to the height of their newly-erected barrier, abandoned themselves to the hope and belief, that before the river could attain the level of the dyke the ice must break up, and be carried away by the strength of the current. Some few individuals there were, nevertheless, who looked upon the frost-chained giant with more anxious forebodings, and who asked themselves, what, if this comfortable occurrence did not take place, was likely to be the fate of the devoted city?¹ The answer of their reason was by no means consolatory, and consequently a few, a very few, ventured to take precautions against the possibility of disaster. It is almost needless to explain, that among these wise individuals was Count Stephen Széchenyi, who supplied the wits of Pesth, for a time, with food for mirth and sarcasm, by the apparition of a roomy barge, just within the porte-cochère of his residence: little did those who scoffed imagine how soon they would become suitors for the loan of that laughter-inspiring boat! The jests had not time to become stale upon the lips of those who uttered them, ere they were fearfully forgotten. Late in the afternoon of the thirteenth, the river appeared to become more threatening in its aspect, and it was considered necessary to use every precaution which could prevent its flooding the quays. Immediate orders were given to this effect; and the scene is described by an eye-witness as fearfully dramatic. In every direction were to be seen labourers toiling to fortify the dyke, and adding such other means of defence as the impulse of the moment suggested: but still no serious apprehensions were entertained, for it was believed that this was the last effort of the mighty river to free

¹ City of the Magyar, vol. ii. p. 4.

itself from its frozen load; and that, this feat once accomplished, all peril would be past. Thus men moved about, chatting and speculating, and even jesting; excited into false, but nevertheless loud spirits; giving advice when it was neither sought nor followed, and seeming rather to be actors in a wild dream than a peril-teeming reality. The greetings of acquaintance were heard among the crowd; the ribald jests of the thoughtless; and, now and then, even the laughter of women, who tried to trifle away their fears when they were chidden for them. But at eight o'clock in the evening, the heavy peal of the alarm-bell boomed out; and now doubt, and hope, and jest were at an end. When its iron tongue first broke upon the air, the scene along the river-bank was most extraordinary. Workmen and soldiers, lighted by torch-bearers, were still actively employed in strengthening the defences of the dyke. Crowds of people from all quarters of the city thronged the quay, and impeded the passage of the waggons, which were moving to and fro, laden with sand to fill the breaches: strong men were carrying timber to different points, to increase the resistance of the temporary break-water; and it is calculated that not less than sixty thousand persons must have been collected on the shore, when, about ten o'clock, the swollen river suddenly made a new and mightier effort, and burst the dyke in several places. The wild water, laden with jagged ice, rushed onward with resistless violence—driving before them the cowering crowd, who fled appalled and breathless before the swift pursuit of this strange and terrific enemy.¹ Down fell the night, as if to aggravate the terrors of the scene; and men hurried on, they knew not whither, pursued by a danger against which the bravest could not contend. There was no laughter now upon the air. The shrieks of women and the groans of men—mothers screaming for their children, and children wailing for their mothers—the quick sharp sound of flying footsteps upon the frozen earth; and over all, the rushing, dashing, headlong voice of the emancipated waters, made up the frightful diapason. By an hour past midnight, several quarters of the city were flooded to the height of twenty-seven feet; and in several streets large boats might be seen moving from house to house, while at each extremity of the suburbs, the ice-laden river poured like a torrent upon the town; and in those suburbs themselves the poor inhabitants had barely time to escape with life, leaving their little possession to the fury of the treacherous element, to which they had so long fearlessly trusted.²

“On the morning of the 14th, whole streets, undermined by the body of pent-up water, which filled the subterraneans beneath, fell with successive and deafening crashes, burying alike men and animals in their ruins; and of all that fatal time, this, perhaps, was the most awful moment to a spectator.”³

¹ City of the Magyar, vol. ii. p. 7.

² City of the Magyar, vol. ii. p. 8.

³ “I remember being told by the Arch-duchess Palatine, when she was one day conversing with me on the subject of this frightful inundation, that as she stood at one of the windows of the palace of Buda, and looked down upon the suffering city, seeing whole ranges of buildings sink and disappear in the watery waste about them, she felt her brain reel, and her heart sicken, as a vague feeling grew upon her that the whole town would ere long be swept away.”

"From the 14th to the 15th of March, the water continued sullenly and steadily to increase, spreading wider and wider, sapping and overthrowing dwellings, and drowning their panic-stricken inhabitants. But the day of horror—the acmé of misery—was the 15th itself. Pesth will probably never number in her annals so dark a day again—She might, perhaps, not be enabled to survive such another—the maddened river as that day dawned, rioted in ruin; and many looked upwards to the clear cold sky, and wondered whether the Almighty promise was forgotten. Thousands of men, women, and children, homeless, houseless, hopeless beings, clinging to life, when they had lost nearly all that made life a blessing; parents and children, and sisters and lovers—the young helpless in their first weakness, and the old trembling in their last—the strong man, whose weapon was stricken from his hand by a power against which the strongest contends in vain; the philosopher, who in all his abstraction had found no preparative for so hideous a death as this—the mother, whose hope had withered as her babe died upon her bosom, and who clung to life rather from instinct than volition; the fond, the beautiful, the delicately nurtured—all were huddled together during that fearful day, upon the narrow spaces scattered over the town and suburbs, which the water had not yet reached. And, as it wore by, every half-hour added to the devastation around them; houses and buildings which had survived the first shock, seemed to have been preserved only to add to the horrors of that day. Many of them fell and perished from roof to base; others became rent by the heavy dashing of the waters, and through the yawning apertures the wasting tide poured in and ruined all it touched; while, to add to the confusion, in some quarters of the city, the heavy barges which had been procured to remove the sufferers from their threatened houses, broke loose, and went driving onward through the streets on the crest of the foaming waters.¹

... "To attempt a description of the horrors of this day would be a vain, as well as an ungraceful task. But nothing tended so utterly to bring them to a climax as the fall of the extensive Derra-palace, in the New Market-place. In vain did men murmur to each other, that the building had been defective in its construction, and unsound in its foundations; their misery was deeper than the cheat which they thought to put upon themselves; and from that moment, those who yet enjoyed the shelter of a roof, looked on their temporary asylum with suspicion, and a general fear grew among the multitude that the whole city was crumbling about them."



PROVINCIAL COSTUME.

¹ City of the Magyar, vol. ii.

Here our fair author enters into some heart-rending details, for which we must again refer our readers to the work itself—and thus proceeds: “By eleven o’clock at night, throughout the whole city, there was not a foot of dry ground save in the Market-Platz, the Joseph-Platz, the Franciscan-Platz, and the courts of the Lutheran church, the Invalid Hospital, and these were crowded both by men and horses; while many families of the highest rank were huddled together in the rude wooden booths erected in the market-place, or sat in their carriages for days and nights, exposed, like the rest of the population, to the sufferings of cold and damp.”¹

The loss of private property sustained by this terrible calamity was immense; and to this was superadded a most lamentable sacrifice of human life. The sympathy, however, which the catastrophe awakened in every part of Europe, was expressed by a prompt and liberal subscription in favour of the suffering inhabitants. The nobility, the ladies, every influential and right-minded person² lent a helping hand; and after a series of unparalleled misery, the inhabitants were provided with every comfort of which their circumstances would admit. The clearing away the vast accumulation of débris was a Herculean task; but this accomplished, the city once more rang with the noise and bustle of accelerated labour; and, with important alterations and improvements, which the late disaster had suggested, the city has begun to recover much of its original order and beauty; while the architecture has assumed in many instances a more substantial and imposing character. For the old rows of sheds and hovels occupied by the poorest class, regular and well-built dwellings have been substituted; so that what was ruinous to the citizens in one sense was the commencement of extended and solid improvement to the city in another. Were it not

¹ The following anecdote, as it reflects credit on the distinguished individual concerned, is deserving of commemoration: “While the fury of the element was yet at its height, and when all was want anguish, and desolation throughout the city; while thousands of wretched beings were still without food or shelter, the Arch-duke Palatine sent his eldest son, Prince Stephen, to speak peace and comfort to the miserable citizens: and despite the danger of the mission, the high-spirited youth accepted it without hesitation. Nor was it a light boon which this noble scion of the house of Hapsburg received, at the hands of his imperial father; for the river was pouring angrily down, laden with masses of ice, driven onward by the current, and threatening ruin to the unwary bark, with which they might come in contact. There were no attentive menials waiting his disembarkation on the opposite shore, with ready services and obsequious words: he went to meet misery, famine, and madness; but as he stood erect in the boat, he cast not one look behind, to the safe asylum which he had left; he waved his arm encouragingly toward the sinking city, and after a weary and perilous passage, his little bark began to thread the flooded streets of Pesth. No sooner had his appearance brought comfort to the sufferers—for there must have been comfort in the conviction that abandonment was not superadded to misery—than he vigorously applied himself to the task of mitigating the wretchedness by which he was surrounded. With his own hands he distributed the bread with which his boat was laden; he had a kind and hopeful word for all; and it is certain that the sympathy and exertions of the Palatine family, on the occasion of this dreadful calamity, will be as durably impressed upon the hearts of the inhabitants of Pesth, as though they had been engraved upon marble.”—CITY OF THE MAGYAR, vol. ii.

² Honourable mention is made by Miss Pardoe of the devoted services of Count Szapary—Barons Wesscléngi and Pronaz, M. Eckstein, and of a lady, in the sacred cause of humanity.





The Bridge of Portland.

W. H. Burleigh. 1873.

that, with the destruction of the former buildings, there is associated the painful reflection of a thousand deaths—a thousand bereavements¹—the effects of the inundation might be forgotten in the number and style of the buildings that have since sprung up. In its extended mercantile relations—the increased influx of strangers, and the various resources recently thrown open, Pesth enjoys the surest pledge of advancement in all the arts that conduce to national prosperity ; and that its patriotic citizens may daily witness the progressive consummation of their wishes, is a hope and desire in which every English subject who now descends the Danube will heartily participate

The Blocksberg, of which the best view is from the quay opposite, forms a very imposing and colossal feature in the front of Pesth. It is crowned by a fortress with an observatory, for the use of the university, and projects in several distinct promontories towards the river—here rugged and precipitous, there broken into fissures and ravines, and here again carpeted with fresh verdure and fringed with lichen and low shrubbery. At its base it is girdled with houses—part of Ofen, and closely bordering the Danube, which at this point, according to Meyer, is upwards of four hundred yards in breadth. But if the view *of* the Blocksberg itself be a striking object from the quay, the view *from* the Blocksberg is doubly so. Pesth on one side, the old castellated cities underneath, the islands in the distance westward, the suspension-bridge that now spans the majestic stream in the foreground; steamers, barges, and rafts, all in motion, or at anchor along the quay, present an assemblage of objects which it is difficult to imagine as entering into the same landscape. In front the new city lies spread out like a map, with its spacious quay, squares, market-places, hotels, palaces, and state-buildings, all clearly defined. But the most striking point is the old fortress of Buda on the left, which, by its very irregularity, the antique character of its buildings, its battled walls and commanding position, comes into admirable contrast with the splendid but still uniform city of Pesth. Behind this hill, and indeed wheresoever the spectator turns his eyes, extensive vineyards mantle the acclivities, interrupted here and there by wide fields of corn, and variegated with pastures, orchards, and gardens. It was from the precipitous margin of this rock that Attila, according to tradition, hurled his offending brother into the Danube. How glad would his friends the Roman people have been, had they caught him in the Forum, to have made a similar experiment with Attila, from the Tarpeian Rock. Here also St. Gerard is said to have planted the first seeds of Christianity in Hungary, and to have suffered martyrdom in the cause. The people still call the hill by his name ; but the sanctity of the spot, according to

¹ In Pesth allein stürzten 2281 häuser zusammen, und nahe an 1,000 erlitten Beschädigungen. Ueber tausend Menschen verunglückten, oder retteten nur das nackte Leben. Gross war die Noth, doch auch gross war die hülfe, die Barmherzigkeit, die Theilnahme, und man hat nicht vernommen, das sich Diebesbanden gebildet, wie zu Lyon, um von dem Allgemeinen Unglück einen brandmarkenden Gewinne zu ziehen.“—MEYER.

their authority, has not protected it from being an occasional rendezvous for evil spirits! During the inundation, for example, the summit was crowded with these unhallowed visitors; and such was their mirth and revelry, whilst from this commanding point they looked down on the perishing city, that peals of fiendish laughter bore testimony to the pleasure which the destruction of our race afforded them. Afterwards too—although we do not vouch for the truth of so weighty a charge—it appeared that various astronomical instruments belonging to the observatory had been turned to diabolical purposes; for the first visitor who made use of the glasses after their fiendish appropriation, could see neither moon nor stars as heretofore; but in place thereof, he beheld a dance of witches, with Prince Beelzebub at their head—and what was unspeakably worse, with a near and dear earthly relative of his own, acting as chief partner to his Satanic Majesty. Frantic at the sight, he shouted out “Holy St. Gerard! is that my own wife Adelheide!” No reply—but down dropped the glass from his hand, and, happily for the sight of others, was broken in pieces—He rushed home; and there, at his own hearth, sat his weird-wife, rocking her baby in its cradle. But, as he very shrewdly observed, she was greatly flurried and disconcerted. He was fortunately a learned man, and having read that edifying author, ‘Adolphus Scribonius de Purgatione Sagarum, &c.,’ he remembered that this philosopher lays it down as an indisputable fact, that witches weigh infinitely less than other persons—for, says he, “the devil is a spirit and a subtle being, and penetrateth so thoroughly the bodies of his votaries, as to make them quite rare and light.” Now, this thought no sooner struck our hero, than he resolved to try the test, and seizing his witch wife with both arms, he threw her up almost to the ceiling—and might indeed, as it turned out, have done so with his three fingers—for in fact, with all her apparent bulk, she did not weigh four ounces! Now, if any philosopher ever had just cause to run mad, Herr Reisenschloss undoubtedly had. To the glory of his favourite author his experiment, indeed, had been perfectly successful—but when he looked at his wife, at the cradle, and his household gods!—(and we need not weaken the picture by dwelling upon it,)—he became quite frantic, darted out of the house, and confusedly relating the frightful story to a sympathizing friend, found refuge in the wards of a public hospital. It has now, in consequence, become a favourite maxim in the neighbourhood of the Blocksberg, that husbands should never consult the stars too narrowly on “St. Gerard’s eve;” and if there be any of our readers so incredulous as to doubt the veracity of the above, we can only resent it by commiserating their scepticism.



The Suspension-Bridge, as it appears from the summit of the Blocksberg, is a most beautiful feature in this animated landscape, and the more so that, with its beauty as a work of art, it unites the grand desideratum of unprecedented utility. Buda and Pesth, by this connecting medium, may now be said to form literally but





E. H. H. H.

1841

Portrait of General H. H. H. H.

one town; while formerly, when the intercourse depended on a bridge of boats, families were often cut off from each other for weeks together; or if their society was to be kept up, it was seldom done in the winter and spring months, but at great personal risk; for when the boat-bridge was once removed to give free course to the ice, the trajét was made in rude barges—suitable indeed for the robust and hardy fishermen, but quite unfit for the interchange of hospitalities, or participation in the gaieties of the season, where ladies were expected to take a part. The foundation of this magnificent structure—which our countryman, Mr. Tierney Clerk, has now so happily completed—was duly commemorated by the ‘Buda Gazette.’¹ The ceremony was highly imposing, and drew together all who are most distinguished for rank and talent in this part of Hungary.

Processions in Hungary, formed of a numerous concourse of pilgrims, are of frequent occurrence and highly picturesque. The dress of the peasants here consists in general of a sheep-skin cloak, a broad blanket-like coat, and a round felt hat. They are often remarkable for a fine, but vacant countenance—a classic cast of features, but inanimate, and marked with a dreamy listlessness. Some of them seem burnt almost black, like Asiatics, crouching in corners, and when not employed, sleeping, like the Lazaroni at Naples, on the quay. These form the chief constituency of pilgrimages; and when carrying crosses, banners, and effigies of saints, and chanting lugubrious anthems in their praise, these peasant devotees are to be seen in all their glory. Such is one of the processions here represented; behind is seen the old bridge of boats, over which a long train of pilgrims is passing.

Feld-Rakosch, or the Field of Rakos, where in ancient times the national legislature used to assemble, is in the immediate environs of Pesth. Here, in the thirteenth and following centuries, the business of the Diet was conducted in the open air; and

¹ The point at which the ceremony was performed was decorated with great pomp, and surrounded by benches raised in the form of an amphitheatre, capable of holding four thousand spectators. At an early hour the Archduke Palatine gave a grand dinner to a party of native and foreign personages of distinction. At half-past four the Archduke Charles, who came as the representative of the emperor and king, arrived in state, accompanied by the Archduchess Maria Dorothea, Prince Joseph, and the Princess Elizabeth, followed by a brilliant train of noble ladies and gentlemen, preceded by the commandants of Buda and Pesth. The Archduke Palatine introduced the imperial party into a splendid tent, prepared for their reception, having a table in the middle, on which were placed the plans, elevations, and sections of the bridge, and the coins and documents which were to be enclosed in the stone, and the silver trowel, which weighed five pounds, and the hammer. These having been inspected, the august party proceeded to another place richly decorated, where, in the presence of the surrounding multitude, the rescript of the emperor, sanctioning the important undertaking, and deputing the Archduke Charles as his majesty’s representative, was read. The ceremony was performed with all the accustomed formalities, and attended by salvos of artillery, the waving of the united standards of Austria and Hungary, and the acclamations of the people.

This bridge, now completed after seven years’ labour, measures one thousand two hundred and twenty-seven feet in length, by thirty-nine in breadth. It is remarkable that in digging for a foundation to the present structure, that of the old bridge, begun and projected by Matthias Corvinus, was discovered.—Other particulars will be found in the APPENDIX.

as in those days, no baron on any public occasion stirred from his own castle without a numerous retinue of armed dependents, the Council is said to have amounted to a hundred thousand men—a force, which if it did not make a ‘long’ was sufficient to form a strong ‘parliament.’ On these grand occasions the spiritual lords also took the field; and as they drew after them their several suites of ecclesiastical retainers, all in the robes of office, the scene externally must have been very similar to that presented by the great œcumenical councils held at Constance and other places. Perhaps the nearest approach made by anything in the present day to the great council-field of Rakos, is the annual field-meeting of the Swiss republic for the election of a chief magistrate.

Of the manner of living at Pesth, a recent traveller on the Danube gives the following particulars:—“The principal amusements of the male population, he observes, consist in hunting, shooting, and fishing. In the former, the sportsman exhibits his scarlet coat, and English horse and groom; and is so completely à l’Anglaise, as not to be distinguishable from the followers of her majesty’s hounds at Windsor. And here it must be added, that in consequence of the dryness of the climate, and consequent absence of scent, this amusement rarely continues longer than two months in the year. Agriculture, and the arts, sciences, and industry are encouraged by societies and premiums, and this has had the effect of developing much natural talent. Most of the Meerschaum pipes sold in Germany are made here.” “Although the winter,” he adds, “is much colder here than in either Paris or London, it is less severely felt, in consequence, probably, of the German mode of heating the houses, by which an equal temperature is diffused throughout. Upon going abroad only a small addition to the clothing is necessary, the rarified state of the atmosphere rendering persons less liable to take cold than in either of the capitals just mentioned. An Englishman, on entering a church here in the winter season, will be surprised to find that such a thing as a cough is seldom heard.”¹

The trade of Pesth consists chiefly in wines of the country, of raw hides, wax, honey, and a spirituous liquor distilled from plums; and to the circulation of money considerable impulse is given by four annual fairs, which bring together a vast concourse of people, from all the adjoining countries. On these occasions it is calculated that fourteen thousand waggons pass the outer lines, and that in the course of

¹ To any one obliged to practise economy, especially if he be a lover of the chase, Pesth offers an inviting residence. Here he may live at one half the expense to which he would be subjected in almost any other place, have the advantage of sporting over an extensive range of country, abounding with all descriptions of game, and associate with a people proverbial for their hospitality, who are desirous of assimilating their manners to ours, and many of whom speak our language. No Arab in the desert ever exercised the virtue of hospitality with more unbounded liberality than a Hungarian magnate. An English gentleman travelling in Hungary, after having once obtained an introduction, will be lodged and entertained by every nobleman to whom he presents himself.—Claridge. Guide down the Danube.

the year eight thousand barges unload at the quay. The united population of Pesth and Buda is calculated at a hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants.¹



SCHLOSS-WÖRTH.

¹ An important question in regard to "mixed marriages" in Hungary, has just been decided, to the great satisfaction of the people. A letter, dated Presburg, July 7, states, "that the Emperor of Austria in his quality of King of Hungary, has just decided the long-disputed question of the religion of children sprung from mixed marriages. In answer to a petition from the last Diet, praying that parents of different religions might be freed from the obligation of bringing up their children exclusively in the Catholic religion, his majesty has ordered that children may be brought up as Protestants or Catholics, as may seem fit to the parents, and, in case they cannot agree, the children are to follow the religion of the father." This resolution, the letter states, "caused great satisfaction in the city, and in the evening of the intelligence the houses were illuminated."—A measure so eminently calculated to harmonize and conciliate all religious distinctions cannot fail to be productive of the greatest advantage to society.

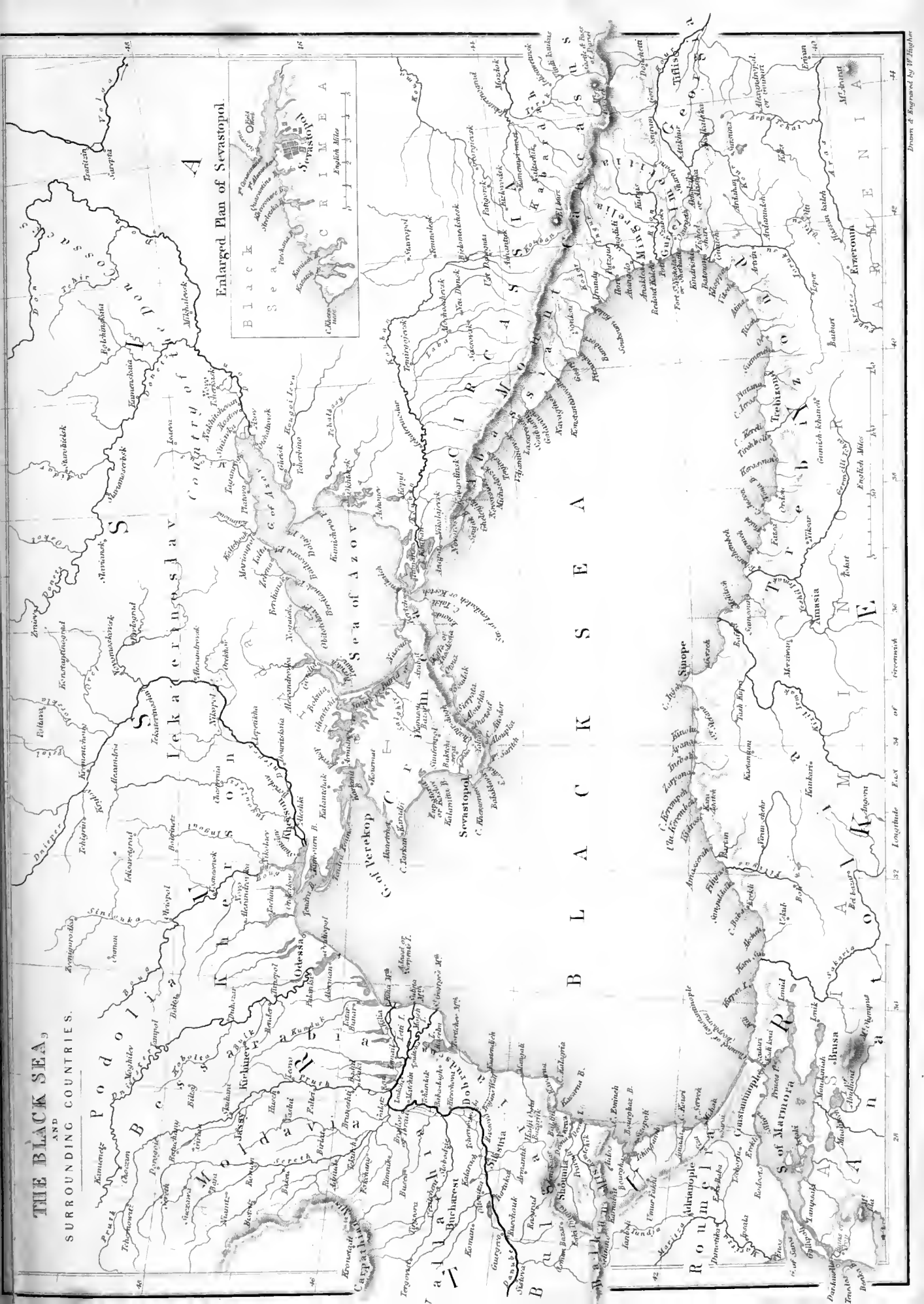
PESTH TO THE BLACK SEA.

"Les Hongrois sont un race d'hommes, qui pensent et agissent noblement. De toutes les nations que j'ai visitées, c'est celle pour qui j'ai conçu la plus haute estime. Je lui dois ce faible tribut de louange, et je m'en acquitte avec plaisir."

THE character of the scenery below Pesth forms a direct and striking contrast to what has been already noticed in the previous course of the Danube. The bold rocks and vine-clad hills, with which it is bordered at Pesth and Buda, are suddenly replaced by flat shores, reedy marshes, and an extent of pastures which, stretching away into the distant horizon, are only bounded on the left by the Carpathian chain, and on the right by the mountains of Sclavonia and Servia. A succession of water-mills, projecting half-way across the channel, are among the last objects that recall the vicinity of Pesth. As the steamer cautiously threads its way through this rather intricate navigation, and when the tourist's eye first rests on the boundless tract of country which now expands before him, he feels as if he were taking farewell of civilization, and entering upon a vast primæval desert, where man is still a semi-barbarian; and where the arts by which he converts to his use the natural products of the earth are still in their infancy, or wholly unknown. The immediate banks of the river present little beyond monotonous ranges of sandhills, here and there slightly broken into heaps, with numerous flocks and herds, widely scattered along their grassy slopes. Looking to the river, a few boats are met at long intervals, working slowly against the stream; and here and there—but scarcely enlivening the vast solitude—a village is seen, with its white church and huts, just emerging from the water, or half-buried in its vineyards and pastures. Scarcely a sound meets the ear but that of the water, as it is broken into foam by the paddle, and follows like a stream of light in the wake. The ear and eye are so continually on the stretch, to lay hold of something that may recall the positive evidence of human existence, that when a stranger, unaccustomed to such profound solitudes, arrives at a village or small town, he feels a singular relief in the change. On the arrival of the steamer in such places, it is usual for the whole population, with the

THE BLACK SEA,

AND
SURROUNDING COUNTRIES.



Enlarged Plan of Sevastopol.





priests at their head, to turn out; and thus, for a time, the idea of solitude vanishes, and he feels again surrounded by beings of his own species. But the strange faces, grotesque garbs, and wild music by which he is welcomed ashore, are so many convincing proofs that he is among a people whose language and habits are new to him, and to whom his own appearance is matter of no little wonder and speculation. But the evidence of rude abundance by which they are surrounded, sufficiently indicates that, although 'strangers to arts and sciences,' they have the more indispensable comforts of life, if not its luxuries, enjoying all that the early patriarchs enjoyed—the wealth of their flocks and herds; and with this happy sense of independence they make no appeals to his charity—happy that they know, and that they *have* no more.—But returning to the objects more immediately connected with the work in hand, we shall confine our observations to such as, from historical interest, or political importance in the present day, have particular claims on the attention of strangers.

The first town of any importance after Buda, is Mohacs, a large straggling village, highly characteristic of the country,—with wide streets, opening on the margin of extensive commons, into which the cattle were pouring in the evening, when we landed.¹ In wet weather the roads here are almost impassable. About the town, however, there is a pleasing pastoral air, which is very agreeable to strangers. At the windows of most of the houses we observed quantities of flowers, while the inmates were quietly seated at their doors, enjoying the cool air, which was impregnated with the refreshing odours of spring.² Here the steamer halts for the night, and to the curious traveller, time is thus afforded for a survey of the battle-field, between the Turks and Christians, in M.DXXXVI, in which a complete victory was obtained by the former. Whilst the Diet of the empire was holding its deliberations on the question of affording assistance to Louis, King of Hungary and Bohemia—then threatened by the Turks—Solyman, taking advantage of its hesitation, crossed the frontier, and in the course of his march made himself master of several towns. The two armies came in sight of each other on the plain of Mohacs; where, after making the best arrangements which the smallness of his army and other disadvantages would allow, Louis hoisted his Christian standard, and within an hour the battle was at its height. The Hungarians, however, being overwhelmed by numbers, found their hereditary prowess of little avail; and, taking sudden flight, were cut down in vast numbers by the infidel pursuers, who boasted that every Turkish scimitar on that day was red with Christian blood—Louis himself, after performing prodigies of valour, was compelled to quit the field; but his steed in

¹ M.S.

² On board the steamer, on this occasion, was a Hungarian proprietor, on his way to assist at the marriage of his brother, with the daughter of a Servian prince; and to show in what the wealth and produce of the land consisted, he mentioned that the dowery of this high-born dame was five thousand swine—such also in remote times were the doweries in England.—*MS. Journal*, W. II. B.

attempting to clear a ditch, beyond which his rider would have been safe, fell backward; and the king, exhausted with fatigue, and weighed down by his heavy armour, perished like the meanest of his followers. The victory on the part of Solyman was complete; it opened to him the gates of Buda, which was given up to plunder; and where the great library, collected by Matthias Corvinus at vast expense, was consigned to the flames. Solyman is said to have interposed only so far in the destruction around him, as to rescue a few ornaments of the royal palace, among which were two superb columns, and three statues of Apollo, Diana, and Hercules. It is also reported, although upon no certain grounds, that he caused fifteen hundred Hungarian gentlemen to be beheaded in cold blood; whilst only a few minutes after witnessing this scene of horror, he shed tears when he was shown the portrait of King Louis and his Queen, Mary of Austria.¹

Out of thirty thousand Christians who this day fought under the banner of Louis, only six thousand escaped; and the defeat may be easily accounted for, when it is known that Solyman's army amounted to two hundred thousand men. On the same ground, however, in the course of time, the Turks met with a signal defeat, under the arms of Prince Eugene and Charles, Duke of Lorraine, and lost nearly as many of their own in this, as they had slain in the former battle. This stroke of retribution acted as so powerful a check on the ambition and resources of Turkey, that the crescent has never since dared to violate the Hungarian frontier.

Erdöd, Dalja, Vukovár, Oppatovacz, Scharingrad, and Erlök, all on the right bank, form the only places deserving of attention between Mohacs and Peterwardein. The first of these, a Slavonian town on the right, lies within a remarkable link of the Danube, has a Greek and a Catholic church, with the remains of an old castle, finely situated, in which the Counts Palffy—an ancient Hungarian family—resided during the feudal ages. Dalja, a market-town, with a population of between three and four thousand inhabitants, partly of the Greek and partly of the Roman Catholic persuasion, is surrounded by a fertile tract of corn-lands, and enjoys the advantages of a lucrative fishery. Vukovár, a market-town considerably larger than the preceding, stands at the confluence of the Vuka with the Danube, and at the distance of thirty-two German posts from Vienna. It has several churches, Greek and Roman Catholic, a Franciscan convent, and a handsome Council-house. Oppatovacz, a small Syrmian town, contains several churches for its mixed population, and a relay of post-horses. Opposite to this, on the left bank, is the small town of Bács, where the river of that name falls into the Danube. Scharingrad, like the preceding, is a Syrmian town, about a league distant from it, with the remains of an ancient castle, but nothing remarkable.

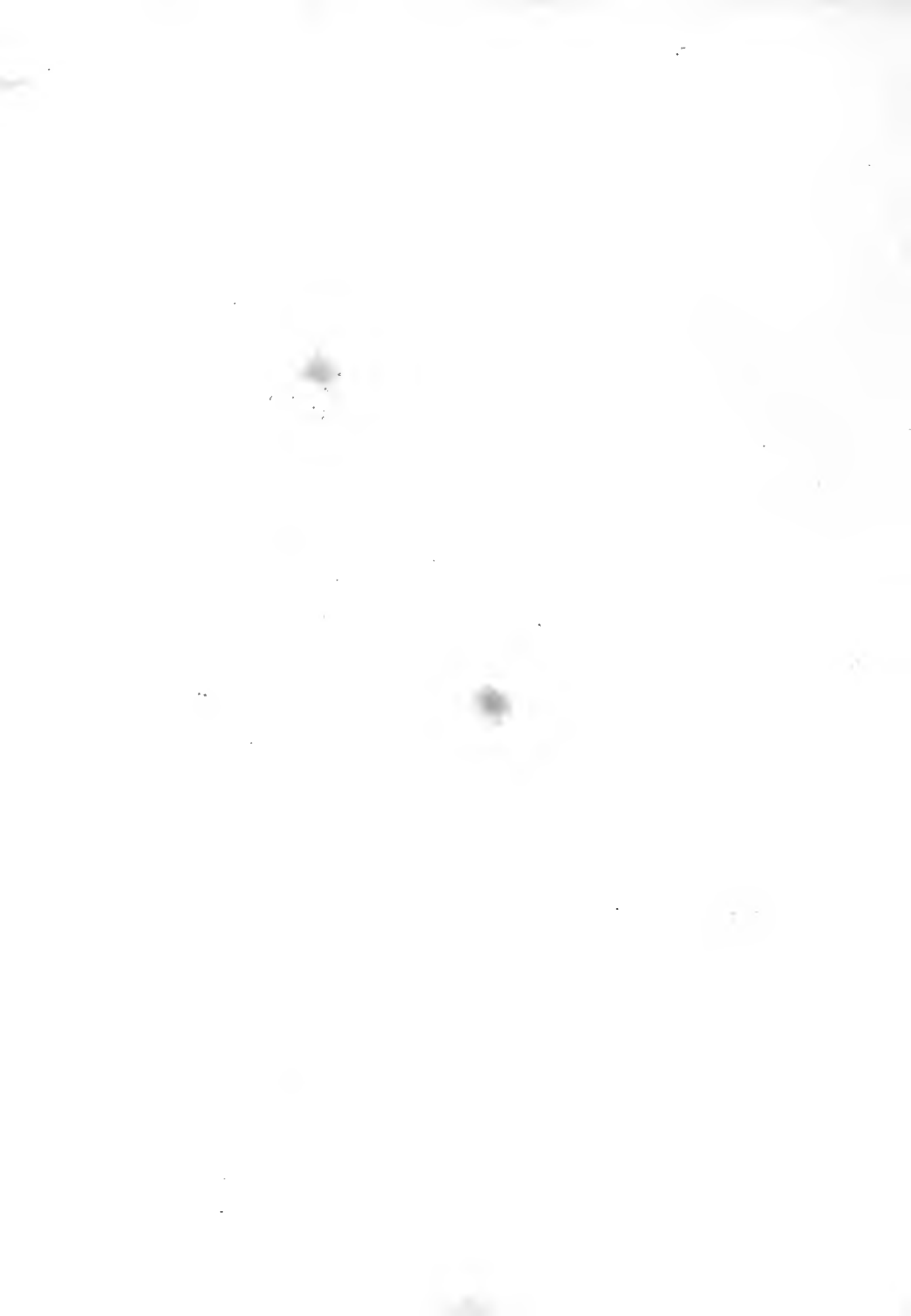
Erlök, with about three thousand inhabitants, is a place of great antiquity—

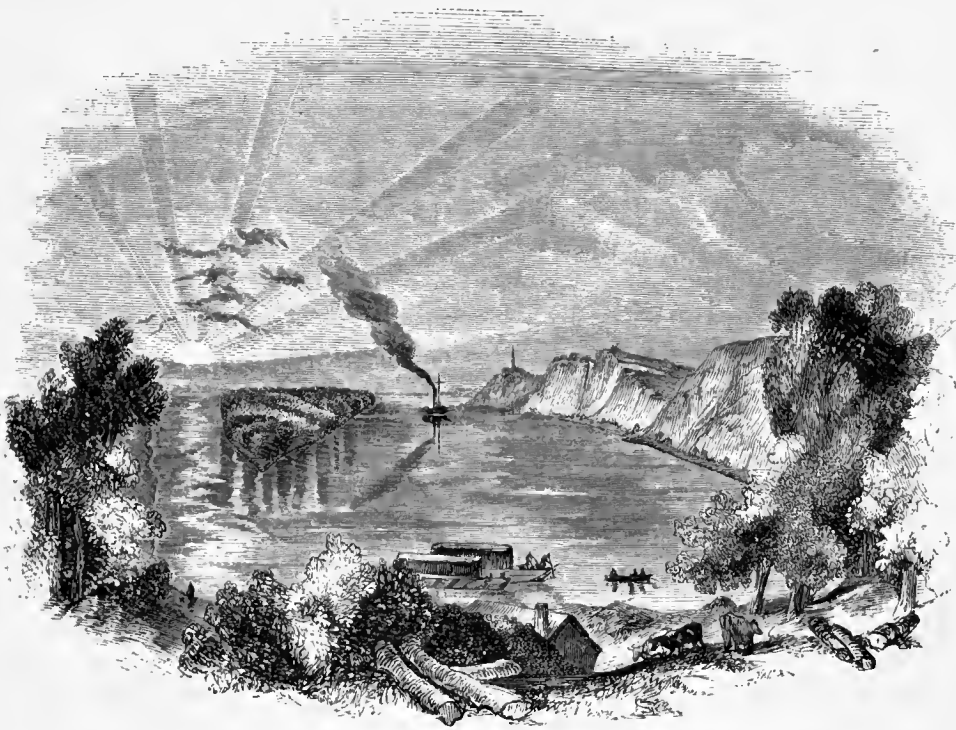
¹ But, says a French writer, "Soliman était généreux: il ne fit certainement point couper quinze cents têtes pour le plaisir de voir couler du sang, et ne versa pas des larmes sur des peintures, lorsque la mort de Louis semblait lui assurer le succès de son entreprise."—AN. GERM. 1760.



W. H. B. 1840

1840





ILLOK.

various Roman works of art having been discovered, from time to time, in the town and neighbourhood. It contains a Roman Catholic church, a Greek church, and a Franciscan convent, in which is the tomb of St. John Capistranus [page 200-1]. Its chief ornament is the handsome palace of Prince Odescalchi, Duke of Syrmia and Ceri,—a name never to be mentioned but with feelings of admiration¹—to whom Illok and its environs chiefly belong.

Peterwardein, so named from its being the supposed birthplace of Peter-the-Hermit, occupies a bold and commanding promontory, upwards of two hundred feet above the river; and from its resemblance to that celebrated fortress, has been called the 'Hungarian Gibraltar.' Connected by means of a floating-bridge with Neusatz, on the opposite bank, Peterwardein forms the capital town of Sclavonia, with an united population of near twenty-five thousand, exclusive of the garrison, which varies in strength and numbers according to the state of the frontier. The appearance of Peterwardein, though boasting of no greater elevation than that we have

¹ We allude to Marc-Antonio and Thomas Odescalchi, whose names and deeds stand pre-eminent as uniting the purest Christian philanthropy with their high station, and giving literally their wealth and possessions to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, and to provide a home for the destitute.

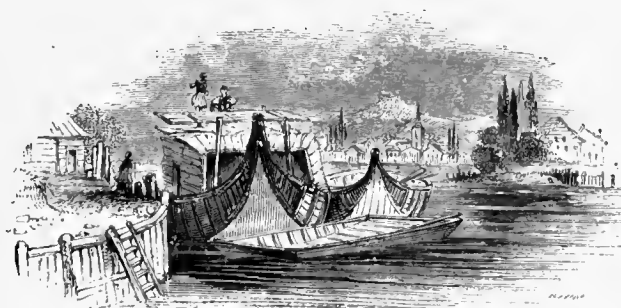
named, is very imposing; and when fully manned, and its embrasures filled with heavy ordnance no enemy could approach within the range of its fire, but at a vast sacrifice of life. The resemblance which it bears to the Prussian fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, is not so close as some have represented; the latter crowns a lofty, naked, abrupt rock, while that of Peterwardein is not so remarkable for the height of its rocky, grass-grown steep, as for its isolated position, by means of which it commands both river and plain. But viewed in connexion with the country around it, this stronghold between Austria and Turkey is a place of vast military importance; and, during its occupation by the latter, served materially to consolidate the strength of Solymán and his successors in the valley of the Danube. In the present day, although the danger from that old quarter may be said to have vanished, it is still an important bulwark, which, in the event of war, some other power would not grudge a few desperate efforts to secure. The buildings of the fortress, appropriated to various departments under the surveillance of an experienced commandant, are lofty and spacious, containing an extensive arsenal, with quarters for ten thousand men, and the state-prison, the '*judicium militare*.' With Peterwardein the name of Prince Eugene is gloriously associated.¹ Here, in 1716, he obtained, with the imperial forces, a brilliant victory over the Turks, who left thirty thousand turbans in the field, (with the heads in them,) as well as their leader, Mustapha Kaprogli, who fell by a musket-shot. The result of this famous victory was the fall of Temesvár, and the total discomfiture of the Ottoman power in Hungary.

Neusatz, or Neoplanta, already mentioned, is comparatively a modern town, having, like Pesth, grown up under the patronage and sound policy of Maria Theresa and her successor. The inhabitants are principally of the Greek church, with a bishop at their head. It contains a royal Gymnasium, and other institutions of public utility; and, until the middle of the last century, carried on a brisk trade with Turkey. The cession of Belgrade, and the consequent emigration of the Christian population, were the principal causes of the subsequent prosperity of Neusatz; but independently of these, few situations could be more favourable to the interests of trade than its natural position on the banks of the Danube, where so many circumstances combine to render it so highly eligible both for commercial enterprise and political security.

About a league and a half below this point is the picturesque town of Carlowitz, a military commune of nearly six thousand inhabitants, two-thirds of whom are Greeks, with an archbishop, who is primate of the old Greek Church in Austria. It

¹ It was on occasion of this victory that the pope, desirous of bearing public testimony to the interest he felt in so great an event, as well as to the wisdom and valour of Prince Eugene, sent him that particular present with which the Roman pontiffs had been pleased at times to honour those great generals—chiefly emperors and kings—who distinguished themselves in battle against the Infidels. This consisted of a sword, called *estoc*, and a velvet cap richly adorned, which were presented to the Prince with the greatest ceremony.

contains a cathedral, the episcopal palace, several public institutions, among which is a college for the education of the Greek clergy. By the treaty of peace signed here in 1699, the Turks ceded extensive provinces to Austria, Poland, and Russia; but having violated its articles, fifteen years afterwards, and drawn upon them the vengeance of Prince Eugene, they suffered near this place a loss of thirty thousand men, with that of a Grand Vizier, and numerous standards.¹ The vineyards around Carlowitz produce the celebrated wine of that name. Nearly opposite is a sand-bank, which runs far into the Danube, thereby causing so much backwater as to expose the adjoining lands to frequent inundations. Between this and Semlin is Slankamen, the ancient Rittium, where the river Theiss (Tibiscus) falls into the Danube: it is also celebrated for a victory gained over the Turks by the Margrave of Baden. To this succeed the villages of Szurdok Belegisch and O-Banoveze, with two islands in front, and at Semlin the steamboat anchors for the night. This is the frontier-town between Hungary and Turkey, where travellers from the latter have to perform a quarantine of from six to twelve days, or longer, according to circumstances. In



LAZARETTO.

the lazaretto, however, the traveller is furnished with every convenience, and even comfort, to compensate for his detention. On the top of Zingankaberg are the ruins of a castle, described as that of John Corvinus Hunniades, the champion of Christendom in the fifteenth century. He fought against the Turks heroically, and, for many years, rendered himself so formidable to them, that they surnamed him the 'Devil.' The Sultans Mahomed and Amurath II. were both compelled to retire from the siege of Belgrade by his energetic defence of it. Nearly opposite Semlin are the town and fortress of

Belgrade. This city, the ancient capital of Servia and 'Alba Græca' of the

¹ Lady Montagu, in one of her letters, observes—"We passed over the field of Carlowitz, where the last great victory was obtained over the Turks, by Prince Eugene. The marks of that glorious bloody day are yet recent, the field being strewn with the skulls and carcasses of unburied men, horses, and camels. I could not look without horror on such numbers of mangled human bodies, nor without reflecting on the injustice of war, that makes murder not only necessary but meritorious."

Romans, occupies a highly advantageous position at the angle of junction between the right banks of the Danube and the Save. Placed on so critical a point of the grand 'debatable frontier,' its history is that of the crusades, and of the long and exterminating wars which followed. On its ramparts, garrisoned in turn by Christian and Turk, but never changing masters, save at the deplorable sacrifice of life, the cross and the crescent have alternately waved in haughty defiance, or cowered under the humiliation of defeat. In front of this stern and frowning stronghold, rival armies have met in sanguinary conflict—met to dispute the possession of a few walls and bulwarks, weighed against which the unlimited sacrifice of human life appeared but as a feather in the balance. But to Hungary the military custody of Belgrade was more than life—for in its capture or surrender, her existence as a Christian nation was involved; and to resign her independence and bow her neck as a conquered province of Turkey, was a thought that roused her sons to those acts of heroic devotion, which it is impossible to read but with feelings of the warmest sympathy and admiration. Nor was the enemy of the Christian name less active in pushing his conquests beyond the Servian bulwark; with the resources of a mighty empire behind them, ready to supply every loss sustained in the field; and with the assurance of at last planting themselves in a land where the plunder of the cities and the produce of the soil would secure for them unlimited indulgence, the followers of Mahomet exhibited all the energy characteristic of men who fight with a tempting prize in sight—but the possession of which could only be attained by valour and the sword. Inferior in military tactics, perhaps, but in numerical strength far superior, to the Christians, the Moslem power was too often crowned with success. But although checked and discouraged for a time, retaliation was sure to follow; and not unfrequently on the very spot where the Christian arms had met with a reverse, some brilliant victory again wiped off the disgrace, and re-established the cross on the high-places of Belgrade. But as to particularize the occasions on which the cross and crescent alternately rose and fell in this and the adjoining province would far exceed the limits of the present work, we shall only advert to the more prominent features of its history, which invest the fortress of Belgrade with so deep and enduring an interest. To the heroic conduct of Hunniades, Vaivode of Transylvania and general of the armies of Ladislaus, King of Hungary, and to his predecessor, the friar Capistrano—who appears to have been a second Peter-the-Hermit—the arms of the cross are indebted for many of those brilliant achievements which drove back the Turks within their own limits, and rescued the soil and population of Servia from their iron grasp. As pious and heroic patriots, their names are 'in all the churches;' and in later times, their example has not been lost upon their warlike descendants—*sæmper nomenque laudesque manebunt*. To

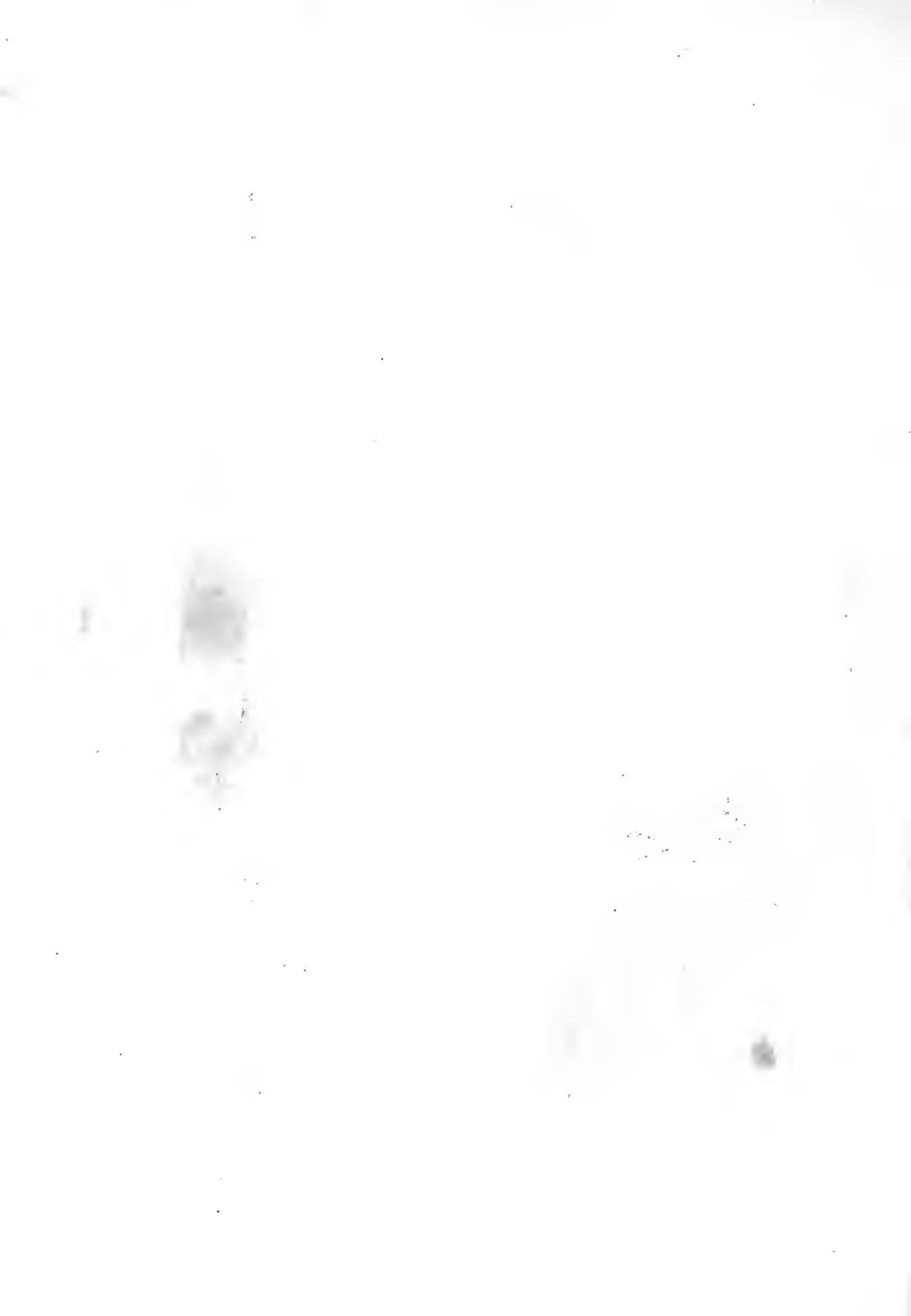
¹ Some very important resolutions, in respect to the government of Servia, have just transpired. The country, while these pages are going to press, appears to be in a state of great political excitement, the result of which we hope to communicate in a subsequent portion of this work.



E. Prader.

W. H. Buxton.

Polygrade.



them was owing, under Providence, the rescue of Belgrade¹ from the hand of Mahomet II., who, with an army of two hundred thousand men and a numerous flotilla, had invested it on all sides. When the Christian garrison looked down upon this beleaguering host, which in numbers exceeded all that had ever been witnessed by the oldest soldier, they were struck with dismay, and gave themselves up for lost. But Hunniades and his friend Capistrano—the former by his heroic example, the latter by openly preaching—invoking every follower of Christ to hasten to his standard, and heading the rude army thus assembled, embarked on the Danube, and bore down upon the Turkish flotilla. Directing the prow of his galley against that of the Turkish admiral, Hunniades grappled her, deck to deck, and boarding her at the point of the sword, inspired the Infidel with such terror that Hunniades's

¹ "A place still more distinguished," says a popular writer, "is Belgrade, with its splendid mosques, tall minarets, domes, gardens, and cypress-groves. It stands in a most noble situation, where the waters of the Save and the Danube join. 'These two majestic streams, blending their waters at this point, expand into what might be mistaken for the ocean itself, and the spot where the Save pours itself into the queen of European rivers is clearly perceptible from the diversity of the tints.*' Belgrade was founded by the Romans, afterwards destroyed by the barbarians, and then rebuilt by Justinian. The citadel is a commanding object, standing as it does on a steep hill one hundred feet high, and jutting out into the waters of the Danube. This is the source of many a Turkish atrocity towards Christian captives. Rhigas the Greek was here sawed asunder limb by limb; and so late as 1815, thirty-six unhappy Servians were impaled alive, in violation of a pledge given as to their safety. Belgrade is the seat of a pasha of three tails, and of the only garrison that the Turks, in pursuance of their treaty with the Servians, can maintain in the country. The immense fortifications are now fast mouldering away. The history of Belgrade is too full of great events for us to attempt even a bare enumeration of them, so we prefer occupying our space with a brief glimpse of the very interesting town. This is composed partly of 'lines of modern houses, but in general of rows of wooden stalls, in which the owner arranges his merchandise with no small degree of taste, and parades his customers, surrounded by his workmen, intent upon their several tasks. The barber and coffee-vender alone carry on their trade in closed shops, and enjoy the luxury of glazed windows. To any traveller fresh from Western Europe the motley population of this town is a novel and highly interesting scene; the tailor and the gun-smith, the baker and the victualler, by their white turbans, sallow sombre faces, and haughty mien, will be instantly recognized as Turks; the red cap, sharp eye, and insinuating manners of the merchant and dealer betray their Greek extraction; and the merry countenance of the shopkeeper smirks beneath the round close bonnet of the native Servian.'† At no great distance from Belgrade we find the commencement of several groups of islands, densely covered with ozers and evergreen shrubs, and peopled with many varieties of water-fowl. Some of these are exceedingly beautiful. The variety of their forms, their numerous inlets, their clusters of magnificent shrubs, hung with flowers, among which one might fancy we perceive some of the sweetest and most brilliant of our English hedgerows and gardens, the deep solitude, interrupted only by the screams or occasional flight of strange-looking birds, all make up a scene on which the voyager delights to dwell. From hence 'a field of Indian corn, hills deeply indented by the rains, and exhibiting sometimes the appearance of artificial fortresses, sometimes retiring to a distance, and leaving in front abrupt mounds of the most fantastic shapes: villages with their churches and steeples on one side, and churches and minarets on the other; Servians on our right, fishing in little cockle-shells of boats; Hungarians on the left, tending herds of swine; mountains towering in the distance;'—engage our attention until we reach Moldava."‡

* Frickel's Pedestrian Tour.

† New Cyclopædia, article Belgrade. Vol iv.

‡ French period.

intrepid followers, bearing down all opposition, continued their triumph from deck to deck, and animated each other with the shouts of St. George and victory. Nor was the friar a passive spectator of the scene : placing himself on the prow of the war-galley which led the second division of the Christian flotilla, and extending with one hand a crucifix, and with the other beckoning on to the attack, his figure was conspicuous to the whole fleet; his orders, too, were eagerly caught, and passed like watch-words from prow to prow. The waves of the Danube, that were so lately white and foaming with the rapid strokes of ten thousand oars—were in a few minutes red and discoloured with Turkish blood.—The combat raged till noon—but ere evening, all was still, save where, gathered round the friar's barge, the victorious army united in the loud and long-continued ' halleluias' which ascended in grateful homage to the gates of heaven.

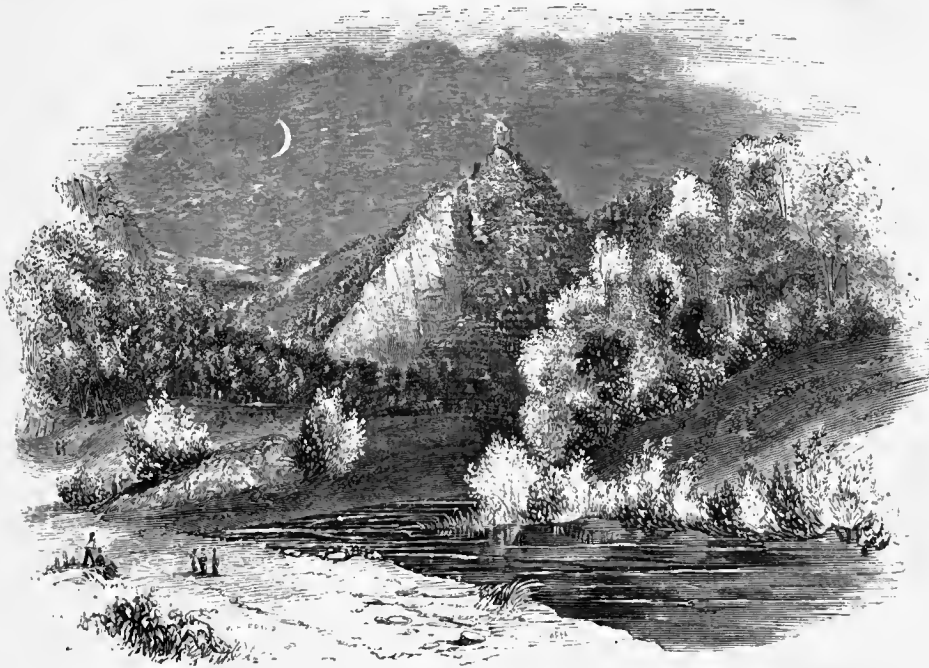
The loss of the sultan, during the siege and combat, was estimated at thirty thousand men. Hunniades, now taking the command of the fortress, reorganized the garrison, and placing it in a thorough state of defence, restored unanimity and confidence among the inhabitants, and for a time baffled all the strength and resources of Turkey to place it in jeopardy. In 1522, however, it was captured by Solymán the Magnificent,—whose successful career along the Danube has been already noticed,—and from that period, till it was retaken in 1688, by the Elector of Bavaria, it remained one of the great strongholds of the Turkish empire on the Danube. Three years subsequent to the above event, it was recaptured by its old master, the sultan, but recovered by the gallant exploits of Prince Eugene, in 1717,¹ captured by Laudon in 1689, and afterwards delivered over to the Turks at the peace of Belgrade.

The population of Belgrade is estimated at thirteen thousand, including four thousand Turks and two thousand Jews. The predominating features of the city, in the distance, are its mosques and numerous minarets. It contains one Christian church and thirteen mosques. The other public edifices are the residences of the late Ozerny George, and his successor Prince Milosch, the military chief² of the Servians, the ruins of Prince Eugene's palace, the paçha's residence within the citadel, and one or two others of less importance, in the different quarters into which the

¹ On this occasion, says a French writer,—“ On trouva dans la ville cent soixante et quinze canons de bronze, vingt-cinq de fer, et cinquante mortiers.”—The following is characteristic of Turkish barbarity :—“ Le Grand Visir, Ali, qui commandait l'armée des Turcs, fut blessé à mort, et mourut le lendemain à Carlowitz. On ne peut se rappeler, sans frémir, l'inhumanité de ce Musulman. Il avait entre ses mains le Général Breüner, officier distingué dans les troupes impériales. Il fit venir ce prisonnier et ordonna qu'il fût massacré sous ses yeux.”—AN. GERM. ed. 1769.

² Milosch, who lately abdicated in favour of his son, is thus spoken of by Mr. Claridge :—“ Milosch is desirous of introducing great reforms into Syria; but he has many long-established customs and deeply-rooted prejudices to contend against: he has, however, done much; and be it mentioned to his honour, that he has liberated the serfs, and declared every Servian to be *free*. He has given a constitution; trade is unfettered by restrictions; his ports are open to the vessels of all countries; a traveller is safe, for whenever a robbery takes place, the inhabitants of the nearest village are responsible, and must find the delinquent or pay a heavy fine.”

town is divided. But as to its present condition and appearance, it is far from prepossessing “*aber ist Belgrad schlecht gebaut und nicht geflastert, und sein Inneres entspricht dem aussern Ansehen nicht.*”—Colonel Hodges, an officer of experience and distinction in the service of his country, was the late English representative in Servia. Her British Majesty’s Consul at present is T. de Fonblanque, Esq



INLAND SCENE ON THE DANUBE.

About three leagues below Belgrade the river Temes, previously uniting with the Bega, pours its tribute into the Danube, and near the confluence stands the populous town of Pancsova. Nearly opposite, on the right bank, and with a large island intervening, is that of Vischnitza, succeeded by the market-town of Krozna, well known as the scene of a disastrous battle in 1739. The Danube is here interrupted by two small islands, and near the mouth of the Jessova river, appear the town and fortress of Semendria. The latter, erected early in the fifteenth century, by a Servian prince, is built in the form of a triangle, and flanked by numerous towers. The distance from Belgrade to this place is five German miles, and all along the opposite, or Hungarian bank, military outposts are stationed at short intervals, formed of wooden cabins mounted on pillars, and surrounded by a gallery, from which the military occupant may have a clear view of what is passing around him, without incurring any risk from the sudden inundations to which this low and marshy tract is continually exposed. About five leagues further down is the town of Kulitza; situated close to the embouchure of the Morava river: directly opposite is a large

island in the Danube, six leagues in length, and on the left bank is seen the small town of Kubin—close to the Donavitza canal. On the right bank the towns of Petko Bescharovatz and Rama successively present themselves to the eye. The latter is a Servian town of considerable strength, with the remains of a Roman fortification near it. On the opposite bank, between the mouths of the rivers Kavasch and Neva, stands the military town of Neu-Palank, an Austrian station. On the right bank are Gradiska, and Türk-Bossesena, with the two small towns of Alt and Neu-Moldava nearly opposite, where the Danube is split into two islands. But although the towns and villages are comparatively numerous, between Belgrade and this point, the scenery is uninteresting and monotonous, and the only difference observable in the Danube is in its increased breadth, the number and size of its islands, with some additional turmoil and rapidity in its current, and the mountains gradually contracting the plain. Previous to reaching Moldava, the steamer halts for the night at a small station called Basiasch, where an inn has been provided by the navigation-board for the convenience of passengers. The next object that arrests particular attention, and greatly relieves the monotony of the scene, is the picturesque rock of

Babakai, of which the accompanying plate gives a faithful and striking representation. It rises abruptly and in isolated grandeur from the centre of the river, near the largest of the two islands already mentioned. The origin of the name is said to be derived from the following domestic circumstance:—A Turkish aga, of high consideration in the country, and who held a command on the frontier, having returned home unexpectedly, discovered, with shame and indignation, that the fairest of his seven wives had suddenly disappeared, and gone off with a noble Hungarian. Instigated to deadly revenge by this double insult, the Turk communicated with his favourite janissary, and promised him ten purses of gold if he could recover the fugitive, and bring him the head of her paramour. The janissary accordingly set off in hot pursuit; and following on their traces came unsuspectingly in sight of them as they were crossing the frontier. But, unconscious of his danger, the Hungarian now thought himself secure of his prize, and dismissing the greater part of his retinue, retired with the fair Zuleika to a small Christian fort, or rather Kiosk, within the boundary line. Here he was attacked in an unguarded hour by the janissary, who, having disguised himself and comrades as Servian peasants, craved an audience of the Hungarian chief, complaining of injuries they had just received from some Turkish marauders, and demanding justice at his hands. Their request was instantly complied with; but no sooner did the count receive them at the outer gate than, throwing aside their sheep-skins, and drawing their scimitars, the janissaries fell upon the supposed wife-stealer, cut him down, and running furiously into the divan, there found the beautiful culprit stretched, apparently lifeless, on the floor. To raise, bind, and bear her off were the work of a few minutes; and to agonize her by an act of refined cruelty, the head of her paramour was slung to the neck of her



Alpina



steed; and, in this manner she was hurried into the presence of her husband—the terrible Aga. In another minute she was to have been tied—not with the silken noose, but tied up in a horrid sack and cast into the Danube! But the aga thinking to protract the term of punishment by some more ingenious method, countermanded this order, and sent his helpless victim to perish slowly on a desolate rock in the Danube, with these last words thrilling in her ear—‘Ba-ba-kaŷ!’ ‘Repent of thy sin!’ But whether she obeyed him in this is very doubtful. The sentence, however, was duly executed, and the lady—though at the greatest personal risk of her tormentors, (for the rock is encircled by dangerous eddies)—was safely lodged on the craggy pinnacle, and instantly abandoned to her fate. The aga was delighted with the success of his stratagem, and enjoyed all that sweet satisfaction which springs from satiated revenge. The ghastly head of the count gratified his eye by day, and at night he felt new pleasure in reflecting that his faithless Zuleika was slowly famishing on a dreary rock.

The lifeless head, however, on which he gloated, was happily *not* the head of the count! The janissary, too eager to execute his commission, had missed his man, and in the darkness cut down and beheaded an aide-de-camp of the count, who, on hearing that Servian peasants were at the gate, had gone to announce the temporary absence of his master. Of the identity of the lady, however, there was unhappily no doubt; and we need not describe the frenzy into which the count was wrought, when the startling tidings reached him on recrossing the lines. But, more inclined to deeds than words, every soldier, every servant under his commands were instantly called to his aid, and before even the janissary had told to the aga the success of his expedition, Hungarians and Servians were lying in ambush hard by, anxiously waiting to frustrate, at the expense of their own lives, any sentence that might affect that of the lady. But what could not, perhaps, have been accomplished by open force, was happily effected by patiently waiting the result; and when the armed body had all returned from the rock, to announce the faithful execution of their orders, they little imagined that at the same instant a well-manned barge, gliding cautiously round the corner of the island, was making its way to the left side of the rock. In a few minutes it cleared the eddies, and fastening its grappling-irons into the rocky shore, disappeared for some time under the friendly shadows of night and a starry sky. But again the oars were pulled with energetic and redoubled strokes; the boat in a slanting direction bore rapidly towards the left bank, and there landing its freight, was sent adrift among the breakers; while the company, well mounted on Turkish barbs, speedily vanished in the depths of the forest.

Anxious next morning to know whether his victim was still suffering all the agony he so fondly anticipated, the Turk despatched his executioner to the rock, with strict injunctions to throw her headlong from the precipice—for his sleep, as he confessed, had been much troubled with frightful visions of rescue, and he could not rest till the final sentence was carried into effect. But when the janissary with great diffi-

culty again ascended the rocky prison, he could discover nothing of the captive; nothing but the cords with which she was fastened to the precipice, and some shreds of manuscript in the Hungarian character. The functionary was a shrewd but cautious man; and in repeating to the aga the result of his visit, stated it as a fact beyond question, that worked up to a pitch of frantic despair, the culprit must have flung herself headlong into the Danube—adding, in confirmation, that a projecting point of the rock, where she must have fallen, had caught and still retained a considerable portion of her garment.—This account, though ill according with his dream, appeared to satisfy the aga, and calling for fresh pipes and coffee, he dismissed all fears of rescue, and relapsed into a pleasing reverie as to the best plan of filling up the vacancy caused by the heartless desertion of his seventh wife.

In less than a week, however, his arrangements for this tender ceremony were much disconcerted, by news that the Imperialists had reached the nearest frontier, and, like insolent ‘Christian dogs,’ had defied both the grand sultan and the prophet. “Alla il Alla!” exclaimed the aga, and ordering his troops to march, reached the point threatened, on the very eve of the great battle of Carlowitz. During the fearful carnages of that day, the Hungarian noble sought in vain to encounter the aga in the *mêlée*. But strange as it may appear, the first person brought to his camp in the evening was the said aga! He was mortally wounded; and his last moments were embittered by the knowledge of Zuleika’s escape—of her having abjured Islamism, and become the wife of her deliverer—the very man in whose tent he was that day a prisoner.—We now resume our progress downwards.

At Babakai¹ the scenery of the Danube becomes bolder and more striking, extending along a romantic defile, densely wooded, here overhung with frowning rocks, and there opening in gloomy vistas over untrodden and primæval forests. But the point at which all that is wild or romantic in scenery appears to concentrate, is the feudal

Castle of Kolumbacz. This, of its kind, is one of the most striking scenes on the Danube—and the effect it produces is greatly heightened by the utter and undisputed solitude over which it presides. On the right, as we approach this majestic ruin, gigantic massive rocks, pierced with caverns, and haunted by eagles that brood unmolested in its inaccessible crevices, seem in fine harmony with a stronghold, whose early chiefs were as much addicted to predatory warfare, as the eagles to which it is now abandoned. Of the castle, originally of vast dimensions, only seven or eight towers now remain—but these are sufficient to indicate what it must have been when the Greek Empress Helena, a lady of transcendent beauty, suffered imprisonment within its walls. The largest of the caverns above mentioned

¹ The great new road along the left bank of the Danube, which in many respects rivals in design and execution the best of Napoleon’s routes across the Alps, commences near the rock of Babakai, and terminates at Orsova, so as to obviate the dangers of every attempt to navigate the Danube between these two points, at certain times of the year.

Views of (Columbus)

1891



W. H. Burdett.



is that in which, according to tradition, St. George slew the Dragon—and whose carcass, it is said, still putrefies in its recesses, and sends forth those myriads of small flies, which are so tormenting to men and cattle. “They are so destructive,” says Mr. Claridge, “that oxen and horses have been killed by them.”¹ It is called the Kolumbacz-fly; and a conjecture has been ventured regarding its origin, which states that “when the Danube rises, as it does in the early part of summer, the caverns are flooded; and the water remaining in them and becoming putrid, produces this noxious insect.” But of this there is considerable doubt, grounded on experiment; because some years ago “the natives closed up the caverns,” but without any sensible advantage. These flies “nearly resemble mosquitoes, and in summer appear in such swarms that they look like a volume of smoke, and sometimes cover a space of six or seven miles. Covered with these insects”—rightly described by Linnæus as the ‘*furia infernalis*’—“horses not unfrequently gallop about till death puts an end to their sufferings. Shepherds anoint their limbs with a decoction of worm-wood, and keep large fires burning, to protect themselves from them; but upon any material change in the weather, the whole swarm is destroyed.”

From Kolumbacz² onwards, the scenery presents the same characteristics of wild, solitary grandeur—beetling cliffs shooting up into the sky—the exclusive domain of eagles and other birds of prey, screaming as they wheel in rapid circumvolutions overhead; vast, interminable forests, that climb the highest mountains, and descend into the deepest gorge; cataracts roaring and leaping from rock to rock; majestic trees, with the soil washed from under them, and ready to be hurled by the next blast into the river; others, stript of their bark, white and mutilated, dashing along with the current, are but a few of the sights and sounds which meet the traveller in this primæval wilderness. Almost the only relieving features are here and there a flock of goats, a rude Servian fishing-boat, or a solitary herdsman.

About half a league under Kolumbacz is the village of Liupkova, containing near twelve hundred inhabitants. Between this village, in the Banat of Temeswar and Boricz, on the right or Servian bank of the river, are the rapids called Jerdap, or the ‘Strudel and Wirbel’ of the Lower Danube. Drenkova, at which the steamer com-

¹ They principally “attack the tender parts of the animals, which are free from hair, the eyes, ears, nostrils, and throat, down which they creep in such numbers as to cause suffocation from the swelling produced by a multitude of bites. Children left by their mothers in the open air, out of sight, have been killed by them. At Neu Moldava, the cattle, sheep, and horses are kept in-doors by day, during the season of the fly, and driven out only at night, being at the same time anointed with pitch, &c., on their nostrils and other tender parts, to protect them.”

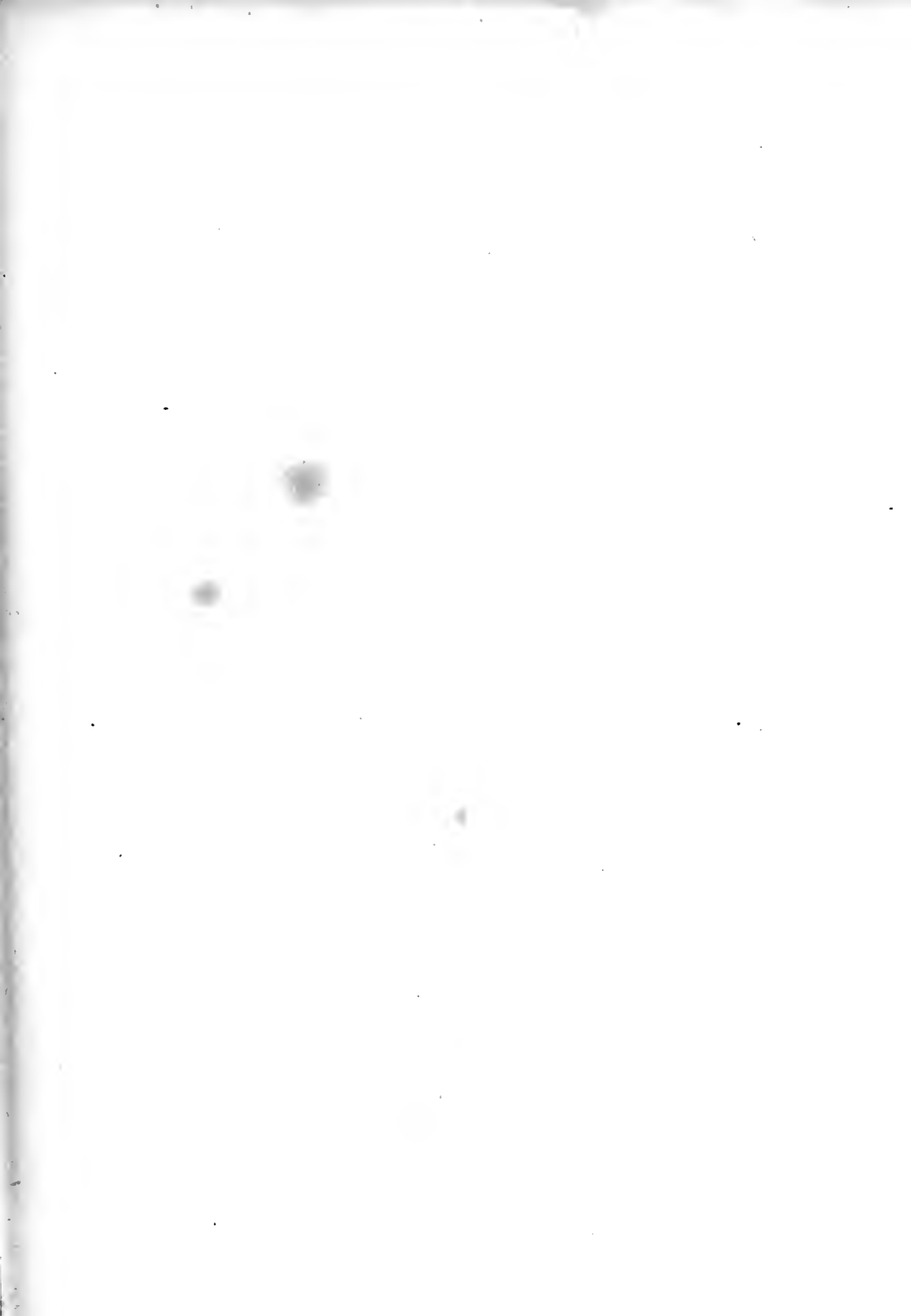
² A little below the town of Moldava recommences the mountainous scenery of the Danube, and at the very entrance of the rocky gorge through which the river finds its course, are the ruins above mentioned, occupied about a century ago by a band of Wallachian brigands. On emerging from this part, the rapids of the Danube are before us. The bed of the river is here wholly composed of rough rocks, sometimes starting up in masses nearly to the surface of the water, sometimes forming a wall across it from bank to bank.—*The Danube*.



DREKNOVA.

pletes her voyage, is merely a log-house, or a temporary shelter for travellers and merchandize; but as the situation is favourable, and the traffic by steam on the increase, accommodations better proportioned to the demand will soon spring up. Here we spent the night, and although the inn is small, every thing was done to make us comfortable. It was here that, in 1839, fourteen passengers by the steamer were lost. Availing ourselves of the halt, we took a ramble up into the forest, and were greatly delighted with the wild and magnificent scenery which it disclosed. Next morning we embarked in a small cutter, and were soon involved among the eddies and currents, which render this passage so formidable to the unexperienced traveller, and are never without danger, when the vessel is in the hands of an unskilful pilot. The intricacy of the navigation was so apparent, that we felt it difficult to divest ourselves of serious apprehensions for the result—especially when, at frequent intervals, the vessel seemed to be hurrying towards projecting rocks, around, and over which the breakers were continually tossing their foam with a thundering roar.¹

¹ Vast exertions have been made to facilitate the navigation of this part of the Danube, but hitherto without effect. The method adopted is similar to that by which, under the Empress Maria Theresa, the navigation of the Strudel and Wirbel of the Upper Danube was so greatly improved. But here the task is of a much more arduous nature, the distance greater, the material harder, the river deeper and more rapid; so that "it has been calculated that it would occupy a thousand miners more than





Temple of Mars Ultor and the Temple of Antonine and Faustina, Ostia Antica

THE TEMPLE OF MARS ULTOR AND THE TEMPLE OF ANTONINE AND FAUSTINA, OSTIA ANTICA

All these obstacles, however, were successfully combated or evaded by the experienced eye and skilful management of our helmsman, who, keeping a steady course between Scylla on the one hand and Charybdis on the other, launched us at length into smooth water, where we could look back with unconcern to the roar and turmoil of the breakers that gleamed in our wake. Through the whole of this passage the scenery presents a character of savage grandeur and sublimity; but the most striking point is that of Greben, a bold picturesque promontory, which was no sooner caught sight of than it extorted from us a simultaneous shout of admiration. From this point, which forms a magnificent terminus to the rapids, we passed Swinicza, and glided along for several miles over an untroubled surface, where the Danube assumed the character of a spacious lake, rather than that of a river with whose wild and capricious nature we had so lately to contend. The width of the river is now five thousand feet, or upwards; while in the Kazan defile its immense volume of water is confined within a channel not exceeding four hundred feet from bank to bank; so that what it loses in width must be supplied in depth, which, at the narrowest point of that gorge has been ascertained to exceed twenty-eight fathoms. The next remarkable object in our descent, is the ancient Castle of

Drephkule, or Tricula, an engraving of which is here introduced. It is supposed to be of Roman origin, an opinion which is confirmed by the character of the workmanship, as well as by its vicinity to the other majestic relics of the Emperor Trajan's reign. Of the three square towers remaining, two occupy the crest of a naked rock, and the third, which communicates with these by means of a draw-bridge, under which runs an ancient road, stands on a beetling, detached rock, the base of which is undermined by the Danube. It commands a fine view of the intervening river, and the vast and sweeping forests by which the mountains, around and beyond, are completely enveloped. Shortly after this we approach the most remarkable scenery, perhaps, in the whole course of the Danube, namely, the

Defile of Kazan. The entrance to this pass is indescribably grand; presenting, in the most striking combination, all those qualities, features, and appearances which are the essential constituents of sublimity in natural landscape; it strikes even the most experienced traveller with surprise and admiration, and throws many of his previous recollections of Alpine and transatlantic scenes into the background. Its precipitous banks—rising in almost unbroken masses, sheer from the water's edge, and to an amazing altitude seem to blend with, and disappear in the sky. Higher still, filling every ravine and flinging perennial masses of verdure over the inaccessible cliffs and summits, oak forests, that have never resounded to the woodman's axe, but flourished thus in primæval and self-propagating beauty and freshness, through

fifty years incessantly, at a cost of many millions of florins, to cut a passage twenty feet wide and four deep, with the probability that, even when completed, no steamer would be able to stem the rapidity of the current, so greatly increased by the removal of the impediments."—*Handbook*. But the great Alpine road now in rapid progress will compensate for this disappointment.

immemorial ages, give rise to feelings and impressions to which it is impossible to give utterance. Along the face of the precipices, eagles were seen wheeling in rapid flight, or lazily sailing with expanded wings through their native element—but at such a height that these despots of the sky appear but as “choughs and crows” to the spectator who looks up to their eyries from this defile. To the freshness of the vegetation was added the perfume of numberless flowers and shrubs; so that the air was impregnated with delicious odours which, wafted from a thousand gardens, that required no culture from the hand of man, continually met us as we floated down the stream. The scene was singularly novel in its character, and no less pleasing and impressive. It is to be regretted that this extraordinary defile has not been more expressly noticed—particularly by those tourists on the Danube who, in other respects, have given so many faithful and animated pictures of its scenery. It is truly observed, however, in one of the most popular works of the day, that “there is an awful grandeur in this colossal gorge: for a long distance, the rocks are so perpendicular, that a plumb-line might be dropped from their brow into the water below; and their extreme height above the stream falls little short of two thousand feet.”¹

The village of Plavisovicsa, near the entrance to Kazan, is the place selected by the Diet of Hungary as “a depôt for the materials employed in carrying on their improvements in the channel and along the banks of the river.” “On looking at the two sides of the river,” observes a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, quoted by Mr. Murray, “I immediately saw that the Servian was that on which the road² *should* have been constructed, even had the Roman relies not been there, nor the facilities which the Roman work itself still continues to afford. The plan of the Romans, that is, corridors of wood, too, seemed the one best adapted to the nature of the country, which is covered with forests of oak. In fact, it appeared to me that the Roman road might be re-established with great ease; the rock having been cut away wherever it was called for, scarcely more than the restoration of the woodwork would have been necessary. Servia would easily have supplied the timber, the river would have transported it; every Servian wears a hatchet in his belt, and lives under a system similar to that which has left so many and so stupendous ruins of works destined to public utility in Hindostan and Spain.”

¹ “Until the construction of the new road, all communication along the banks of the river ceased here; the cliffs are so abrupt and close to the water as not to allow room for a goat to climb. As late as 1837, the only way of reaching Orsova from this, by land, was by taking a steep and tortuous road, which here turns away from the Danube and crosses two or three ridges of hills. The new road, however, has been boldly carried through the defile, a passage having been blasted for it in the limestone, by the river-side. As you pass along this gallery, it has the appearance of an overarching cavern, while from the water it looks like a mere groove, or the serpentine holes bored by the *teredo* in a piece of wood.”—*Murray's Handbook for Southern Germany*.

² In the accompanying engraving in this Pass, the traces of the old Roman road are seen on the right, and the line of the new road on the left.



F. H. H. H.

F. H. H. H.

Capitulum

1871



The next object of interest in this defile is the Rock of Kazan—Fels-Kaszan, near the centre of the stream, which, impatient of obstruction, roars and foams around it with the motion and violence of a whirlpool. A little further down is Pestabora, with the Veteranische-Höhle, or Veterani's Cave—so called in memory of General Veterani,¹ an Austrian officer of distinction, who defended this pass against the Turks, at the close of the seventeenth century. Deficient in numbers, he had recourse to stratagem, and shutting himself up in this cavern, with three or four hundred men, here he kept the Mussulmen at bay, and vigorously maintained his position for several months. Thirty-six years later it was again turned to similar account; and if well provisioned, and with no treason in the garrison, its natural advantages are such as to render it almost impregnable. The entrance in the face of the cliff is very small, and unless sought for escapes observation. The interior is



VILLAGE ON THE DANUBE

¹ This distinguished officer is mentioned by Lady Montagu as having "met and very civilly invited her to pass the night at a little castle of his," on her approach to Belgrade, in the neighbourhood of which he held a command—twenty-seven years after his defence of this cavern.—See Letter xxiii.

capacious, opening into a second cavern, lighted from above, and with a single gun planted in front, capable of sweeping the whole defile. When it was last occupied by Major von Stein, in 1718, it had most of the accommodations of a regular garrison, such as a large fire-place—a cistern, well supplied with good water—an oven for baking—a powder-magazine, and other military stores, secured by a massive iron door. That it was made use of in the same way by the Romans is rendered probable, by inscriptions and characters, which, as we learn from a German account of the “Grotto,” are still to be observed on its walls. Its dimensions, as given in ‘*Der Begleiter auf die Donaufahrt*,’¹ are sixteen fathoms long, twelve in breadth and ten in height; so that six hundred men might be conveniently stationed in the natural fastness, should it ever again be necessary. But it is by no means likely that garrison-duty will be again performed by either Austrian or Turk, in such quarters.

Three leagues further down, on the left, is the village of Ogradena, a military station on the Wallacho-Illyrian frontier, with about four hundred inhabitants; and nearly opposite to this is the rocky precipice called

Trajan's Tafel. Along its base runs a narrow projecting terrace, parallel with and fronting the stream. Under this platform are observed numerous square sockets cut in the rock,² in line, and at regular intervals, into which the ends of the beams that supported the ancient road were inserted. This rocky stage or terrace is chiselled out of the precipice, but, being too narrow for the purposes of a great road, the defect was remedied by flooring over the projecting beams, and thus giving it a convenient width towards the river, along the margin of which it was carried in the form of a hanging-gallery. But this plan, though partially adopted in some of the Alpine passes, has been long abandoned for the more safe and satisfactory one of blasting the rock by means of gunpowder, as adopted in the construction of the new road, which, like those of the Splügen and Simplon, would never have been accomplished but for this all-powerful agent. How the Romans, by sheer manual labour, contrived to open a military thoroughfare along the face of this tremendous gorge, it is difficult to conceive. The vast quantities of timber, too, which were necessarily employed in its construction, by decay, and accidents of season, must

¹ Diese mit einer Lichtöffnung versehene und mit mehreren Verschanzungen befestigte Höhle beherrscht die Fahrt auf diesem Strompunkte vollständig, und scheint nach den darin noch vorhandenen Inschriften schon zur Zeit der alten Römer militärisch benützt worden zu seyn.

² At the lower part of the passage an ancient corridor is cut in the rock; at the upper, huge mortice-holes are let in for the insertion of beams, on which the corridor was borne along its face. A large inscription, still legible, gives the honour of this great work to Trajan. A recent traveller, whose MSS. are quoted by a writer in the ‘*Quarterly Review*,’ (No. 108,) says, “Never did I more strongly feel the greatness of that wonderful people, than when, on sailing down the Danube, I first observed the traces and comprehended the object to which this work was destined. . . . Here was the evidence of the accomplishment by the Romans, although scarcely an indication of it remains in Roman authors, of an enterprise which is now universally admitted to be one of the most important for the public welfare of Europe.” Also, Notes on the *Via Trajana*.—French paper.



W. H. Bartlett.

Le Pigeon

LE PIGEON DE LA MER

PLATE 12



have exposed the road to frequent danger, had not the adoption of covered galleries, as in Switzerland, protected it from the weather above, while the skill and solidity of the woodwork underneath, gave it all the support necessary for a public highway. Though exposed to the ravage of torrents, it was fortunately exempt from that of avalanches; and the former they could either avoid or lessen, by diverting them into other channels. But under what aspect soever we may contemplate this great monument of Roman skill and perseverance, our admiration will continue undiminished; and, if anything were wanting to raise our ideas of these ancient masters of the world, we could hardly adduce a more convincing evidence in their favour than the 'Via Trajana.'

About the centre of the precipice, and nearly level with the platform, is a large tablet cut smoothly into the face of the rock, with the following words, recording the completion of the gigantic enterprise, and, as it is conjectured that also of the first Dacian campaign, A.D. CIII.

"IMP. CÆS. D. NERVÆ. FILIUS. NERVA. TRAJANUS. AUG. GERM. PONT. MAX. . ."

The remainder of the inscription cannot now be deciphered. Two winged genii support the scroll, and on either side is a dolphin, with the Roman eagle above; but both letters and ornaments are much defaced, not merely by the effects of weather, but also by the fires lighted under the recess by Servian fishermen.¹

On leaving this interesting relie, the river widens as we descend, and in a short time brings us to Old-Orsova, which is only two leagues and a half from the defile of Kazan. This military town and commune are situated on the left bank of the river, in the Banat of Temeswar; and higher up, on an island near the opposite shore, stands the Turkish fortress of New-Orsova. The island is three thousand yards in length, by eight hundred in breadth, and strongly fortified; but its artificial strength is greatly impaired by time, violence, and neglect; and although every means that military engineering could devise, were once employed to render it impregnable, it is to but little purpose that it commands the river, so long as its own bulwarks are commanded by all the neighbouring heights. It is the residence of a paçha; but except Fort-Elizabeth, which stands in advance of the main fortress, there is little to engage attention. The whole fortifications were raised and garrisoned by Austria, in times when the arms of Turkey were more formidable, and when the frontier was harassed by active and incessant warfare, but were ceded to the latter with other strong places, according to the treaty. Old-Orsova, to which we now return, is a place of more interest, as it exhibits a motley picture of all that is strange or singular in the voice, gait, garb, and multifarious speech of its nine hundred 'einwohnern' of all

¹ "Da das, von Serbischen Fischern unter dieser Wölbung öfters angemachte Feuer die Inschrift theilweise verwischte, &c."

tribes—Wallachians, Servians, Slavonians, Austrians, Turks, and Hungarians. When we arrived the whole commune was assembled on a festive occasion, and mirth and hilarity were the order of the day. It was the celebration of a marriage, when every hamlet around had sent in its groups of peasantry, all in their holiday costume, and presenting a novel and animated picture. Those of the better sort were dressed much *à la Française*, and formed a striking contrast with the greater portion, who wore only the Servian and Wallachian cloak. The crowd with which we came first in contact was engaged in the national dance, forming a circle, with hands joined, and regulating their steps and movements to a soft, wild, and rather plaintive music, which we were told was very ancient, having been handed down from generation to generation, from time immemorial. This they chanted to the instruments of a gipsy-band, which, moving from place to place, as itinerant minstrels; find a ready welcome on all similar occasions. Some of these humble, but zealous votaries of Apollo were almost Africans in complexion, but with features and expressions such as Murillo loved to paint. In other parts of the town the dancers were actively engaged in private houses—all animated by the same character of music as that which met us in the street. The whole scene was one of pleasurable excitement, in which all engaged in it appeared to advantage, and we could not but congratulate ourselves on having fallen in with so pleasing an incident.¹

Orsova forms the extreme limit of Hungary on the south-east, and within sight are the provinces of Servia, Wallachia, and Turkey. These military frontiers—where every man holds his land by feudal tenure—can furnish an immense army in time of war; and, on any appearance of Turkish inroad, every man between the ages of eighteen and fifty hastens to his post. The Austrian border, thus protected from all aggression, extends from Lower Dalmatia to the Polish frontier—a distance of more than four hundred and fifty leagues, protected throughout by an almost incredible series of military outposts—there being seldom less than three watch-towers to every league.

Near Orsova, and close to the river, are “wooden buildings for effecting an exchange of commodities with the people of the adjoining states, under such restrictions as are likely to preclude the chance of contagion. There is a Greek church here well deserving of attention, as well as the lazaretto, part of which is appropriated to the reception of merchandise, and for the horses and men engaged in its transport. The rest is set apart for the reception of travellers, who will have little beyond the confinement to complain of, although the place is not equal to the lazaretto at Semlin”² already noticed. “On account of the quarantine regulations, the inhabitants of Servia and Wallachia are prevented from coming into contact with the sub-

¹ Long sheepskin “cloaks, with the wool outside, reminding one of a door-rug. Both in their costume and physiognomy, they bear a striking resemblance to the Dacians, represented on Trajan’s Column, who in the time of that emperor were inhabitants of this country.”—*MS. Journal*—1842.

² Murray’s Handbook—Guide down the Danube, p. 157

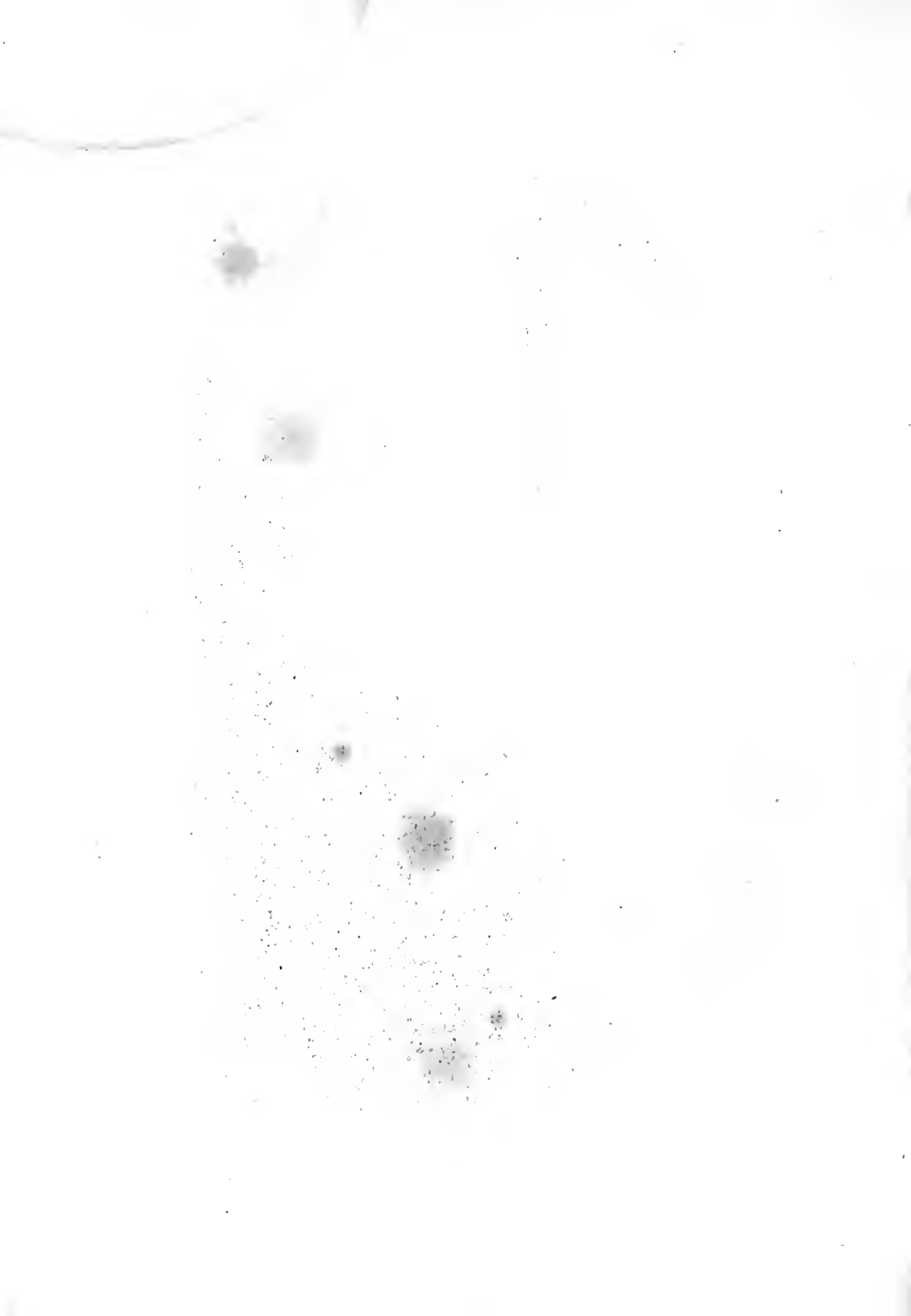
DACIAN FRONTIER LOWER DANUBE



W. H. P. 100

THE DACIAN FRONTIER LOWER DANUBE

THE DACIAN FRONTIER LOWER DANUBE



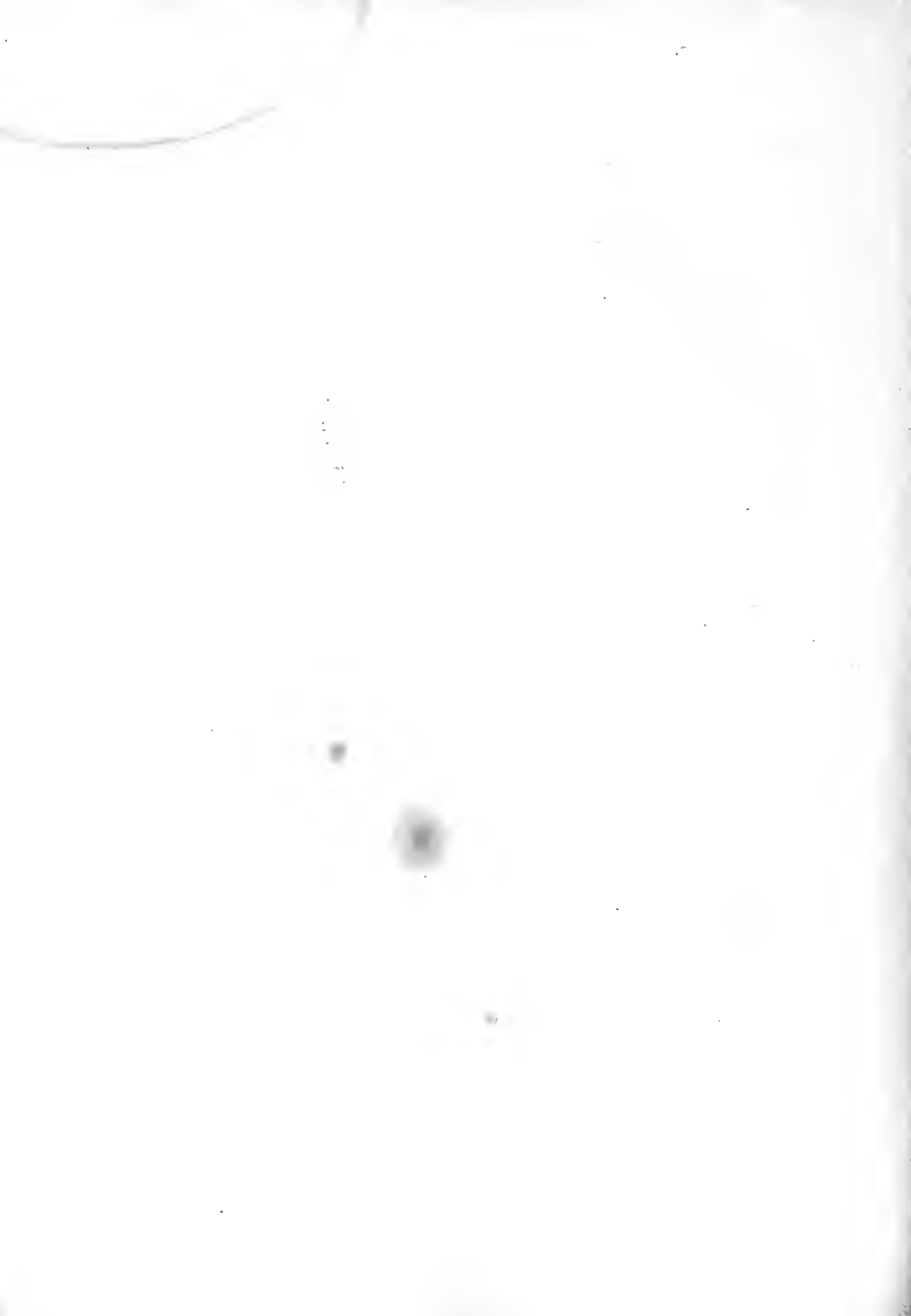


The Harbours of Lower Holland

PLATE 1. 1842. 1. 1842.

J. A. Knippenberg

W. H. P. G. G. G.



jects of Austria, and dare not cross the frontier without an escort. The Austrian quarantine is *five* days for those who come out of Wallachia, and *ten* for those from Servia, increased to *forty* days in time of plague. The Wallachians, again, have a quarantine of five days against the Servians, so that none of the three parties can intermix for the purposes of buying and selling, nor can they touch each other's goods."¹ The inconvenience thus occasioned, and the perpetual annoyance arising out of this state of things—as it affects travellers, and all who are engaged in commercial pursuits—are grievous obstructions, which, could it be accomplished without danger to the public health, it were most desirable to have removed. But that there is at length some prospect that these sanatory regulations will be greatly modified, and the term of quarantine speedily abridged in duration, the annexed letter,* which has just been put into our hands, affords some most gratifying evidence.

Before re-embarking on the Danube, it is not unusual for tourists, who have descended thus far, to make an inland excursion to

The Baths of Mehadia, known and frequented by the Romans under the classic

¹ Handbook, Southern Germany, p. 457. Also MS. Notes on the Danube. 1842.

² "CAIRO, June 28, 1843.—Some very important results have been obtained by the commissioners who have been sent by the Russian government to this country, in order to make experiments as to the contagion of plague, and the means of arresting the propagation of the *virus*. One most satisfactory conclusion has been already come to, and if nothing more be done, that conclusion must lead to the early modification and final overthrow of the whole quarantine system, as at present constituted; for the commission have come to the unanimous opinion, *that articles of any sort, after having been subjected to a temperature of from fifty to sixty degrees of Reaumur, cannot communicate the plague.*

"The commissioners collected a large quantity of garments, of sundry tissues, and of susceptible, raw materials, which were thoroughly impregnated with the supposed virus of the plague. These were placed in a chamber heated by a stove to the temperature of from fifty to sixty degrees (Reaumur), some portions loose, some portions tied lightly together, others closely pressed together, and others in cases hermetically closed. They were subjected to the action of the heat for forty-eight hours.

"Sixty-six persons of all ages and temperaments, including Turks, Egyptians, Syrians, and Negroes, were clad in the garments, and put into the closest contact with the articles which had been thus treated. The board of health, and the various medical authorities at Cairo, were called in to exercise the necessary control and surveillance over these very important experiments.

"*The result has been, that not one single person of the sixty-six has been attacked by plague, or his health affected in the slightest degree by the experiments to which he has been subjected.*

"The commissioners state that the quality of the materials has not been in any way deteriorated by the action of the heat; that the colours of the various manufactured articles have not been dimmed or changed; that the experiments have been attended with scarcely any cost; and that securities may thus be obtained against the communication of plague at an exceedingly small expense.

"No doubt it would have been well if the commissioners had also ascertained whether the plague *could* be communicated by articles *not* having been subjected to this high temperature. But, in deference to prejudiced ignorance and to sinister interest, we must proceed slowly.

"A large volume of correspondence on the subject of quarantine has lately been presented to Parliament on the motion of Dr. Bowring. No doubt he, or some other member of parliament, will, ere long, again call attention to a system so unenlightened and barbarous as that which now disgraces the legislation of the so-called civilized Europe. Many changes and improvements are in progress, and every change shows the little foundation for the fears and follies of the supporters of the existing state of things."—[Published in the TIMES.] Some other experiments are now in progress, October 20.

name of *Thermæ Herculis ad aquas*. It is a much-frequented watering-place, being visited by many guests from Wallachia and Moldavia, including Boyards; and the following particulars are taken from the work of a recent visitor, who thus speaks of it:—"The whole state of Mehadia consists of two ranges of handsome buildings, forming an oval, three-fourths of which are let out as lodgings, having an hotel amongst them. The remainder of the buildings are appropriated to the reception of invalid officers and soldiers, who, in most cases, recruit their health here in the short space of four weeks. The place enjoys the proud distinction of having been built by the Austrian monarch; and the total absence of shops, the uniformity of the buildings, and the air of retirement which pervades the whole, give it all the appearance of a royal palace, with its appendages. The superintendence is confided to a single person, and is conducted upon the same system as the Baths of Schlangenbad, in Nassau.



BATHS OF MEHADIA.

The scenery around is very fine; the woods are pierced in all directions, and thus afford picturesque walks and shady retreats. The season commences in the middle of May; and after the first fortnight, it is difficult to procure apartments. A military band is in attendance morning and evening; and a ball, to which strangers are invited, is held once a week. Here the Hungarian nobility, who make it their favourite place of resort, throw off all ostentation, and mix with the company at the public tables, where the conversation is carried on chiefly in



W. H. Bartlett.

A Wedding at Perugia

W. H. Bartlett. & Co. New York.

French, although many speak English, which is much read and cultivated in Hungary.—There are eight baths, possessed of as many different qualities, and said to be stronger in their mineral properties than any others that have yet become known. That the Romans thought so, is to be inferred from the name ‘Hercules’ Baths; and that they really are so is indicated by the extraordinary and almost miraculous cures effected by them. The number of springs is twenty-two; and the waters, with a temperature of seven degrees of Reaumur,¹ are celebrated for the cure of gout, scrofula, chronic and rheumatic diseases, and contractions of the limbs. There are Latin inscriptions, in various places, all laudatory of the healing influence of the waters; and between four and five years ago a fine marble statue of the divinity after whom they are named, was found in the principal bath, and conveyed to the museum at Vienna. The climate of Mehadia “is so mild that the fig-tree, and others peculiar to warm climates, grow wild in the woods.”² But although the waters of Mehadia may cure an infinity of ills, a long residency here,” says Paget, by way of contrast, “is apt to induce in a healthy man one as bad as any in the list—*ennui*. In the morning it is *de rigueur* to parboil yourself, in the fetid waters, from which you escape so exhausted, that, leaning out of the window, and watching your neighbour enjoying the same recreation, is all you are capable of. At one o’clock the gentlemen meet at the table-d’hôte—the ladies generally dine in their own rooms, and consume a very indifferent dinner. Then, till six in the evening, the time must be killed; and a little quiet gambling is generally transacted about this time, by such as have a taste for it. Smoking was our great resource—especially after some Cosmopolite Turks had established themselves here, with a large stock of chibouks and Latekia, for the edification of all Christians who loved good tobacco: At six, the beau-monde make their appearance, the gipsy-band strike up their joyous notes; and till eight o’clock the promenade of Mehadia is gay with music and beauty.”³

Returning to Orsova, we re-embarked in boats provided by the Navigation Company, and proceeded to encounter the perils of the Eisern Thor—the Iron-Gate⁴ of the

¹ The annexed table, from a German work, gives the name and scale of temperature of each particular spring:—

The Kalksbad	30° Reaumur.	The Räuber-bad, or Hercules’ spring	35°.5 Reaumur.
The Old Gliederbad . . .	39°.5 „	The Angenbäder	42° „
The New Gliederbad . . .	20° „	The Springbrunnen	47°.5 „
The Schindel or Ludwigs-bad	35°.5 „	The Schwitzloch	30° „

On the left, near the Czerna river, are the Fieberbad, temp. R. 39°.5 and the Franciscbad, temp. R. 25°.

² Claridge. See also “Der Begleiter,” p. 54.

³ Paget’s Hungary.

⁴ Passing ever unnoticed many interesting places, and much beautiful and sublime scenery, we hasten to the IRON-GATE of the Danube, a spot that, taken altogether, is perhaps the most remarkable feature of the river. This is a series of rapids, extending through a narrow valley, formed on the north by the Banat range, an offset of the Transylvanian Carpathians, and on the south by a lateral range of Mount Balkan. The name is probably derived from the extreme difficulty of the passage, and from the ferruginous colour of the rocks, which occupy the entire bed of the Danube for nearly three miles. The

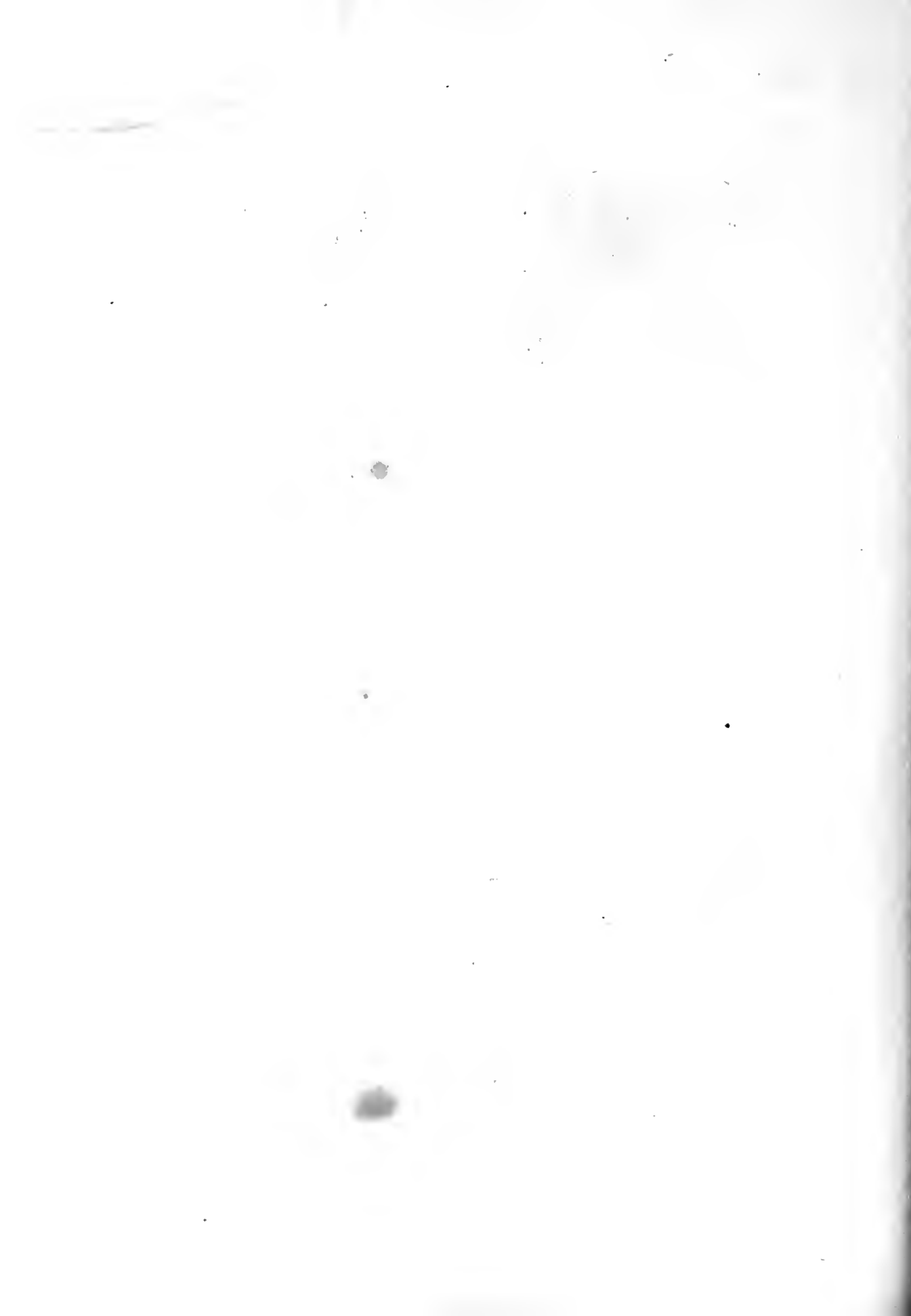
Danube—which is so apt to be associated in the stranger's imagination with something of real personal risk and adventure. The "iron-gate," we conjecture, is some narrow dark, and gloomy defile, through which the water, hemmed in by stupendous cliffs, and 'iron-bound,' as we say, foams and bellows, and dashes over a channel of rocks, every one of which, when it cannot drag you into its own whirlpool, is sure to drive you upon some of its neighbours, which, with another rude shove, that makes your bark stagger and reel, sends you smack upon a third!—"But the 'gate?'" "Why the gate is nothing more or less than other gates, the 'outlet;' and I dare say we shall be very glad when we are 'let out quietly.'" "Very narrow at that point, 'spose?" "Very. You have seen an iron-gate?" "To be sure I have." "Well, I'm glad of that, because you can more readily imagine what the 'iron gate' of the Danube is." "Yes—and I'm all impatience to see it; but what if it should be locked when we arrive?" "Why, in that case, we should feel a little awkward." "Should we have to wait long?" "Only till we got the key, although we might have to send to Constantinople for it." "Constantinople! well, here's a pretty situation!—I wish I had gone by the 'cart.'" "You certainly had your choice, and might have done so—the Company provide both waggon and water conveyance to Gladova; but I dare say we shall find the gate open." "I hope we shall; and as for the rocks and all that, why we got over the Wirbel and Strudel and Izlay and twenty others, and 'spose we get over this too. It's only the gate that puzzles me—the Handbook says not a word about that—quite unpardonable such an omission!—Write to the publisher"—

By this time we were ready to shoot the rapids; and certainly, at first appearance, the enterprise was by no means inviting. The water, however, was in good volume at the time; and although chafed and fretted by a thousand cross, curling eddies, which tossed their crests angrily against our bark, we kept our course with tolerable steadiness to the left, and without apparent danger, unless it might have arisen from sheer ignorance or want of precaution. More towards the centre of the channel there would certainly have been some risk; for there the river is tortured and split into numberless small threads of foam, by the rocky spikes which line the channel, and literally tear the water into shreds, as it sweeps rapidly over them—and these, more than the declivity itself, are what present a most formidable appearance in the rocks are exceedingly rough in their appearance, tumbled about in every kind of form and position, and when the waters are low, have a very terrific appearance: Mr. Quin likens them to the gaping jaws of some infernal monster. When the Danube is at its ordinary level, the roar of the waters as they hurry through the Iron-Gate is heard for many miles round. Vessels of a low draught may descend the rapids, but to ascend them is a matter of great difficulty; here, therefore, occurs the only obstruction to a water-communication between Hungary and Turkey. The mountains which form the sides of this most extraordinary valley have an interest of another, but scarcely less absorbing kind. Roman antiquities of an important character are found there and in the neighbourhood; roads, bridges, &c. with inscriptions still readable. The most important of these are a road and bridge, [see pages 212-13 ante,] both attributed to the Roman Emperor Trajan. The former was constructed as a tracking-path along the Servian side of the Iron-Gate.—*Periodical*, Art. The Danube.



Palace of the Republic

PALESTINE, 1850



descent. But when the river is full, they are not much observed, although well known by their effects in the cross-eddies, through which, from the channel for boats being always intricate and irregular, it demands much caution and experience to steer. The entire length of these rapids is rather more than seventeen hundred yards, with a perpendicular fall of nearly one yard in every three hundred, and a velocity of from three to five yards in every second. Boats, nevertheless, are seen from time to time, slowly ascending, close under the left bank of the river, dragged by teams of oxen. "But the iron-gate?" said an anxious voice, again addressing his fellow-tourist.—"I see nothing like a gate—but of course we have to pass the gorge first?" "We have passed both," said his friend, "and here is Gladova." "Passed both! 'Tell that to the marines!' I know a gorge when I see it, and a gate when I see it; but as yet we've passed neither." "Why *there* they are," reiterated the other, pointing to the stern; those white, frothing eddies you see dancing in the distance—those *are* 'the Iron-Gate' and very luckily we found the 'key!'"¹—The inquirer now joined heartily in the laugh, and taking another view of the 'Gate,' we glided smoothly down to the little straggling, thatch-clad village of

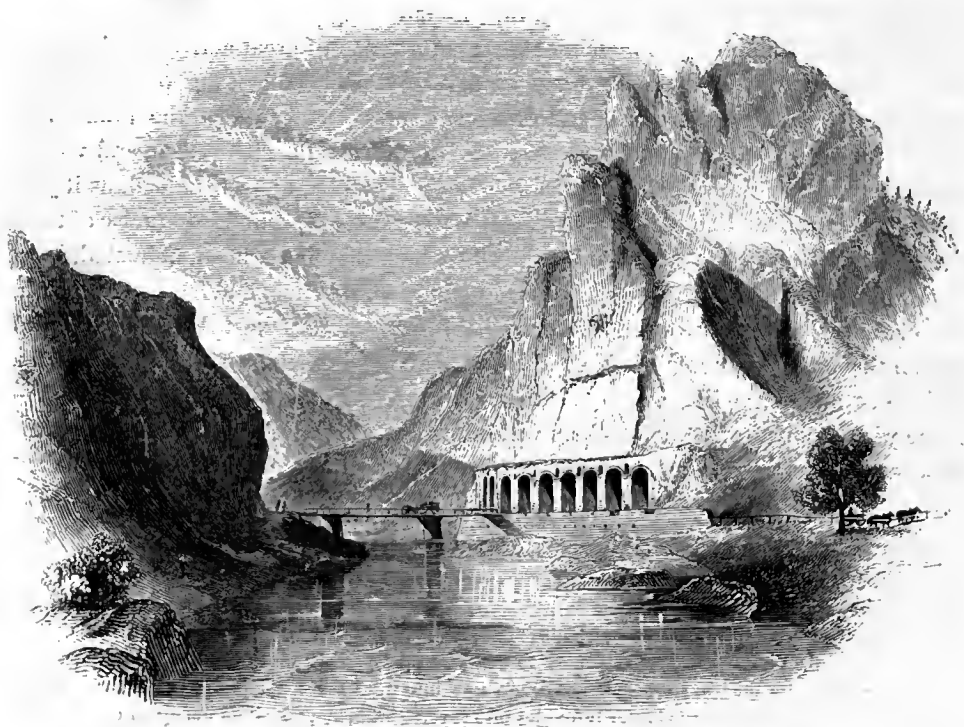
Gladova,² which at that moment presented a scene of great activity and animation. This village is the steam-boat station, and the embarking of goods and passengers throws an air of life and prosperity into every cottage—the inmates of which owe their chief support to the introduction of steam. The town and village population, along the whole course of the Lower Danube, appear, indeed, as if just awaking from a deep lethargy, into a new life of pleasant and profitable exercise of their faculties. Hitherto the stir and bustle with which they have been animated, have been chiefly those of warlike preparation—aggression, defence, and retaliation, which, for centuries, have converted these fertile provinces into vast battle-fields, and driven the arts of peace into miserable exile. Now, however, that the people have arrived at something like a sense of their own weight in the scale of government—some with a constitution, and others with advantages to which even the last generation were strangers—an air of prosperity has at length visited their long-neglected

¹ "At the Iron-Gate the Danube quits the Austrian dominions and enters those of Turkey. The country on the south continues for some time mountainous, then hilly, and by degrees sinks into a plain: on the north is the great level of Wallachia. In its course towards the Black Sea, the Danube divides, frequently forming numerous islands, especially below Silistria. Its width where undivided now generally averages from fifteen hundred to two thousand yards, and its depth above twenty feet. Before reaching its mouth, several large rivers flow into it, as the Alt, Screth, and Pruth. On its junction with the last-mentioned river it divides into several branches, which do not again unite, and it at last terminates its long course by issuing through seven several mouths into the Black Sea."

² The view of this village is taken looking up the Danube, and in the distance are seen the hills enclosing the Iron-Gate; at which, according to Strabo, [see introductory notice to this work,] the Danube merged in the Ister. Troissart, who calls this "the mouth of the Danube," says "the noise of the water is so tremendous that it may be heard seven leagues off."—Vol. ii. 602.

plains; and promises, with the blessings of continued peace, to introduce among them the permanent advantages of commerce and agriculture.¹

The excitement which now prevails in the heart of Servia and along the Bulgarian frontiers, will soon, it is hoped, terminate in the removal of ancient abuses, and the firm establishment of more enlightened forms and institutions of government. In the costume of the villagers who met us as we stepped ashore at Gladova, we observed something very picturesque—particularly the head-dress of the females, which in shape approaches that of a Roman helmet; and this, with a sort of scale-armour, which covered their shoulders, gave them quite a martial Minerva-like air. One or two of the faces also, having a classic cast of features, the effect was improved and rendered more remarkable, from being, so far as we had observed, peculiar to this Dacian village, and probably a relic of the Roman colony planted here by Trajan. The houses of the villagers are of very rude construction, with coarse thatch, and of diminutive size. The situation, however, is so favourable, that its present site will soon be occupied by larger and more substantial buildings.—



AQUEDUCT NEAR MEHADIA

¹ The condition of the Servian peasantry in the early part of the last century, was so wretched, that the lady of an English ambassador, then on her way to Adrianople, speaks of them in these terms:— "The oppression of the peasants is so great, that they are forced to abandon their houses and neglect their tillage—all they have being a prey to the janissaries whenever they please to seize upon it. We had a guard," she observes, "of five hundred of them; and I was almost in tears every day to see their inso-



Village of Sodom

W. H. P. 1844

Below Gladova, we enter one of those vast monotonous plains through which the Danube, split into numerous channels, and enclosing many islands, pours its capricious flood towards the Black Sea; and the next object which fixes attention is

Sozorenj, the ancient Severinum. This Wallachian village, of itself, has no further claim to attention, than what may arise from its being considered the first point on this side of the Danube, on which the Romans attempted a permanent settlement. The evidence of strong fortifications is still visible, the character and dimensions of which leave no doubt of their being intended to form an impregnable rampart at this point, fit for the accommodation of a numerous garrison. But the grand features of the scene are the remains of Trajan's Bridge, with a mouldering square tower in the foreground, crowning an artificial mound, and intended as a strong cover to the bridge. Of the latter, some colossal vestiges still remain, consisting of solid abutments on both sides of the river, with the ruins of small forts for the protection of the passage. In the channel of the Danube, when the water is low, the massive stone piers which supported the platform are still visible; but far the greater portion of the ruins is on the opposite, or Servian bank, where several arches, backed by a massive tower, stand forth as memorials of this majestic bridge.

The grand object of this unparalleled structure was to unite the hereditary with the newly-acquired provinces of Rome; to protect the frontier, to push their conquests further to the north, and expedite those ambitious measures to the accomplishment of which the passage of the Danube had hitherto presented the most formidable obstacles. The situation chosen for the bridge, although at a point where the river is very wide, was every way calculated to second his views. The banks, comparatively open and level, would admit of an immense army being assembled, and marched in order of battle to the Dacian shore; whilst, if the experience in the poor villages through which we passed. After seven days' travelling through thick woods we came to Nissa, once the capital of Servia, situated on a fine plain on the river Nissava, in a very good air, and so fruitful a soil that the great plenty is hardly credible. I was certainly assured that the quantity of wine last vintage was so prodigious, that they were forced to dig holes in the earth to put it in, not having vessels enough in the town to hold it. But the happiness of this plenty," she truly observes, "is scarce perceived by this oppressed people," and adds the melancholy proof as follows:—"I saw here a new occasion for my compassion: the wretched peasants who had provided twenty waggons for our baggage from Belgrade hither for a certain hire, being all sent back without payment, some of their horses lamed, others killed, and without any satisfaction being made for them. The poor fellows came round the house, weeping and tearing their hair and beards in a most pitiable manner, without getting any thing but blows from the insolent soldiers. I cannot express how much I was moved at this scene. I would have paid them the money out of my own pocket, with all my heart; but it would have been only giving so much to the aga, who would have stripped them of it without remorse."—LADY MONTAGU.

The Christians of Bulgaria and Bosnia are at this moment (*July, 1843*), anxious to transform their provinces into principalities, and to confide the government of them to a prince of their own nation, in the same manner as the principalities of Servia, Moldavia, and Wallachia. Crowds of emissaries, we are informed, are now travelling the country in all directions, exciting the people to revolt; and the present moment appears favourable, in consequence of the turn which affairs have just taken in Servia.—The result, also, of a new deliberation of the authorities of Belgrade was anxiously expected.—*En.*





J. G. Colburn

The Tribune

the native herdsmen, with their blanket-like cloaks, standing near the wattled enclosures for the cattle, or by fishermen trying the effects of their rude nets, and other "piscatory implements," in the stream. Near these villages and their pens is always to be observed the *well*, with its tall pole, lever, and rope for the bucket—a familiar feature in German landscape; but supposed to be of great antiquity, and serving all the purposes of a more elaborate apparatus, where the depth of the well is not great. During spring or before the fervors of the sun have commenced, the verdure near the banks is bright and luxuriant, and between the river on this side and the desert beyond, forms a beautiful and refreshing belt for the eye to rest upon. The shores, too, are enlightened, from time to time, by flights of birds; by human figures moving along the plain; but the general impression left upon the stranger's mind is that of utter solitude—so disproportioned to the vast space are the sights and sounds which he expects as the natural indications of a peopled region—yet,

"I have loved thy wild abode,
Unknown, unploughed, untrodden shore,
Where scarce the peasant finds a road,
And scarce the fisher plies an oar."—CAMPBELL.

On the Timok, at the junction of that river with the Danube, the Roman legions had a strong encampment, with a paved military road, by which public intercourse was kept up between the Danube and the Adriatic. Taking this and other circumstances into consideration, it may be reasonably conjectured that this region must have then supported a numerous population; and that it was not till after the desolating wars which followed, and the march of crusading armies—which, by making it a vast battle-field, threw a permanent blight over its territory—that it assumed those features of desertion and loneliness, by which it is now so strikingly marked. On the right bank of the river, crowning a solitary rock, are the remains of an ancient castle; and at its base is the small bourg, once filled with its feudal dependents, called Florentin. On the shore opposite is Kalafat, a Wallachian village, consisting of low straggling huts, and backed by a wide range of luxuriant pastures. The course of the Danube is now broader, but so intersected with islands as to present at times the appearance of numerous lakes.

Between this point and Widdin the scenery becomes much improved and diversified by undulating hills, while the symptoms of life and industry are more distinguishable by their effects upon the external landscape. The first view of this Turkish fortress and town, with the magnificence of the Balkan range soaring aloft in the background, compensates for the monotonous scenes above-mentioned, and makes a vivid impression on the stranger's mind. On landing, we found ourselves at once in the East; but on exploring the interior we were struck, as in most of the other Turkish towns, with its air of neglect, and decay. The population, nevertheless, is said to exceed twenty thousand; and its bazaars bear testimony to the

revival of native industry and commerce, to which the steam-navigation of the Danube is now giving a fresh and unexpected impulse. The fortress is of great strength, and mounts, we were told, little short of three hundred guns.¹ The pasha



BARBER'S SHOP.

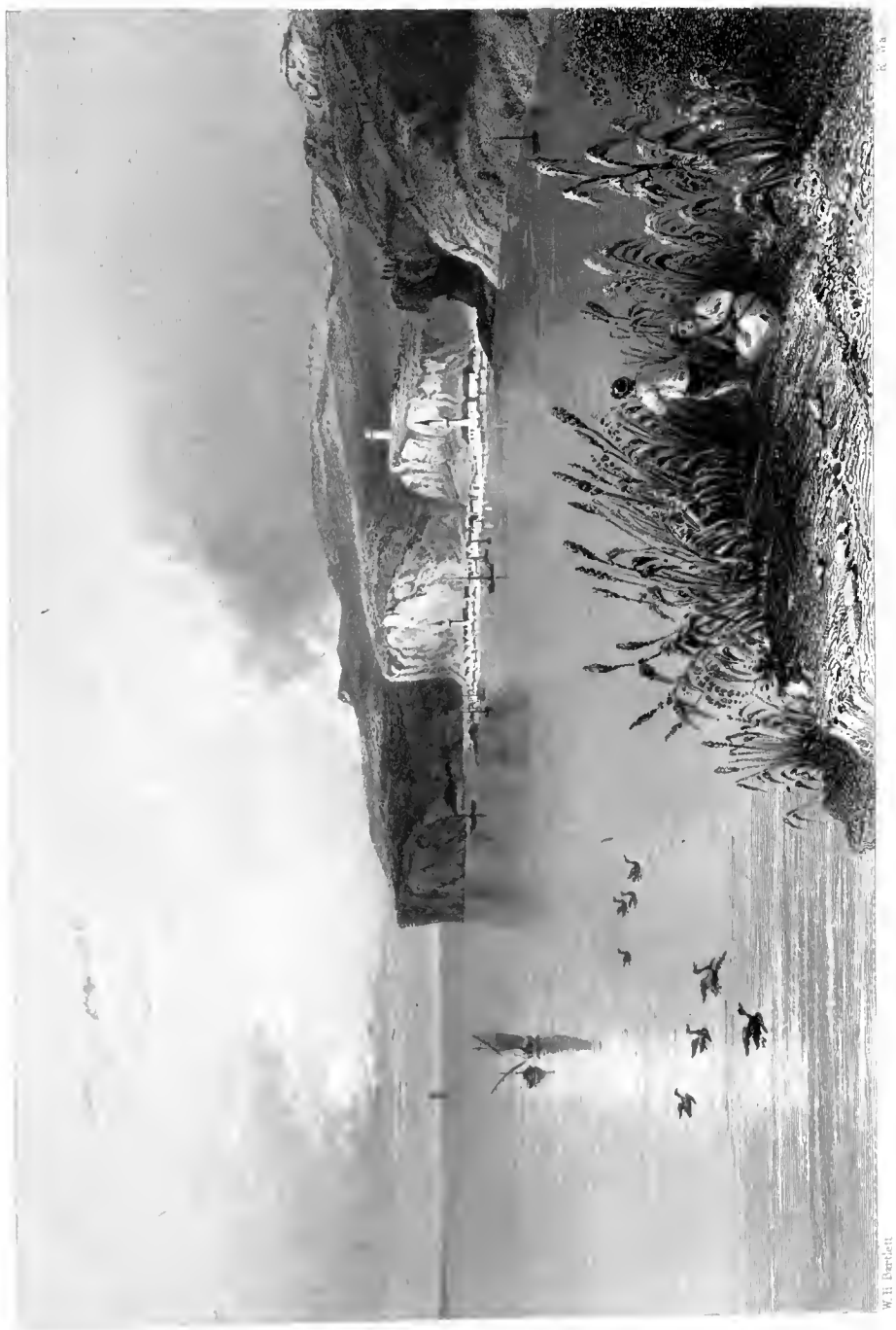
who resides here practices great courtesy towards strangers, and does everything to promote friendly intercourse between this and the provinces adjacent. He received us courteously, and gave us coffee and pipes.—The external features, which give to Widdin so imposing an aspect in the distance, are its white minarets and mosques, which are numerous, and soar in proud eminence above the other buildings of the city. Though one of the strongholds of Islamism, it is also the see

of the Greek archbishop, and among the inhabitants a considerable portion belong to that church.

Nicopolis. This strong city has a population equal to that of Widdin; and like that also it is fortified with a citadel, embattled walls, and ramparts. It occupies the site of the ancient Roman fortress, and has been the scene of events which have found a place in every history of Europe. But of these the most remarkable is the defeat of the Christian army here by Sultan Bajazet, in 1396, when the noblest knights of France were slain or made prisoners; and when even Sigismund, King of Hungary, and the Grand Master of Rhodes, narrowly escaped, by throwing themselves into an open boat, and pulling across the Danube. Of the whole operations of this wild and ruinous enterprise, in which the élite of Christendom had embarked with an almost frantic enthusiasm, Froissart has given a circumstantial and highly graphic account in his Chronicles, with which no reader can fail to be entertained, whose mind is at all awake to the spirit and pageants which mark the age of chivalry. The view of Nicopolis is striking, and the first object that fixes the attention is the outer wall, which climbs the steep, almost perpendicularly, and throws its protecting arms round the city, with a boldness and hardihood which fully evince the importance attached to its possession, by its founders and their successors. The town, extending along the Danube under the shadows of bold rocky headlands—surmounted by the citadel, towers, and masses of dilapidated walls—has a striking effect, as it is approached by water. In front, several

¹ In 1828 the Pasha of Widdin crossed the Danube with fifteen thousand men, and attacked Geismar, the Russian general, who was at Golang. The Russians were put to flight; but the Turks, not knowing how to turn the victory to account, Geismar rallied and defeated the Turkish army, who abandoned their baggage, and retreated across the Danube.—*Claridge*.

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vessels of burden are generally seen at anchor, or lying alongside the quay; while, in the distance, the Danube, which is now two miles broad, presents the appearance of an inland sea, interspersed with several islands, which are covered with dense vegetation, and frequented by numerous flocks of water-fowl, whose screams are almost the only sounds that disturb the solitude of these marshy retreats.¹ Pelicans are familiar birds in this region of the Danube, and being gregarious are frequently seen in flocks of a hundred or more, among the reedy islands with which the river here abounds.

Although it may be said that, literally, there is no scenery on these banks of the Danube, still the vast plain which expands right and left,—green, fresh, and undulating, with chance patches of cultivation along the slopes,—produces an exhilarating effect on the spirits, and affords ample scope to the eye and imagination. Over this unmeasured expanse, herds of buffaloes, oxen, and troops of horses range at will; whilst through the air flights of birds are continually wheeling from isle to isle; and, nearer the eye, cranes are seen stalking leisurely among the reeds, or poising their wings for some new experimental flight. Everything around wears the aspect of unsophisticated nature, and but for a Turkish yawl, here and there becalmed in its progress up the river, there is little to recall the arts, habits, and pursuits of civilized existence.

“ Unheeded spreads the blossomed bud
Its milky bosom to the bee;
Unheeded falls along the flood,
The desolate and aged tree.”

Sistoba. Here, with the advantage of a splendid sunset, we landed from the steamer, and explored its ancient castle and the town, straggling round its base, with a variety of mosques and other buildings. The situation of this town is striking—particularly that of the castle, which crowns a lofty eminence, but is now in a thoroughly dilapidated condition. Here, in 1791, was concluded the treaty of peace between Austria and the Sublime Porte; and agreeably to the articles of which the “former was guaranteed equal advantages with all other powers.” During our evening ramble we visited the house of a Greek resident—one of ‘the better sort’—and were presented with sweetmeats. His house was unusually neat and clean; but, in general, such was the poverty and comfortless look of these towns, that on returning on board the accommodations of our little steamer had an air of positive luxury. The population of Sistova amounts, it is said, to twenty-one thousand;

¹ A little beyond Nicopolis is Pellina, a Latin settlement of about twelve thousand souls, who chose this spot to avoid the persecution, to which they, as infidels, (Christians,) were subject to in Nicopolis. As the steam-boat passes along, a number of them generally assemble on a hill, having a bishop at their head, and cry aloud, “Brothers, come to us!” imagining the passengers to be of the same creed with themselves. The captain returns their invitation by a salute.—*Guide down the Danube*, p. 170.

yet so painfully apparent is the stagnation of every sort of business, that it looks like a city of the dead.

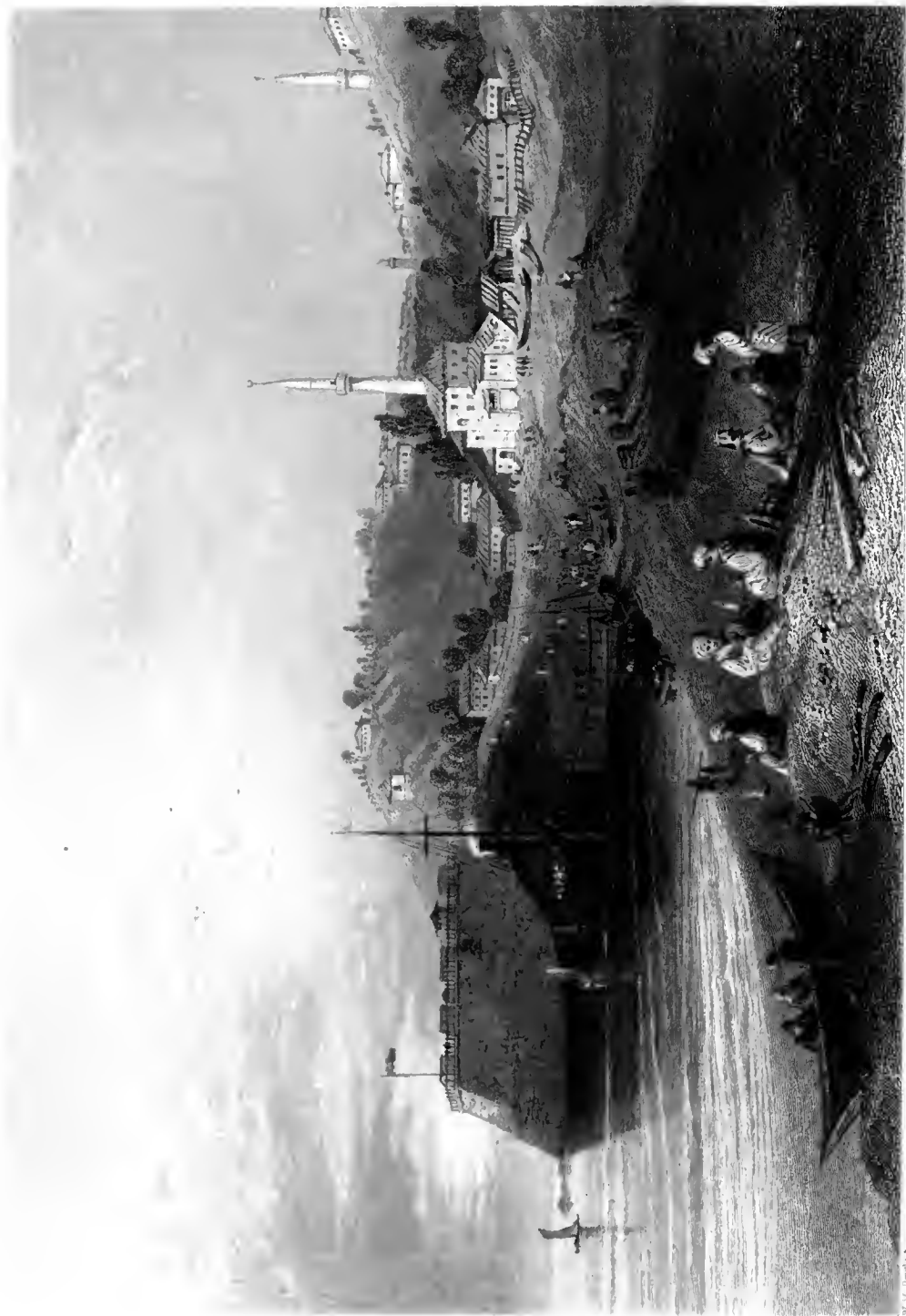


SINTOVA, FROM THE TURKISH CEMETERY.

Rutzschuk. This town and fortress, with that of Guirgevo opposite, hold a distinguished rank among the frontier cities of Turkey, but suffered greatly in the last Russian campaign. Rutzschuk has a mixed population of Turks, Greeks, Jews, and Armenians, estimated at thirty thousand; and the trade that is jointly carried on by them forms a pleasing contrast to the sloth and inactivity so characteristic of the towns already mentioned. It is the principal mart of Bulgaria, and, with increased activity on the part of its inhabitants, the advantages of its natural position are such as to give it a distinguished name among the commercial cities of Turkey. It appears to have been very strongly fortified; and the determined resistance which it offered to the Russian army encamped before it was such, that the siege was abandoned by command of the emperor. Its ramparts, however, in common with other military strongholds of its class, were dismantled, agreeably to the treaty which followed; but enough remain to convince the stranger of what was done and suffered on that fearful night, when—

“The thick mist allow’d
Nought to be seen save the artillery’s flame,





H. A. 1875

W. J. 1875

Andy's sketch

Which arch'd the horizon like a fiery cloud,
 And in the Danube's waters shone the same—
 A mirror'd Hell! the volleying roar, and loud
 Long booming of each peal on peal, o'ercame
 The ear far more than thunder, for Heaven's flashes
 Spare, or smite rarely—man's make millions ashes!"

Like that of almost all Turkish towns, the effect of Rutzschuk, when seen in the distance, is very striking; but like these, also, in their internal arrangements and appearance, it is far from prepossessing, when the traveller enters on a closer inspection.¹ Guirgevo, which, with its fortress, crowns the opposite, or left bank of the Danube, had once the reputation of being one of the most secure strongholds of the empire. During the last war with Russia it was defended by the pasha, till the inhabitants had scarcely a roof left to cover them; and it was not until thirty thousand of the besiegers had fallen in the enterprise that its capture was effected, when—

"Hapless town,
 Far flashed her burning towers on Danube's stream,
 And redly ran her blushing waters down."

We were much struck, on descending the river below Rutzschuk, by the great number of barrows scattered over the hills, thirty of which we counted at once, and all similar in appearance to those in England, on Salisbury Plain, and other well-known localities. They are of Gothic origin; and if opened would most probably disclose the same contents as those in Britain—such as bones, armour, pottery, ornaments, and idols. Their appearance on these wild hills, with the unchanged soil and aspect of the surrounding country, forcibly recalled our minds to that period when its plains were occupied by the Northern hordes, all ready to burst the feeble barrier of the Roman empire, then fast declining.² Here—

"Tombs sentinel the plain,
 Itself a tomb that undulates with dust."

Siliſtria, another Turkish fortress, is distinguished for its long and obstinate resistance to the arms of the Czar, having, with a garrison of only twelve thousand Turks, sustained a siege of nine months, against fifty thousand Russians, and capitulated in June, 1829. "On its surrendering," says a writer on this subject, "every Turkish family returned. Both town and fortress owe their restoration to the conquerors; and the lands in the vicinity," he adds, "give evidence of the superior industry of the Russian peasantry, who were introduced on its conquest. Their superior mode of building and of cultivating the soil, will, it is hoped, afford an instructive lesson to the indolent natives, to whom it was again delivered up, on the terms of the treaty of Adrianople being complied with by the Porte. Russia

¹ There is a very picturesque *Café* near the water, which afforded a good subject for Mr. Bartlett's pencil. Its character is thoroughly Turkish—the overhanging roof, gay dresses, and air of sleepy indolence &c., pronounce its clime—"of the cypress and myrtle."

² See Gibbon's account.

being paid a certain sum, which was guaranteed her by France and England, gave up all claim to a much larger sum which the Porte had undertaken to pay." The town, however, is still in a ruinous state, and bears evident marks of the destructive operations of which it was so recently the scene.

In consequence of the steamer halting for a day at Tchernawoda, a few miles further down, we took advantage of the delay, and set out to explore the wall of Trajan.¹ Our walk across the hills was delightful. In every green hollow were thickets of lilac and numerous flowering shrubs. In about an hour's walk we came to the **Roman Wall**, which once stretched from the Danube to the Black Sea. A camp, the dimensions of which may still be traced, formed its defence towards the river; and its high green vallum and accompanying ditch are seen running over ridge and hollow towards the sea. The whole of next day, in our descent of the river, these were still visible on our right, till we arrived at our destination on the Euxine Sea.

These plains of the Lower Danube are now, probably, much in the same state—as to produce and appearance—that they were, in the time of the barbarians, against whose formidable inroads this wall was raised as a check. They present a scene unlike any part of western Europe, but bear no small resemblance to the 'prairies' of North America. The green 'steppes' stretch far away in every direction, traversed by vast flocks of sheep from Transylvania—each flock with a shepherd and dog, and filling the solitude with incessant bleatings. In one place we counted nearly a hundred eagles collected round the carcase of a horse. In other directions were seen files of herons stalking through the long grass; wavy flights of cranes passing over our heads, with herds of oxen and troops of horses studding the pastures. Here and there, too, in the boundless maremma, were seen some bald, wretched-looking villages, with old forgotten cemeteries—where the weary pilgrims, the rude forefathers of this wilderness, repose—and the long rank grass waving over the stones that marked their graves. For miles along the hills we observed tumuli, similar to those above mentioned—the sepulchres of Gothic warriors,

"Where, housed with his old armour and his god,
The warrior slumbers."

This scene of loneliness, however, was pleasingly relieved by the singing of birds, which seemed to keep up a perpetual concert in this green and primitive wilderness—delightful for its freshness and the wide expanse over which the eye roamed without interruption, until the landscape faded away in the horizon. Hirzovia, the Carsium of the Romans, stands on the right bank of the Danube, between two hills, one of which is crested with the ruins of an ancient fort of Turkish construction. During the late war with Russia, this town was completely dismantled, the fortifications razed, and the whole reduced to a congeries of clay-built huts—clinging for

¹ It may still be traced distinctly, running along the crests of the low hills, and down the intervening hollows. It was twelve feet high, provided with a double ditch, and though now a mere grassy mound, was possibly once faced with masonry.—*Handbook*.



Indisch College at Indragyehab

Indragyehab, Indragyehab, Indragyehab



support against the now crumbling walls, on which once floated the standard of independence.

Braila, another fortress which has undergone a similar fate in the late struggle between Muscovy and the Sublime Porte, is a populous town; and although no longer decorated with the ensigns of war, those of commerce have happily taken their place to such an extent as to render it the chief port of Wallachia for corn, and other produce, in which that province so much abounds. The harbour is one of the best in the country; and since its revival from the late disasters, little short of three hundred trading vessels have been known to enter it in the course of a year.



BRAILA—THE LAZARETTO.

During the last war, as we are informed by a late writer, the Russians lost twenty-four thousand men, and the Turks their whole garrison, in the attack and defence of Braila. These fearful disasters and reverses, however, have been succeeded, after a brief interval, by the enjoyment of peace, the indications of reviving trade and prosperity, and with an increasing population of twenty-five thousand. The British vice-consul, now resident here, is St. Vincent Lloyd, Esq.

Gallatz, a free port, situated on a tract of land between the Pruth and the Czereth¹—two rivers that fall into the Danube on the left—is another of those

¹ The first of these forms the boundary between Bessarabia and Wallachia, and the latter, that between Wallachia and Moldavia.

thriving towns into which commerce has lately infused new life and prosperity. Its distance from the mouth of the Danube is about eighty-five miles; and being the only port of Moldavia, is frequented in the course of the year by great numbers of traders, two hundred or upwards—several of which are English. It is, consequently, the residence of various consuls, entrusted with the mercantile interests of their respective countries, and is a quarantine station, where persons arriving from Constantinople and going ashore must take up their quarters in the lazaretto for probably fourteen days—and that under every possible annoyance that can arise from a noxious atmosphere, the plague of musquitoes, and the absence of everything that deserves the name of comfort. It is expected, however, that the more grievous of these evils, so far as depends on improved accommodation, will be speedily remedied.

From Gallacz to the Black Sea the descent is generally performed by the steamer in about ten hours, through a dreary monotonous track of flat swamps, covered with reeds, and inhabited by gulls, pelicans, and water-fowls, and presenting hardly a feature, during seventy or eighty miles, to refresh the eye or awaken historical associations. During the winter storms the agitation of the Danube, in this region, presents all the grandeur as well as the danger of a tempestuous ocean; and the trading craft, thus surprised in their course up or down, have not unfrequently encountered the perils of shipwreck. The main channel of the Danube is cut into almost innumerable streams, that are continually ramifying into smaller ones; till at last, after an infinity of doublings and windings, and after having received in its course the tribute of a hundred and twenty rivers—thirty of which are navigable—this majestic river empties itself by seven mouths into the Black Sea. Of these, however, three only are of sufficient width and depth to answer the purposes of navigation, namely, Kilia, Sulina, and St. George.

Sulina, Boghasi, or the middle embouchure, is that through which naval armaments and merchant-vessels of heavy burden enter and quit the Danube. The depth of water on the bar, however, is far from considerable—not more, under ordinary circumstances, than from twelve to fourteen feet—and serious apprehensions have been entertained, lest the accumulation of sand brought down by the Danube should, in the course of time—unless active measures be used for its prevention—cause an effectual impediment to its free navigation. Of the scene at this point the accompanying engraving, from a view taken on the spot last summer, conveys a faithful representation. On the left, or Bessarabian side, stands the town of Sulina, where the Russians have established a quarantine station. At the angle opposite, or right bank, is seen the Bulgarian town of Jeni-Fanal, with the shipping at anchor, and the “Ferdinand” steamer in the distance.

Indians, South of the Sound

THE WOODS OF THE SOUND







CASTLE OF DIEUTFURT, UPPER DANUBE.

APPENDIX.

CHIEFS OF THE HOUSE OF SCHAUMBURG.—Page 84. *Note.*

To the genealogy and achievements of this family, it was the editor's intention to have adverted at greater length in another portion of the work; but this having been rendered unnecessary by the introduction of other matter, the reader is referred to the military history of Austria—the German Empire—Biography and Genealogies of Noble Families, and the New German Encyclopædia.

SUSPENSION-BRIDGE, PESTH.—Page 191.

“No mere assertion on the subject of this gentleman's (Mr. Tierney Clark's) talent and practical judgment could so fully prove his claim, both to the one and the other, as the fact, that the workmen employed in digging for the foundation of the new bridge, came upon the remains of a solid wall of stone, for whose existence no one was enabled to account, until, on searching the National Records, it was discovered that in this very spot Matthias Corvinus had contemplated, and even commenced, the erection of a bridge over the Danube.”—*City of the Magyar*, Vol. ii. p. 34.

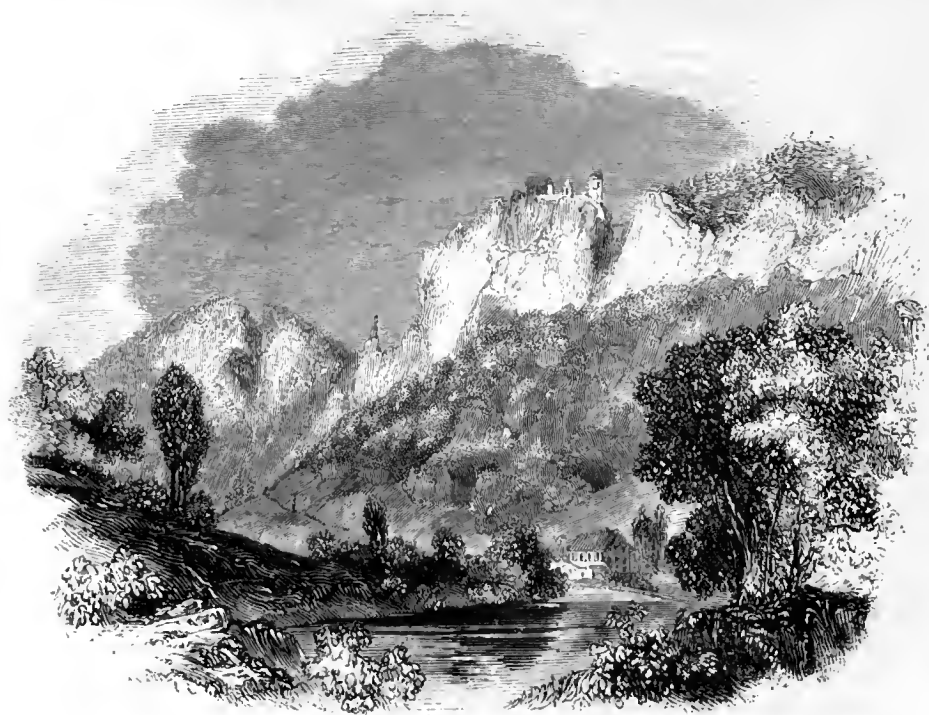
HUNNIADES.—Page 200-1.

This distinguished warrior, according to Gibbon, was of humble, or at least doubtful, origin. His father was a Wallachian, his mother a Greek. In his youth he served in the wars of Italy, distinguished for his valour as the “White Knight;” and in one year, in defence of the Hun-

garian borders, he won three battles against the Turks. In the plain of Cossova he sustained, till the third day, the shock of the Ottoman army, four times more powerful than his own. As he fled alone through the woods of Wallachia, the hero was surprised by two robbers; but whilst they disputed a gold chain that hung at his neck, he recovered his sword, slew the one, terrified the other, and, after new perils of captivity or death, consoled by his presence an afflicted kingdom. But the most glorious action of his life was the defence of Belgrade, [as related in the text,] against the powers of Mahomet II., in person. After a siege of forty days, the Turks, who had already entered the town, were compelled to retreat, and the joyful nations celebrated Hunniades and Belgrade as the bulwarks of Christendom. [Gibbon, xii. 164.] About a month after this, Hunniades expired in "the blaze of his flame." He shared, as stated in the text, the glory of the siege of Belgrade with Capistrano, a Franciscan friar; but in "their respective narratives, neither the saint nor the hero condescend to take notice of his rival's merit."

BELGRADE.—Page 201.

The reader will hadly need to be reminded of the beautiful ballad by Campbell, founded on an incident in the wars to which the text refers—The Turkish Lady, Poems, p. 168.



CASTLE-BRUNNEN, UPPER DANUBE.

TRAJAN'S BRIDGE.—Page 221.

The description given in the text will appear exaggerated to those who have only read Gibbon's Historical Notice, [vol. vii. p. 126, note,] but it harmonizes with that of all who have visited the spot, and personally investigated the remains of that stupendous structure. Procopius affirms that the Danube was stopped by the ruins of this bridge.—*Ib.*

SERVIA.—Page 221. *Note 1.*

The political agitation which, at the time mentioned in this note, pervaded the lower provinces of the Danube, has, by the latest accounts received, entirely subsided, the popular voice has been listened to, and the Servians have obtained the prince of their choice, with very encouraging prospects of future peace and prosperity.

NICOPOLIS.—Page 224.

The following is the passage referred to in the text, as related by Froissart, vol. ii. p. 622.

It happened, that on the Monday preceding Michaelmas-day, in the year 1396, about ten o'clock in the morning, as the King of Hungary and the lords, who were lying before Nicopoli, were seated at dinner, news was brought them that their enemies, the Turks, were at hand. But, as I heard, the scouts did not inform them of the whole truth; they had not noticed the main body of the Turks; for the moment they saw the van-guard, they dared not advance further, as they were not men-at-arms, and fearless of such an enterprise. The Hungarians and French had each scouts of their own, and both parties arrived nearly at the same time with this intelligence. The greater part of the army was at dinner when the news was carried to the Count de Nevers and the other French lords, the messenger bawling out, "Come! quickly arm yourselves, that ye be not surprised, for the Turks are in full march to meet you." This information was agreeable to many, who were desirous of arms: they instantly arose, pushed the tables aside, and demanded their chargers and armour. They were somewhat heated with wine, and hastened to the field as well as they could. Banners and pennons were displayed, under which every one ranged himself in his proper post. The banner of the Virgin Mary was unfurled, and the guard of it given to that gallant knight, Sir John de Vienne, Admiral of France. The French were so eager to arm themselves, that they were first in the field, drawn up in handsome array, and seemingly fearless of the Turks; for they were ignorant of their immense numbers, and that Bajazet commanded in person. As the French lords were hastening from their tents to the field, the marshal of the King of Hungary, mounted on a handsome courser, came to them with few attendants. He was a valiant and experienced knight, and had borne before him a pennon of his arms, which were a cross anchored sable on a field argent, which, in heraldry, is called cross saline. He stopped when opposite the banner of Our Lady, where the principal lords were assembled, and said aloud, "I am sent hither by my lord, the King of Hungary, who entreats you by me, that you will not begin the battle before you shall again hear from him; for he much suspects and fears that the scouts have not brought exact intelligence of the numbers of the Turks. Within two hours you shall have more certain intelligence, for we have sent out scouts, who will advance further than the former ones, and bring us better information. Be assured, the Turks will never attack you unless you force them to it, or until they have collected all their forces together. You will act as you think best, but such are my lord the king's orders." On saying this, the Hungarian marshal left them, and the lords assembled together to consider what was to be done. The Lord de Coucy was asked his opinion, and replied, that the King of Hungary had a right to order them, and that what he requested was perfectly just. But the Count d'Eu, Constable of France, was vexed that his opinion was not asked first, and, through spite and malice, instantly opposed what the Lord de Coucy had said, adding, "Yes, yes, the King of Hungary wishes to gain all the honour of the day; he has given us the van-guard, and now wants to take it away that he may strike the first blow: let those who will believe what he sends us, for my part I never will." Then addressing the knight who bore his

banner, he said, "In the name of God and St. George, you shall see me this day prove myself a good knight."* The Lord de Coucy thought this a very vain speech of the constable, and turning to Sir John de Vienne, who had the banner of Our Lady under his guard, and by whom all the others were to rally, asked what ought to be done? "Lord de Coucy," he replied, "when truth and reason are not heard, folly and presumption must reign; and since the Count d'Eu is determined to fight the enemy, we must follow him; but we should have greater advantage if we waited the King of Hungary's orders, and were all united." While they thus conversed the Infidels were fast approaching; the two wings of their army, which consisted of sixty thousand men each, were already closing round them. The Christians observing this would have retreated, but that was impossible, as they were completely surrounded. Many knights and squires, who had been used to arms, now knew that the day must be lost; notwithstanding which they advanced, following the banner of Our Lady, that was borne by that gallant knight, Sir John de Vienne. The knights of France were so richly dressed out in their emblazoned surcoats as to look like little kings; but, as I was told, when they met the Turks they were not more than seven hundred, which sufficiently showed the folly of the measure; for had they waited for the Hungarian army, consisting of sixty thousand men, they might, perhaps, have gained a victory; but to their pride and presumption was the whole loss owing, and it was so great that never since the defeat at Roncevalles, where the twelve peers of France were slain, did the French suffer so considerably. However, before they were overcome, they made great slaughter of the Turks; though several knights and squires saw they were marching to certain destruction, through their own folly. The French defeated the van battalion and put it to flight, pursuing it into a valley where Bajazet was posted with the main army. The French would have returned, as they were mounted on barbed horses, but could not, for now they were enclosed on all sides. The battle therefore raged with fury, and lasted a considerable time.

News was carried to the King of Hungary that the French, English, and Germans were engaged with the Turks, not having obeyed his orders. He was very wrath at hearing it, and foresaw that all would be cut off, saying to the Grand Master of Rhodes, who was beside him, "We shall lose the day from the vanity of the French." As he thus spoke, looking behind him, he perceived that his men were flying, panic-struck, and the Turks pursuing them. He then saw the day was irrecoverably lost, when those around him cried out, "Sire, save yourself, for should you be killed or taken, Hungary will be completely ruined—fly, ere it be too late!" Dreadful was the slaughter in the retreat, but God assisted the king and the Grand Master of Rhodes; for, on reaching the Danube, they found a small vessel belonging to the Grand Master, into which they entered with only five more, and crossed to the opposite shore. Had they delayed they must have been killed or taken, for the Turks came to the river just as they were passing it, and made terrible havoc among the king's followers.

Let us now return to the field of battle, where the French and Germans were still fighting with desperate valour. The Lord de Montcaurel, a gallant knight from Artois, seeing the defeat inevitable, and anxious to save his son, who was very young, said to his squire, "Carry off my son—thou mayst escape by that wing which is open. Save my son, and I will abide the event with my companions." The youth, however, declared that he would not quit his father, till the latter forced him away, when the faithful squire carried him safely to the banks of the Danube, but he was drowned in his passage across. Sir Willam de Trémouille and his son displayed great feats of valour before they were slain. Sir John de Vienne, who bore the standard

* In this campaign the Christian knights had boasted, that "if the sky should fall, they could uphold it on their lances;" while Bajazet threatened, that "he would feed his horse with a bushel of oats on the altar of St. Peter, at Rome."

of Our Lady, in spite of his deeds of arms, was killed, grasping the banner in his hands, and in that position was found dead on the field. The whole of the French force that had been engaged in this battle of Nicopoli were defeated and slain. The Lord John of Burgundy, Count de Nevers, was wondrous richly arrayed, as were also the Lord Guy de la Rivière, and many barons and knights from Burgundy, in compliment to him. Two squires from Picardy, William d'Eu and the Borgne de Montquel displayed, as on all former occasions, the greatest courage. Twice they forced through the Turkish army and returned to the fight, but were at length slain. After various other interesting particulars of this disastrous battle, the chronicle continues:—When Bajazet had refreshed himself and changed his dress, he resolved to visit the dead on the field of battle, for he had been told the victory had cost him dear, which he was surprised to hear, and could not believe. Mounting his steed, and attended by his vizier, nobles, and bashaws, he proceeded to the field, where he found that what had been told him was true; namely, that where *one* Christian lay dead there lay *thirty* Infidels; at sight of which he exclaimed, “This has indeed been a cruel fight for our people: these Christians have defended themselves desperately; but I will have this slaughter well avenged on those who are prisoners,” etc. For the manner in which this resolve was carried into effect, and the strange history of their prisoners, the reader will do well to consult the original chronicler, and Gibbon’s account, where it is summarily described. After reserving the Count de Nevers and twenty-four lords, whose birth and riches were attested by his Latin interpreters, the remainder of the French captives, who had survived the slaughter of the day, were led before his throne; and as they refused to abjure their faith, were successively beheaded in his presence.... A knight, whose life had been spared, was permitted to return to Paris, that he might relate the deplorable event, and solicit the ransom of the noble captives. In the meanwhile, the Count de Nevers, with the princes and barons of France, were dragged along in the marches of the Turkish camp, exposed as a grateful trophy to the Moslems of Europe and Asia.... After much delay, the effect of distance rather than of art, Bajazet agreed to accept a ransom of two hundred thousand ducats for the Count de Nevers and the surviving princes and barons.... It had been stipulated in the treaty, that the French captives should swear never to bear arms against the person of their conqueror; but the ungenerous restraint was abolished by Bajazet himself. “I despise,” said he, to the heir of Burgundy, “thy oaths and thy arms. Thou art young, and mayst be ambitious of effacing the disgrace or misfortune of thy first chivalry. Assemble thy powers, proclaim thy design, and be assured that Bajazet will rejoice to meet thee a second time in the field of battle.”—Vol. xi. 443-4.

NORTHERN HORDES.—Page 227. *Note 2.*

From Belgrade to the Euxine, from the conflux of the Save to the mouth of the Danube, a chain of above fourscore fortified places was extended along the banks of the Great River. Single watch-towers were changed into spacious citadels; vacant walls, which the engineers contracted or enlarged according to the nature of the ground, were filled with colonies or garrisons; a strong fortress [Sozoreny, text, p. 221] defended Trajan’s Bridge, and several military stations affected to spread beyond the Danube the pride of the Roman name. But that name was divested of its terrors: the Barbarians, in their annual inroads, passed, and contemptuously repased, before these useless bulwarks; and the inhabitants of the frontier, instead of reposing under the shadow of the general defence, were compelled to guard, with incessant vigilance, their separate habitations. [Vol. vii. p. 125.] The new and unsettled province of Dacia was neither strong enough to resist, nor rich enough to satiate, the rapaciousness of the Barbarians, who traversed with contempt the province of Dacia, and passed both the Niester

and the Danube, without encountering any opposition capable of retarding their progress. The relaxed discipline of the Roman legions betrayed the most important posts where they were stationed; and the fear of deserved punishment induced great numbers of them to enlist under the Gothic standard.—*Ib.* vol. i. 403



MODLING, NEAR VIENNA.

THE END.

1255





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